McCall's

September 1955

25 cents

WIN
a new kitchen
enter our contest
see page 88

The incredible life of *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*
The mystery that shocked the nation

The angry women of Phenix City

VOL. LXXXII NO. 12 SEPTEMBER 1955

Cannon brings you the only fitted sheets with

NEW "EZY-MATIC" CORNERS

Slip on so easily...you don't have to lift the mattress!

Now you can have fitted sheets that slip on so easily, even a child can manage them. Wonderful Cannon Fitted Sheets with Cannon's own new "Ezy-Matic" Corners!

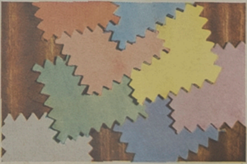
They're ingeniously cut and shaped to ease over and under *all 4 corners* of your mattress without the slightest pull or tug. And once they're on, they stay wallpaper smooth. Fit any standard-size mattress, no matter how thick or firm.

Unlike most fitted sheets, Cannon Fitted Sheets are reinforced *all around* the edges to give you longer wear.

Buy Cannon Fitted Sheets now at your favorite store.

Extra-sturdy . . . they're *Combspun*. Cannon combs, spins and weaves the yarns in a special way to bring you stronger, longer-wearing sheets. That's why Cannon Percales are as practical as they are beautiful.

So wonderfully smooth! The minute you feel the soft, cool, smoothness of Cannon *Combspun* Percales you'll say "they're luxury sheets." Yet these smooth-sleeping beauties cost only pennies more than muslins.



Cannon carefree colors never fade nor streak. All colorfast, as certified by the American Institute of Laundering. Shell Pink, Aqua, Sunset Rose, Sea Green, Moonlight Yellow, Pink Lilac, True Blue and White.

CANNON percale sheets...

they're combspun*...to last longer...look lovelier

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THIS SPACE RESERVED

for a tooth that must last for 63 years

Protect your child's teeth with the tooth paste that destroys decay bacteria best*

When that new tooth and its mates arrive, they face a lifetime of dangers.

And here's a shocker: the average child loses one or more of his *second* teeth while still in his teens.

*Fortunately, new Ipana with WD-9 is made especially to help you keep your children's teeth sound and healthy. It destroys tooth-decay bacteria measurably better than any other leading tooth paste . . . *including fluoride tooth paste.*

Teeth get remarkable protection with new Ipana because of the decay-fighting ingredient called WD-9. In Ipana's special formula, it works even in spaces too tiny for the tooth brush to reach.

Why not start today to help keep your family's teeth sound and healthy—with the dentifrice that destroys decay bacteria better than any other leading tooth paste? New-formula Ipana with WD-9.

P.S. Because regular brushing is best, you'll be glad Ipana now has a fresh, new, minty flavor that coaxes kids and grown-ups to brush.

Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

ipana
TOOTH PASTE

PRODUCTS OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New-Formula IPANA® with WD-9

destroys decay bacteria better than any other leading tooth paste

Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
CINEMASCOPE

There's nothing sinister about M-G-M's comedy-drama "The Bar Sinister"—except a pretty sneaky scheme to steal the heart of every man, woman and child in the land!

It should walk away with honors as well. For this fancy-free rendering, in CinemaScope and Color, of the beloved Richard Harding Davis story of a dog and the people that happen to him is not only the finest we've seen in the field—it's the funniest!

A stunning cast, headed by such youthful romantics as Jeff Richards and Jarma Lewis and such Academy Award winners as Edmund Gwenn and Dean Jagger, is amazingly abetted by an uncanny new canine star called Wildfire. Beware of this dog! He's half human and all clown, and he's making a beeline to your funnybone.

Wildfire is a Bowery street-dog, a kind of canine-delinquent, taught by life to steal and by men to fight. And this is his own tongue-in-muzzle account of how he went on to win fame and fortune for his mother—and a blue ribbon from his father—in the snobbiest show ring in dogdom.

It is at this gathering of the four-footed elite that the fighting instincts of our low-born hero set off a wild pandemonium. Hundreds of dogs and dog lovers are soon precipitated into the mad shambles. It's an absolutely roll-'em-in-the-aisles climax.

When we say that Wildfire tells his own story (in the off-screen voice of "Blackboard Jungle" discovery Vic Morrow) do not be alarmed. The witty script by John Michael Hayes . . . Henry Berman's imaginative production . . . the deft grace and bullet pace of Herman Hoffman's direction . . . all brilliantly conspire to steer this frolic well clear of the merely "cute."

In fact, "The Bar Sinister" doesn't even *try* to prove that the dog is man's best friend. It's content to prove that the one called Wildfire is this month's most fun!

* * *

M-G-M presents in CinemaScope and Color "THE BAR SINISTER" starring JEFF RICHARDS, JARMA LEWIS, EDMUND GWENN, DEAN JAGGER and WILDFIRE with Richard Anderson, Willard Sage. Screen play by John Michael Hayes, based on a story by Richard Harding Davis. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Herman Hoffman. Produced by Henry Berman. An M-G-M Picture.

McCall's

SEPTEMBER 1955 • VOLUME LXXXII NO. 12

What woman hasn't dreamed of being pretty, composed and efficient, playing a starring role in her own flawlessly arranged kitchen? Our cover is an expression of such a dream, and beginning on page 88 we go a step further by showing how it could all come true, through McCALL's Kitchen and Laundry Contest.

Carmen Schiavone photographed our dream-kitchen star, Georgia Hamilton, in a symphony of warm gold and hot pink—a soft cashmere sweater, slick velveteen pants and apron-overskirt of imported plaid silk, by Tina Leser. The big golden earrings are by Mosell.

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No tooth paste gives you the proven Listerine method of stopping bad breath with antiseptic germ-killing action!

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Germs are the major cause of bad breath—and no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine . . . instantly, by millions

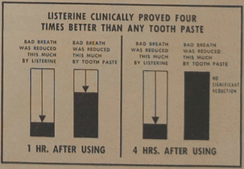
The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath can result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions!

Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions on contact . . . instantly halts the fermentation which they cause. Fifteen minutes after gargling with Listerine, tests showed that germs on tooth, mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; one hour afterward as much as 80%. That explains why in clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces

You see, tooth paste depends largely on mechanical and masking methods of removing unpleasant mouth odors. But Listerine acts antiseptically on many surfaces . . . the teeth, mouth, throat. It kills disease-producing germs as well as many types of odor-producing germs. No tooth paste offers proof like this of killing germs that cause bad breath.


LISTERINE CLINICALLY PROVED FOUR TIMES BETTER THAN ANY TOOTH PASTE

LISTERINE

. . . the most widely used antiseptic in the world!

SCHOOL BUS
12

Are you sure your child is ready for school?

Here they come . . . America's youth . . . ready to start or return to school!

Never before in our nation's history have we had such a bumper crop of school-age citizens. In fact, enrollment this year will soar to more than 33 million students, including almost 4 million who will be off to school for the first time.

Has anything been overlooked that might interfere with their physical and mental well-being . . . or that might handicap them in their studies or affect their attendance records?

Fortunately, there is something that all parents can do to make sure that their children are ready for school. They can include a medical check-up on the list of ahead-of-school preparations.

A check-up . . . for both youngsters and teen-agers . . . may be the means of correcting unsuspected defects of vision, hearing, posture or general health. Sometimes these defects are at least partially responsible for low grades or emotional troubles.

The physician who has known your child over the years is best qualified to give pre-school medical check-ups because he has a *complete* picture of the child's health. He will also be alert to minor troubles which parents might not notice. Impairments that can be corrected now may avoid more serious trouble later on.

For the child just starting school, it is important that his immunizations against communicable diseases are up to date. In addition to making your child immune to smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus, medical authorities now advise that vaccine lessens your child's chances of getting polio.

It is wise to discuss a definite immunization program with your doctor . . . including "booster doses" to renew immunity . . . well before school opens.

During the teen years, when the growing-up process imposes considerable mental and physical stresses, health check-ups are especially needed. Many problems, including those associated with growth and emotional adjustment, often require expert attention. In addition, changes in diet or in habits of play, or sleep, or exercise may be made for the child's benefit.

If medical examinations are not a part of your youngster's preparation for school, why not start them now . . . and continue them throughout the school years? Parents who do so will have the satisfaction of knowing that their child has been given one of the best safeguards for health and happiness during this and future years in school.

Metropolitan offers two booklets on health problems of both younger and older school-age groups. The titles are listed in the coupon below. Just check the booklet you want, and it will be mailed free of charge. If you would like copies of both booklets, simply indicate by checking both titles.

COMMON CHILDHOOD DISEASES

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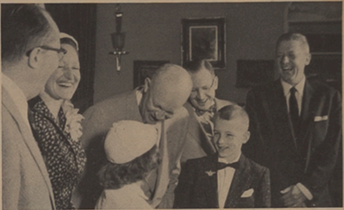
inside McCall's

McCall's Teacher of the Year meets the President

ROBERT PHILLIPS

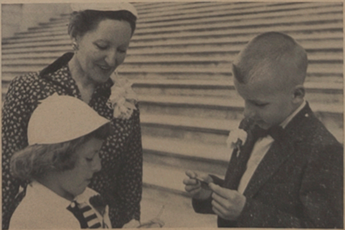
"Most thrilling moment of my life," said Margaret Perry, McCall's Teacher of the Year, when we introduced her to President Eisenhower recently. The Monmouth, Oregon, teacher brought with her to Washington two of her fourth-graders, Sue Mull and Dickie Peterson. In addition to the White House, they visited Vice-President Nixon, Senators Morse and Neuberger and the Office of Education. Everywhere the youngsters picked up "loot," were proudest of the pens and signed photos Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon gave them.



President found Sue and Dickie hadn't campaigned to be elected by class for Washington trip, said: "That's one method I haven't tried." With them in his office: Edgar Fuller of School Officers' Council; Education Commissioner S. M. Brownell; Otis Wiese, McCall's editor and publisher

"You can't have a good teacher without a good class," Vice-President Nixon told Miss Perry as he inscribed photo for the class. He awarded her an embossed scroll from McCall's

On the steps of the Capitol, the Oregon visitors examine gifts collected in Washington



It's not always possible to brush after meals,
even though it's best! So start your day with . . .

GLEEM
with GL-70

New Gleem Toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria!

If you're too busy to brush after every meal, use Gleem. One Gleem brushing *destroys up to 90% of bacteria* (major cause of decay) . . . protects most people against mouth odor *all day*. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! That's a sure way to help them reduce decay!

Mouth odor stopped all day for most people with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove just brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives all-day protection against most unpleasant mouth odor. So start your day with Gleem.

Only Procter & Gamble's new GLEEM
has GL-70 new cleaner and decay fighter!

Life by Formfit

Daytime.....
Choose a bra that molds definitely, but without exaggeration for your dresses, suits, sweaters. Here, in nylon taffeta for day-long ease. Life Romance No. 582, $3.50.

Playtime.......
Now you want a bra with an uplift that won't wilt or waver even through a bowling match or a day on the golf links. This is it—in cool, fresh cotton. Life Thrill No. 587, $2.50.

Gaytime.......
For that extra measure of gaytime glamour, this brassaliere that slims your midriff while it shapes your bustline. Here, in lovely nylon. Life Confidential No. 380, $10.95.

Anytime... From the PTA to a party at the Club . . . from the butcher's and baker's to the bowling alley! How to stay fashion-right through your busy days? Just start your changes with Life by Formfit. For the bra that's wonderful with your strapless sheath can jeopardize your jerseys! Only Formfit brings you bras to meet *all* your fashion needs. "Match up" *your* every outfit with its own Life Bra—and see the beautiful difference!

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CREATIONS

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inside McCall's *continued*

A visit with Rosalind Russell

Rosalind Russell, dressed in a white suit with a black velvet collar, arrived at the designated restaurant a little late. She had spent the weekend acting as chaperone in Westport, Connecticut, for her sister's children and their guests, who, upon learning the identity of their prospective housemother, had migrated from all over the Eastern Seaboard.

"I really had to lay down the law for those twelve kids," said Miss Russell. "We had lots of council meetings. They wouldn't comb their hair last night until I told them about Marlon Brando. All I knew about Brando I'd read in the papers, so I made up what I didn't know. I used Gregory Peck the night before. The kids invited me outside to watch them set off the biggest firecracker I'd ever seen. It had an absurdly short fuse and, of course, only contained a little cap that popped. What put these lines in my face, though, was the skunk that got trapped in the empty swimming pool.

"Working on *The Girl Rush* without a day off didn't help either. My husband, Freddie Brisson, who produced it, never thought I could do a musical until he saw me in *Wonderful Town* on Broadway. It helped having the producer my husband. I'm all for people of similar professions marrying. If I were married to a doctor, he just wouldn't be concerned if I said I was tired because he'd have just been through some exhausting operation himself, probably.

"As one of seven children, including three brothers, in Waterbury, Connecticut, I was an awful tomboy. Baseball? I'd knock 'em dead in the outfield. I play with Lance, my eleven-year-old son, in Beverly Hills when he's not at school. Not long ago I discovered he wasn't good enough for the Little League, and the supervisor told me Lance hadn't had much practice at the game. So all one summer I played baseball with Lance. Taught him how to pitch and catch, and made a point of keeping him with other children. Unfortunately, they made me run bases.

PETER MARTIN

Rosalind Russell on ***The Girl Rush*** *set with husband, Producer Fred Brisson*

"I let Lance on the set while we were shooting *The Girl Rush*. I thought he'd like to see the way Mama works, but he got interested in the boom cameras and then wandered off to watch Danny Kaye and Martin and Lewis on adjoining sets. He spent three hours with them, ten minutes with me.

"I haven't any logical answer to why I've been happily married to one man for twenty years. I do know that a woman should learn early that everything in her marriage is not going to be her way. It's not enough to like men, as I do, and to want to be liked by them. In this life we have to carry our weight. A woman should exhibit qualities her husband will want to brag about when he's off with the boys, even if it's just running a house economically, or wearing a dress attractively or being a good cook. Usually, though, it's something more—something that makes him want to spend time with you. Simply put, a joy of living is invariably a woman's beauty secret, and don't forget it.

"For a while I felt I had fallen out of step with the rhythm of life, but I know now I wasn't giving myself time to think the piecemeal aspects of living into a meaningful whole. Now, instead of playing the car radio when I drive, I meditate; and that's done a lot toward sustaining my affection for the world. I still can't be trusted for a quick, logical decision, though. It was one of the kids this weekend who thought of putting a plank down into the empty swimming pool so that the skunk could get out."

—Harrison Kinney

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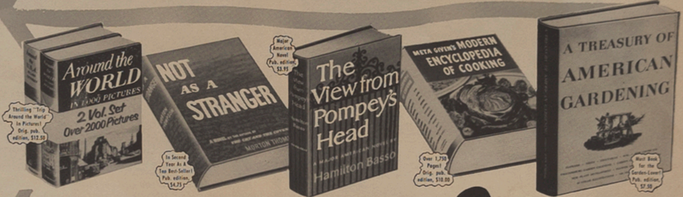
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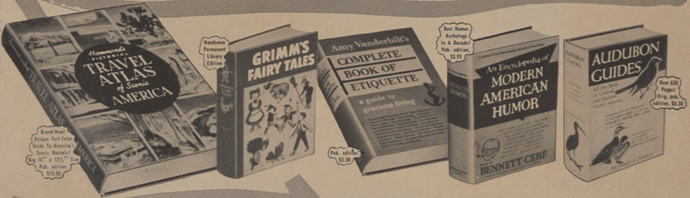
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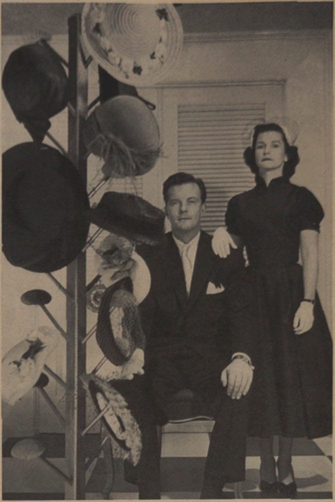
DARBY/GRAPHIC HOUSE



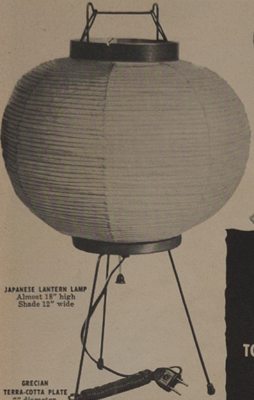
Bill and Rena Lundigan strike a family pose in the Hollywood hat shop where he's just picked out her 1955 hat. On the clothes tree are the ten hats they've bought each year on the anniversary of their engagement

Mrs. Lundigan's
Anniversary Hats

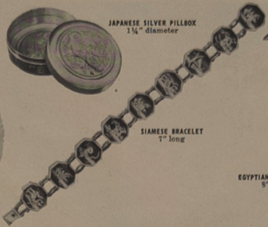
THE first time Bill Lundigan bought a hat for his wife Rena was July 14, 1945, the day they became engaged. They've celebrated this day ever since—it's just a month before their wedding anniversary—with a replacement by Bill of last year's hat. Bill, who is host on the TV shows "Climax" and "Shower of Stars" (C.B.S.), has more expensive tastes than his wife and a weakness for berets and feathers. Mrs. Lundigan likes veils (which Bill calls "mazooka and stuff"). "If I buy a hat he doesn't like," she says, "I just won't ever wear it again."

Rena's first engagement hat cost $45—she was married in it. The price shocked Bill, who found that $43 of it was for decoration

Continued on page 11



JAPANESE LANTERN LAMP
Almost 18" high
Shade 12" wide



JAPANESE SILVER PILLBOX
1¼" diameter

SIAMESE BRACELET
7" long

EGYPTIAN COPPER URN
8" high

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JAPANESE SILVER PILLBOX

A beautiful sterling silver pillbox with graceful peacocks carved on the cover. 1¼" diameter. Slips easily into pocket or purse.

JAPANESE LANTERN LAMP

A modern development of the ancient Japanese Festival Lamp, delicately contoured, sturdily made. As up-to-date as tomorrow. Almost 18" high.

GRECIAN TERRA-COTTA PLATE

Few objects capture the spirit of ancient Greece as well as this lovely plate handmade in Athens. A cultural treasure that embellishes your home. 7" diameter.

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A fascinating elephant statuette, hand-carved from ebony by the "family" wood-carvers of Ceylon. A "conversation piece" for your home. 4" long.

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From the fabled Black Forest of Germany comes this ingenious creation of master craftsmen, to keep time for you for years. Decorative and useful in any room. 7" high.

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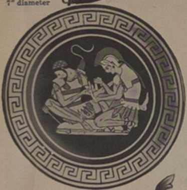
VIKING CERAMIC BOWL

This beautiful bowl from Norway is hand-formed of clay from the famous "Viking Pits" near Stavanger. Beautiful modern design, and so useful too! 5¼" across.

BELGIAN CRYSTAL BELL

This unusual objet d'art, hand-blown of pure crystal, stands over 4⅛" high and has an exquisite ringing tone. Engraved by great Belgian artists.

GRECIAN TERRA-COTTA PLATE
7" diameter



CEYLONESE ELEPHANT
4" long

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AUSTRIAN BUD VASES
7 inches high

VIKING CERAMIC BOWL
5¼" diameter

BELGIAN CRYSTAL BELL
4⅛" high

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☐ Silver Pillbox	604-FF	☐ Carved Clock	609-C

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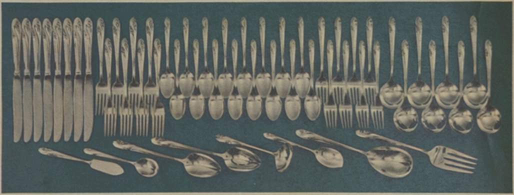
SAVE $27.55 ON A COMPLETE 56-PIECE SERVICE FOR 8

Usually $97.50. Sale-priced just **$69.95** in any Holmes & Edwards sterling inlaid pattern. Ask your silver dealer about the big beautiful $25 drawer chest—also specially priced for this sale.



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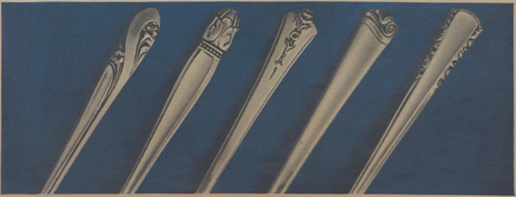
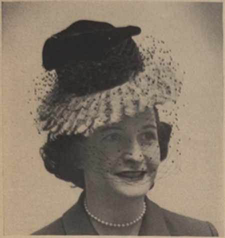


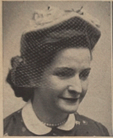
Anniversary Hats continued

Bill Lundigan views with alarm some of the hats he himself bought

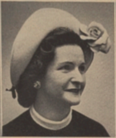


1946

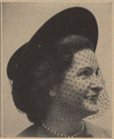
"I want my money back," says Bill, who paid $70 for "stove-pipe" with French veil



1947



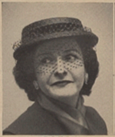
1948



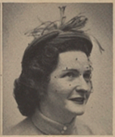
1949

Bill still likes all these, but Rena "feels like a mushroom" in them

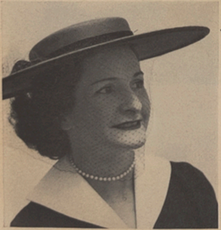
"Bird's nest during the molting season," says Bill about 1951 orange felt hat with feathers



1950



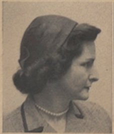
1951



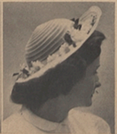
1952

Rena's favorite straw is "too much like a hat trying to look like a hat," says Bill. "It hasn't much character"

Bill's favorite, 1953, was cheapest ($2.95). In 1954 Bill paid $20 for "little-girl look"



1953



1954

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More effective than creams! Easier to apply than sprays!*

This is BAN—the new lotion deodorant that *rolls* on with a revolving marble built into the bottle top. BAN automatically applies just the right amount of pleasing lotion to check perspiration moisture . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. Get new BAN today —98¢ wherever fine toiletries are sold.

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Deodorant
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Pleasing lotion } —that's **ban**

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LOTION DEODORANT
ban
"IT ROLLS ON"

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STYLE 2939 • PRICES HIGHER WEST OF ROCKIES AND IN CANADA • HAT BY BETMAR

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LASSIE Junior

Famous Lassie Coat Brands: Lassie Junior, Lassie Maid, Lassie Petite ®

Rare moment of affection was caught by our photographer when he spent a day with J. Fred Muggs and Phoebe Beebe at trainer's home

Big Brother

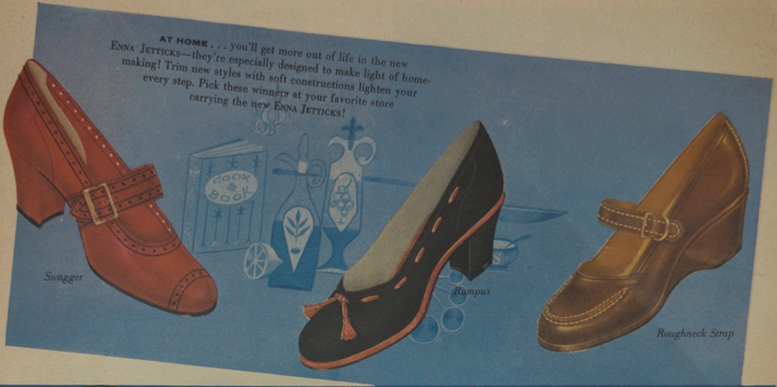
All has not been sweetness and light since Baby Phoebe has shared the spotlight with TV's J. Fred Muggs. Sometimes he acts like a jealous boy with his nose out of joint

MARTIN IGER

"Girls, bah! Look at Dave making a fuss over her just because she's a girl." Muggs experiences first feelings of rejection when Garroway spends the time of "Today" with newcomer

Possessive Muggs regards Phoebe as an upstart, gives Trainer Roy Waldron gentle hint that Phoebe isn't only pebble on the beach

Continued on page 14



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to get *more* out of life . . . get into

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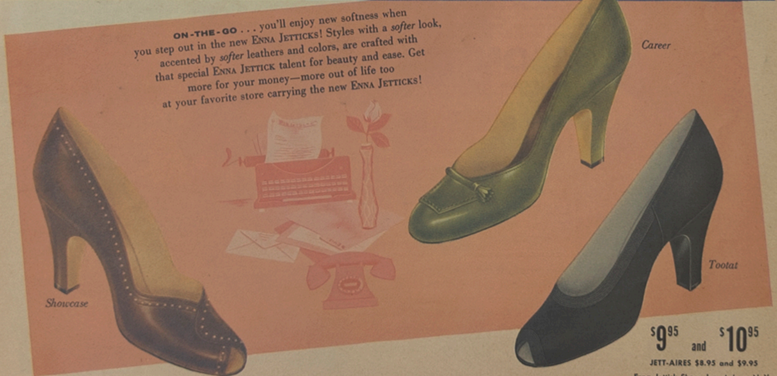
The Shoes You Love To Live In



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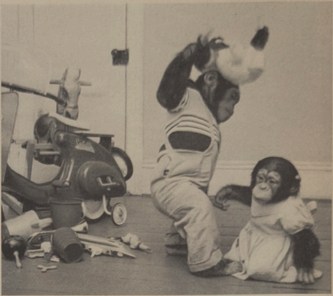
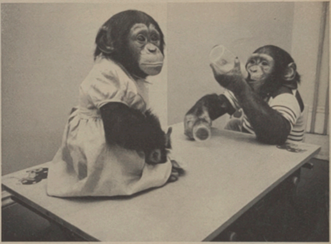
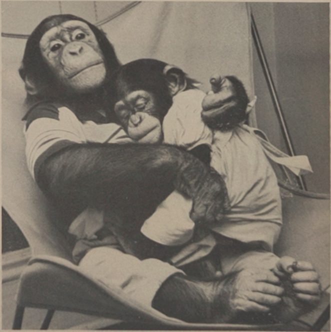
Big Brother *continued*



"Now she's stealing my toys!" Muggs never heard of sibling rivalry, but he is definitely not happy about sharing anything with Phoebe



Muggs, who hasn't had a bottle since he was six months old, sometimes reverts to infancy, insists on a bottle and then steals Phoebe's too



"The things I have to put up with!" Long-suffering Muggs, reassured about his superior status, suddenly puts on protective big-brother act

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YOUNG AMERICA HAS IT . . .
YOU CAN HAVE IT IN 7 DAYS!

Polka-dot tot . . . she has That Ivory Look! And isn't it a pretty look for you to have? Remember, the milder your beauty soap, the prettier your skin. More doctors recommend pure, mild Ivory for Baby's skin—and *yours*—than any other soap! Ivory takes care . . . so tenderly!

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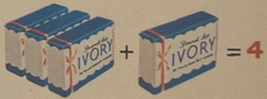
99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE . . . IT FLOATS



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spray
net
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New SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET, without lacquer, for gentle control.

REGULAR SPRAY NET for harder-to-manage hair.

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GIANT ECONOMY SIZE
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only Helene Curtis Spray Net contains spray-on lanolin lotion

A reader talks back: THE CASE

"Yes, alimony is demoralizing," says a divorced woman in answer to last month's article, "but not for the reasons you think . . ."

ALIMONY, says a "Divorced Husband" writing in August McCALL'S, is legal robbery. It is unfair to men and demoralizing to women; it keeps husbands from marrying and turns women receiving it into lazy, sinful, grasping parasites. May I say in reply that alimony is legal, but I have yet to find a case outside the tabloids where it could possibly be called robbery. For Divorced Husband's information, alimony is the money a man pays his former wife and children so that they will not become a burden to society. For, make no mistake about it, without this support the majority of cases would become public charges.

The word *alimony*, as the author of last month's article points out, comes from a Latin word that means food money or sustenance, and even in the twentieth century it is still just that. For a middle-income family the most generous legal allotment often means a stringently stripped-down manner of living; for a low-income family it can easily border on a state of poverty.

In my own case, supporting two children on the alimony allotted me by the court meant a kind of penny-pinching that we all found almost intolerably depressing.

The first simple fact I faced after my divorce was that our needs remained what they had always been, with just one less mouth to feed. We required the same number of rooms, but only one bed less. Yet our income had been cut to less than half. I couldn't seem to keep up with my bills. And I had never realized before how fast things wore out. The furniture all seemed to go at once. I remember writing to my sister in Detroit when she asked how I was getting along: "We do without the things we thought we could never do without, like music lessons or inviting friends to dinner. The springs broke down in the living-room sofa, and it will stay that way even though the entire frame is loosening. I can't spare the money for repairs right now. China cracks. Pots warp. Bed linens wear thin all of a sudden, it seems. The kids have worn a hole right through the carpet but we can't buy a new one. Summer vacation, when I can't even afford to have Hughie's adenoids out? Don't be silly. And the dentist says we can't put off orthodontia for Helena's teeth. I'm so sick and tired of all this doing without, I've made up my mind there's only one thing to do—get a job, any job, so we can live like people again."

But getting a job for a woman with two small children and no job experience for ten or twelve years is hardly the simple, logical step Divorced Husband seems to think it is. First of all, there is the emotional condition of the children themselves. You don't have to be a psychiatrist to realize that a child who has been deprived of his father by divorce is going to suffer if his mother is also away during his waking hours. Second, there is the practical question of who is going to look after them while you are away. Unless you have a relative or friend to help out you will have to hire someone. Dependable maids come high—about $1 an hour; you may pay from $30 a week for a part-time maid to $40 to $50 for full-time help, exclusive of the meals and carfare you must supply, in addition to the Social Security taxes and, in some cases, Workmen's Compensation you must pay.

As a divorced friend of mine said: "I finally gave up. All I was doing was earning a salary for a maid who couldn't be as good a mother to my children as I can."

FOR ALIMONY

Moreover, although child care is a vital necessity to a working mother, as legitimate an expense as the salary of a stenographer or clerk to a businessman, the cost of such care is only partially tax-deductible.

Aside from paying this tremendous price for the privilege of working, the ex-wife also has the expected job expenses of suitable clothes, lunches and carfares, union dues and health insurance. And, of course, taxes, always taxes — they may be pretty heavy, too, for an unmarried woman, even one with exemptions for dependents. She pays taxes not only on her salary but on her alimony as well, so that the support money she gets from her husband grows even smaller. He, on the other hand, may deduct alimony from his income tax.

Kathleen S., one of my neighbors, is a 36-year-old divorcee with a daughter of seven. She is a saleswoman at a big New York department store and her take-home pay is $38 a week. Her alimony is $25 a week, including $15 support for her child. She pays $65 a month for her two-and-a-half-room apartment. Food costs her about $100 a month; utilities, $6 a month; after-school play group for her child, $35 a month; carfares, $6 a month.

"Figure it out for yourself," she said. "At the end of a month of standing on my feet, trying dozens of pairs of gloves on dozens of indecisive customers, of rushing out then to pick up Stella, cook dinner, wash the dishes, straighten up, do some washing, ironing and mending, I have about $30 left to pay for clothes, cleaners' bills, repairs, insurance, taxes on my alimony, medical bills and extras. I can't afford to get sick — that's the truth. I haven't been to a movie in months—no movie, not even a double feature, is a bargain at seventy-five cents if you have to pay sixty cents an hour to a baby sitter while you're watching it.

"In the summer I'm laid off. Fortunately Stella goes to her father for two months, so I can just about get by. But when she comes home after a summer of good times that I can't afford to show her, she is so critical and so resentful of the way we live that I have to bite my lip to keep from screaming. What can I say? I don't like it any better than she does."

Divorced Husband says that at least half the women who loll around while their ex-husbands "sweat and labor" to support them are childless and in "their efficient twenties and early thirties." Many of these women refuse to remarry, he feels, for fear of losing their alimony. The facts do not bear him out. According to a recent report (October 12, 1954) by the National Office of Vital Statistics: of 660,000 divorced women remarried between 1950 and 1953, 508,000, or over three-quarters, had been divorced five years or less. More than 86 per cent of the total number of remarried divorcees were between the ages of 18 and 35.

For obvious reasons the young divorcee with no children can and does remarry more frequently than the divorced mother in her forties. And yet the author of McCall's article blandly recommends that alimony be abandoned for one and all. Has he any idea what a woman past forty is up against in the job market today?

As the Help Wanted ads in any newspaper will show you, a middle-aged woman is virtually unemployable if she is without special skills, training or experience. If she has been inactive five years or more, she has probably lost her skills, or — and this happens very often — technological changes have made obsolete the job she knew. At the very least she will need special courses or refresher training, and anyone who thinks she can afford these, plus a woman to look after the children, is very much mistaken. For the mature woman who has been trained in nothing but marriage there just aren't any well-paying jobs. This woman can sell in a department store at a starting salary of $40 a week, less taxes; she can

(Continued on page 122)

longfello *pantie girdle

your legs can't feel

Take a long pantie girdle? Then take it easy in Gossard's new Longfello. See how the legs are up-shaped, then edged with wide elastic net? Here's absolute leg freedom—plus smooth control—that you'll just love!

**U.S. Patent #174054*

at leading stores and shops or write us, we'll tell you where

Gossard
youthful Line of Beauty

#1011 boneless pull-on. Elastic net, satin elastic panel. S-M-L-XL. White. $10

Flair uplift #2821 of the sheer all-elastic design, weighs just 1¼ ounces. Embroidered nylon marquisette topcups, exclusive contour straps. White. A, B, C. $3.95

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., 111 N. CANAL ST., CHICAGO 6 • New York • San Francisco • Atlanta • Dallas • Toronto

INSIDE RECIPES DIRECT FROM EUROPE AND GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE-WINNERS
NOW IN THIS BAG
NEW RECIPES DIRECT FROM EUROPE
PLUS RECIPES from Pillsbury's $100,000 GRAND NATIONAL RECIPE and BAKING CONTEST
Pillsbury's BEST XXXX Flour
BLEACHED
ENRICHED FLOUR
for BREAD BISCUITS PIES and CAKES
PILLSBURY MILLS, Inc.

$25,000.00 and Pillsbury's BEST $100,000

ENTER NOW!

Here are the easy rules and official entry blank to help you win $25,000. (CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 1, 1955)

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

M

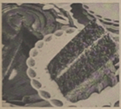
Pillsbury's $100,000 Grand National

Mail to: Pillsbury's Recipe Contest, Post Office Box 722, Chicago 77, Illinois

Name__________ Address__________

City__________ Zone_____ State__________

4 CLASSES OF FOOD WILL WIN . . . *Check Your Entry!*


CAKES

COOKIES

BREADS & MAIN DISHES

PIES & DESSERTS

Check the classification in which your recipe is entered:

CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 1, 1955

☐ JUNIOR (Anyone 12 but not 20 on July 1, 1955) *All Types of Recipes*	☐ SENIOR CAKES *All Types of Cakes*	☐ SENIOR COOKIES *All Types of Cookies*	☐ SENIOR BREADS AND MAIN DISHES Yeast Raised and Quick Breads, Pancakes, Dumplings, Doughnuts, Etc.	☐ SENIOR PIES AND DESSERTS Including all Pies, plus Puddings, Cobblers, Jelly Rolls, Shortcakes, Etc.

Your name for your recipe: __________

List below each ingredient and amount used in Column indicated:

Basic Recipe (dough, batter, or pastry)

Amount	Ingredient

Filling, Topping, Sauce, etc. (if necessary for serving)

Amount	Ingredient

Give Baking Temp.__________ ° F. Baking Time:__________

I think this recipe has wide appeal because of: ☐ Outstanding flavor ☐ Ease and speed of preparation

☐ Method ☐ Appearance ☐ Other__________ (STATE REASON)

I buy my groceries from (list one store only)__________

IMPORTANT—(1) Write your name, address, and full directions on separate sheet and attach.
(2) Attach to the back of this entry blank the extra-value coupon from any size sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour.

Get additional entry blanks at your grocer's or write Ann Pillsbury, Box X, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Request for additional entry blanks must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1955.

1 On an Official 1955 Entry Blank print or type your name, address, the name you have selected for your entry, and every ingredient and amount used in making your entry. Give your measurements in level (not scant or heaping) cups, tablespoons, teaspoons, or in fractions (¼, ⅓, ½, etc.). If you are a Junior entrant, check the Junior Recipe Box. If you are a Senior entrant, check the proper Senior Food Classification Box. Give baking temperature and time.

2 Attach firmly to the Official Entry Blank an extra-value coupon from any size sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour and one or more sheets giving instructions for making your recipe. *Write on one side of paper only*, using any recipe form. Brand names of ingredients used (other than flour) may be given if desired, but are not required. Write your name and address at the top of each sheet.

3 Enclose your entry in an envelope addressed to Pillsbury's Recipe Contest, Post Office Box 722, Chicago 77, Illinois. Entries must be postmarked not later than October 1, 1955, and must be received not later than October 5, 1955. You may send in as many entries as you wish, but only one per envelope. All recipes and entries become the property of Pillsbury Mills, Inc., and will not be returned.

4 Every entry, to be considered, must be on an Official Entry Blank, and must comply with the above rules, and must call for at least one-half cup of Pillsbury's Best Flour (not cake flour or mixes). No entry will be considered which calls for an intoxicating beverage, or for an ingredient not usually found in grocery stores.

5 Everyone twelve years or over on July 1, 1955, living in the United States, Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico may enter—except employees of the following organizations and members of their immediate families: Pillsbury Mills, Inc., its advertising agencies, the Lloyd Herrold judging organization and practicing professional home economists. Entrants twenty years or over on July 1, 1955, are eligible for Senior Grand National awards; entrants under twenty years are eligible for Junior Grand National awards.

6 The Lloyd Herrold Company and a staff of home economists will judge qualified entries in the Recipe Contest on the basis of general appeal, ease and speed of preparation, novelty or unusual character and aptness of name. No entrant will be eligible for more than one award in the Recipe Contest.

7 The Baking Contest will be held in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York and will be limited to the eighty Senior Recipe Contest winners and the twenty Junior Recipe Contest winners. Entrants in the Baking Contest will prepare their prize-winning recipes without assistance. Entries will be judged on the basis of taste, appearance, general appeal, and novelty or unusual character. No entrant will be eligible for more than one cash award in the Baking Contest.

8 These rules are binding on all entrants. The decisions of the judges will be final. In the case of ties, duplicate awards will be made. This contest is subject to federal and local laws. Names and addresses of all winners will be furnished after January 1, 1956, on request.

the time of your life!

7th GRAND NATIONAL Recipe & Baking Contest

Your dream come true! Imagine Arthur Godfrey handing you a big fat check before millions of TV viewers! It happened to 15-year-old Nancy Harden (right) last year . . . it can happen to you this year in Pillsbury's 7th Grand National Recipe and Baking Contest. And all you need is a good recipe—that's absolutely all! No slogans, jingles, or essays to write. Just a recipe. You never saw a contest so easy to enter—so wonderful to win!

She won on her sixth try! Mrs. Bernard Koteen (right) won the $25,000 first prize last year after entering all five previous Grand Nationals. So if you've tried before, try again—this may be your year! And about that recipe. It can be one you invented or got from grandmother . . . plain or fancy (lots of simple ones win every year). Just so it's for one of the four types of dishes in the entry blank on the opposite page . . . just so it's a little special in taste, method or appearance.

You don't have to be an expert! Young and old, beginners and experts have an equal chance, as Mrs. Grant Elgin, 80, and Mary Ann Cannon, 12 (right) proved last year. Both were winners . . . both had the thrill of a lifetime living at the Waldorf, and seeing all the sights and celebrities on their expense-paid visit to New York. So it makes no difference whether you're a teen-ager, a bride or a grandmother, this wonderful, wonderful experience and road to riches may be yours . . . just for a recipe!

You'll remember it the rest of your life! Every past Grand National winner will tell you it was the crowning moment of her life . . . never to be forgotten. And it can happen to you this year, being on TV with Art Linkletter, like Mrs. W. P. Lanier (right), being the toast of the town, and, maybe, coming home $25,000 richer. So go through your recipes right away. Pick out the best one and send it in with the entry blank on the opposite page. Fame and fortune and the time of your life await you (yes, you!) in Pillsbury's 7th Grand National.

This may be your year—enter today!

450 BIG PRIZES-

and all it takes to win is a recipe!

1ST PRIZE-$25,000 IN CASH
2ND PRIZE- $7,500 IN CASH
3RD PRIZE- $2,500 IN CASH

4 Best of Class Prizes $1,000 each

$1,000 . . . . . BREADS AND MAIN DISHES
$1,000 . . . . CAKES
$1,000 . . . . PIES AND DESSERTS
$1,000 . . . . COOKIES

$6,000 to Junior Contest Winners

$3,000 . . . . . . FIRST PRIZE
$2,000 . . . SECOND PRIZE
$1,000 . . . . . THIRD PRIZE

120 FREE TRIPS TO NEW YORK

To the 80 Senior Winners and 20 Junior Winners competing in the Baking Contest in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, a trip to New York with a two-day stay at the Waldorf at Pillsbury's expense. Also a cash prize of $100 each to cover incidental expenses. Each Junior winner to be accompanied by one parent or approved adult, also at Pillsbury's expense.

100 GE Stratoliner Push-Button Ranges
100 GE Triple Whip Mixers

All 100 finalists in the Bake-off win these General Electric appliances.

Now! Satisfy Your "COFFEE HUNGER" with NESCAFÉ®

—**tastier** coffee made the **modern** way!

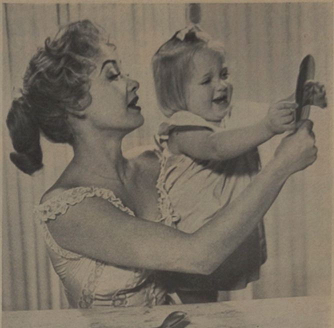
Try this recipe . . .
When guests are "played out" after bridge or canasta, revive. them with delicious Nescafé! For each serving, put a teaspoonful of Nescafé (more or less, according to strength desired) and a coffee cup of boiling water in your coffee server. Cover for a moment before serving. *Mmm!* This is *truly* "company" coffee!

NESCAFÉ
INSTANT COFFEE
100% PURE COFFEE

all coffee nothing but coffee!

© 1955 The Nestlé Company, Inc.

When you're hungry for tastier coffee, try Nescafé

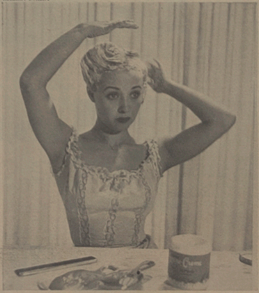


Daughter Suzanne, who is two, takes a last look at her mother with long hair. Jane's next picture is the musical version of "Robin Hood"

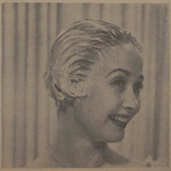
Jane Powell tries on a hairdo

Cutting is a drastic step so Jane slathers hair with cream shampoo to hold it in place while she experiments

EILEEN DARBY



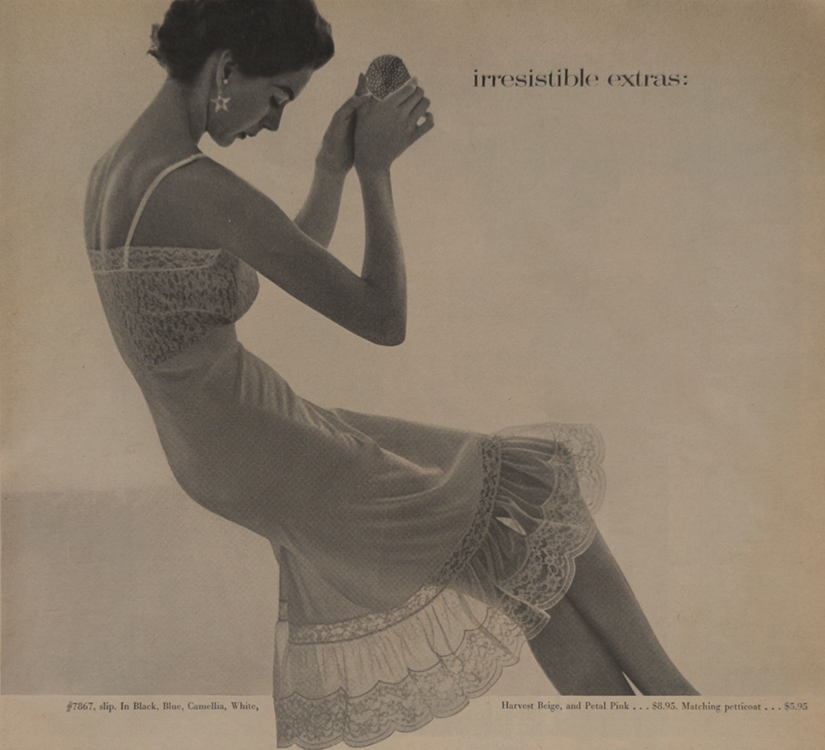
Cream shampoo makes her hair maneuverable—but Jane decides an upsweep is not the answer



Long hair pushed out of the way, how does a short boy-cut look? Not right for me, she concludes

Continued on page 23

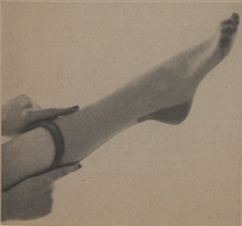
irresistible extras:



#7867, slip. In Black, Blue, Camellia, White, Harvest Beige, and Petal Pink . . . $8.95. Matching petticoat . . . $5.95

Gossamer... plus lace... hand scalloped $8.95

"Van Raalte Doubles". The life of your sheerest nylons has just been doubled thanks to a new technique—giving never-before controlled stretchability to a life-size stocking. Proportioned sizes. Just $1.35.



Here are the fabulous special touches that mean Van Raalte! A *lined* bodice of Alencon lace . . . a flounce of gossamer bordered with hand cut scallops. There's a petticoat too, to match. No wonder Van Raalte lingerie is accustomed to the finest things of life! We alone make every luxurious inch of fabric and lace ourselves. Of our *own* heavenly nylon Opaquelon—at the nicest stores.

Van Raalte

LINGERIE • STOCKINGS • GLOVES

Because you love nice things...

Hand-sewn, hand scalloped . . . a glove of our own fine nylon Reindoe—as fabulously soft as doeskin, and so wonderfully washable. It's "Diane", our pretty slipon with tiny touches of hand-tucking. Only $3.00.

#952 (medium length), #953 (long length). Strong leno elastic sides, down-stretching satin elastic back. White. $16.50. The bra—#2076 at $2.25.

What's missing here? Pokey old bones. Gone at last!

WARNER'S EXCLUSIVE NEW "STA-FLAT"

Like all great ideas, this one's slightly miraculous . . . yet so simple. A matter of replacing the long front bones that dug into your midriff with the new STA-FLAT† front — light circular springlets, pocketed in the girdle's front panel. These swirled circles are flexible as you are; they actually give *more* support than boning—but with unbelievable lightness, with extra strength where you need it most (midriff, waist, tummy).

We've eliminated the old bone of contention with this sprightly, circular stroke of genius. It gives not just pinpoint support (like a pokey, pushy bone) but firms a greater area with lively comfort . . . responds to the *round* movements of your body. (The circle's a *natural* shape.)

Bend, breathe, sit . . . STA-FLAT moves through the day with you, with resilient grace. Keeps its shape for seasons, too — because *this* Spring Is Here To Stay. You'll live comfortably ever after with our engaging (un-caging!) ring joined here to Warner's famous Sta-Up-Top*: double insurance for smooth beauty. Warner's has brought women out of the dim, primitive Bone Age into the light free whirl of today. *Try* the feeling! At the nicest stores, here and in Canada.

WARNER'S*

†TRADE MARK *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Bras · Girdles · Corselettes

Jane Powell *continued*

Side sweep with a curl in the middle of her forehead; or hair piled on top? Jane's dubious about both

A cap effect around her face seems just right. Doubts banished, she'll relax as hair now piled on top is snipped off

Mother and daughter put their heads together, decide they're delighted with the result. "Isn't Mommy pretty?" is the way Suzanne feels about it

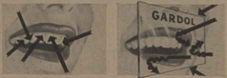
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—To Give Up To 7 Times Longer Protection Against Tooth Decay ...With Just One Brushing!

GARDOL Makes This Amazing Difference!

MINUTES AFTER BRUSHING WITH ANY TOOTHPASTE

12 HOURS AFTER ONE COLGATE BRUSHING GARDOL IS



DECAY-CAUSING BACTERIA RETURN TO ATTACK YOUR TEETH!

STILL FIGHTING THE BACTERIA THAT CAUSE DECAY!

COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
WITH GARDOL
COLGATE

No other leading toothpaste can give the 12-hour protection against tooth decay you get with Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol

Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, to form the acids that cause tooth decay. Colgate Dental Cream, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* *keeps on* fighting decay for 12 hours or more! So, morning brushings with Colgate Dental Cream help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that lasts for 12 hours *with just one brushing*. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And *at all times*, get Gardol protection in Colgate Dental Cream!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

UNIVERSAL Coffeematic

with the FLAVOR-SELECTOR

the fastest way to good coffee!

Enjoy the full-bodied flavor of *real* coffee so quickly and so easily made in a Universal Coffeematic. Just set the Flavor-Selector . . . Coffeematic will signal when your coffee's ready, and keep it piping hot without increasing the strength. With a Universal Coffeematic and its new companion, the Universal Toastamagic, you'll make tomorrow's breakfast better . . . automatically.

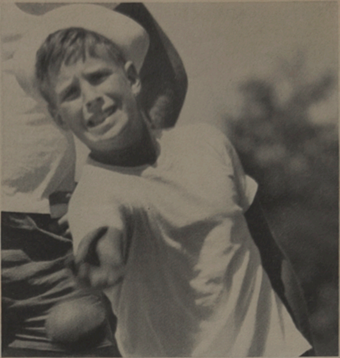
Ten-cup model shown, $29.95; in copper, $32.95. Other models from $24.95

UNIVERSAL makes things easier . . . automatically

MIXABLEND TOASTAMAGIC FRYING PAN STEAM 'N DRY IRON

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

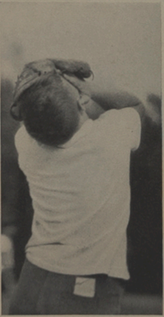


Neil, tense with weight of his responsibility, delivers first pitch at opening of the "Twilight League" series at Camp Scatico, New York

STAR PITCHER

Twelve-year-old Neil Rosenberg fights a one-man battle to win the game for his team

PIX/BOB HENRIQUES



He moans, hides face when fielder drops ball and man on third chalks up a run for other side

When he thinks umpire has made a bad call, he argues his case in traditional baseball fashion

Continued on page 26

Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Raven" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, and just the way you want them. The easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "Flirtation" hairdo begins with a Bobbi.

Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Colleen" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather. If you can make simple pin-curls, you'll love Bobbi.

Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day, your Bobbi will have the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves are *exactly* where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks and weeks.

Now Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion *just once.* Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural, flattering curls.

If you like softly feminine hairstyles, make your next permanent a Bobbi.

New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. **Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10c in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.**

Soft and natural right from the start...that's the smart, new "Mayfair" hairstyle after a Bobbi. And a Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy and simple to give, no help is needed.

Bobbi PIN-CURL PERMANENT
NEW
Bobbi
PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. You get everything you need in one easy package—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.

Bobbi's carefree curls make this gay new "Beau's Ideal" hairstyle possible...and your hair can be as softly feminine as the hairdo shown here—with Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent.

The difference between this...

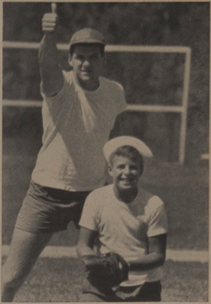
and this...

is often this...

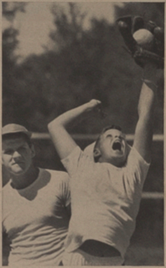
Johnson's
BABY
OIL
Johnson & Johnson
Johnson's
BABY
POWDER
Johnson & Johnson

STAR PITCHER

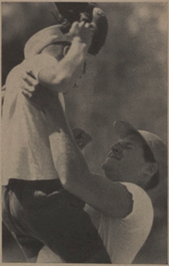
continued



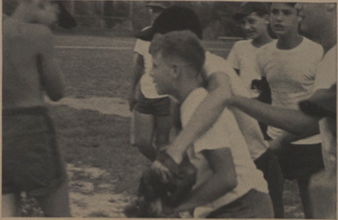
Easing up a little, Neil pitches a perfect strike, is elated when his teammates call out, "You're right in the groove, boy"



Neil leaps into the air for a line drive, shouts for joy when he gets it. More than a good catch, it's the third out, and the game and his ordeal are over at last



Umpire Merv Schorr, camp counselor and captain of college basketball team, understands the heady feeling of victory, lifts his jubilant protégé high in the air



Teammates crowd around Neil with shouts of "Good game! You had the stuff today, boy!"—all music to the ears of their exuberant pitcher

Fabrics by Cohama Fabrics; Shirley Fabrics Corp.; Milliken

New young fashions climate controlled by rayon!

Black Watch plaid, red-red, middy dress, jumper or princess—all the smartest every-day dresses become every-*kind*-of-day dresses when they're made with rayon. Rayon in the weave gives lightness—yet acts like a thermostat comes the cold. And while it's controlling comfort, rayon helps control your budget, too. It makes good clothes better buys, at the same time it makes them more useful. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, White Plains, Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta

Left to right:

Subteen (8-14) princess dress in rayon and acetate flannel $14.95
Girls' (7-14) middy dress in suiting gray rayon and acetate. $12.95 (Also in sizes 3-6x, $10.95)
Girls' (7-14) yoke dress in rayon, acetate and Orlon* Black Watch $10.95
Girls' (7-14) button dress in spun rayon satin $10.95
Subteen (8-14) rayon check jumper and coordinating blouse $17.95

Subteen dresses by Individuality Frocks®
Girls' dresses designed by Jules Kaufman of The Berk Co.

Prices slightly higher west of the Mississippi **Acrylic fiber*

RAYON puts fashion on its best behavior

For other stores, write to American Rayon Institute, Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

"Mother-r-r! Lookit what came in our new Wizard Automatic!"

Tide
WASHDAY MIRACLE FOR THE CLEANEST CLOTHES POSSIBLE
Master De Luxe

Tide CAME IN IT!

This wonderful new Wizard Automatic comes with a free box of Tide packed right in it . . . just as so many other fine automatic washers do. The makers of

25 AUTOMATIC WASHERS RECOMMEND *Tide!*

Here's why TIDE belongs in your precious automatic!

The makers of Wizard—in fact, the makers of 25 automatics—recommend TIDE. Their machines are designed for normal sudsing products like TIDE.

And Tide is made to give the best possible performance . . . and the cleanest possible washes in them. In these automatics, nothing else will wash as clean as Tide, yet is so mild . . . no washday soap, no other detergent known, including the *sudsless* products. In fact . . .

TIDE—with its full-action suds—washes cleaner than any leading sudsless product!

If you own one of these fine top-loading automatics, don't think you need use a costly *sudsless* product. Tide will get your clothes cleaner than *any* leading sudsless product . . . and at *half the cost*. Easy to see why Tide—with its full-action suds—is used in more automatic washers than any other washday product sold! Use Tide in *your* automatic.

In these automatics, no other washday product known—

NOTHING ELSE WILL WASH AS CLEAN AS TIDE—yet is so mild!

The new WIZARD Automatic with Four-Way Washing Action

It's at Western Auto now. Let them show you this beautiful machine with **Four-Way Washing Action** and deep **Over-Flow Rinsing.** Let them tell you about **Wizard's Fluid Drive** for quiet, trouble-free service . . . and the **Water-Saver Button** for real economy on small loads.

SEE THE NEW WIZARD AUTOMATIC AT WESTERN AUTO!

by her daughter **MARGARET HUBBARD AYER**, and **ISABELLA TAVES**

PART 1

THE MYSTERY OF HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Most people think of her now as a name on a jar of face cream. But in her day people were asking, Why did her children desert her? Why did her husband testify against her? Why did she disappear?

On the cold, bright morning of February 9, 1893, Harriet Hubbard Ayer was taken in a horse-drawn carriage from her home on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street to an insane asylum in Bronxville, New York. Three people went with her: a woman detective; Dr. W. J. Morton, one of the two doctors who had certified her insane; and Lena Raymond, her devoted Negro maid.

It was done so quietly and quickly that no word leaked out, although the papers certainly would have seized on it, for Harriet Hubbard Ayer was always news. But New Yorkers read in the morning *Times* that Grover Cleveland of New York had been elected President of the United States and Adlai Stevenson (grandfather of the present Adlai) of Illinois had been elected Vice-president. They saw that Queen Victoria was concerned with Irish Home Rule, and J. Pierpont Morgan with acquiring another railroad. And Steve Brodie, the man who is supposed to have jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, got into

(Continued on next page)

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER continued

The man who caused her ruin was someone she thought she could trust. The man who rescued her was a stranger whose name she never learned

print again by stopping a street brawl between a prizefighter and the editor of a sporting paper who wasn't much with his fists but who "happened to be carrying a revolver."

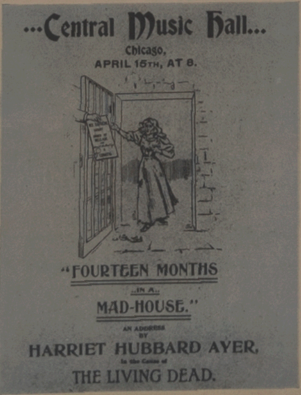
The weather, however, was so fine that many fashionable New Yorkers of leisure put aside morning coffee and newspapers to don fur-lined overcoats and extra flannel petticoats to go skating on the frozen pond in Central Park. And that turned out to be a small piece of good fortune for the unfortunate Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

For Dr. Morton testified under oath that Mrs. Ayer had been in a coma throughout the trip, and that he had been so concerned about her condition that he went all the way to Bronxville in the carriage, although he had originally planned to get out at Forty-second Street. But Mrs. Ayer, over a year later, used the skating pond to refute his testimony and was able to convince alienists not only that she was sane, but that she had been the victim of an Edgar Allan Poe plot to kidnap her and put her away for good.

No word of what had happened to her slipped out until almost three weeks later, February 27th. The next day the New York *Tribune* printed the sensational news that Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, "known on two continents as a shrewd business woman, the proprietress of a widely advertised cosmetic, and formerly a social leader of great beauty," had been confined in Dr. William Granger's private asylum at Bronxville . . . "the result of a petition by her divorced husband, Herbert C. Ayer, and her daughter Harriet, the wife of Allen Lewis Seymour of East Orange, New Jersey."

Mrs. Seymour refused to talk to the press. Her younger sister, Margaret, a girl of fourteen, was living in Germany, completing her education under the guidance of Blanche Willis Howard, a popular romantic novelist. No word came from Margaret or Miss Howard.

COPIED BY JOHNNY CORBIN



...Central Music Hall...

Chicago,

APRIL 15TH, AT 8.

"FOURTEEN MONTHS

..IN A..

MAD-HOUSE."

AN ADDRESS

BY

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,

In the Cause of

THE LIVING DEAD.

Audiences all over America were electrified by Mrs. Ayer's description of her imprisonment in a New York insane asylum

RIDER & BARNARD

"I have known for twelve years that she was insane," Herbert Ayer told the press when his wife's incredible story became public gossip

However, in Chicago, Herbert Ayer told reporters from the Chicago *Tribune:*

"When I went to New York, I found her in apartments at 305 Fifth Avenue dying from the effects of morphine and other stimulants, with no one to restrain her. I have known for twelve years that she was insane, but to save my children I bore the knowledge secretly. I received a letter yesterday from Dr. Granger stating that she is regaining her normal appetite and has been sleeping well, though she still believes my daughter Margaret is in the next room and strange voices in the air are talking to her. The appointment of a guardian by the Supreme Court will settle the whole matter regarding the disposition of her property. I could not possibly receive a dollar in any way, being her divorced husband. I do not know anything about her affairs and do not believe my daughters are inclined to profit by succeeding in her business. The last year I lived with Mrs. Ayer it cost me $96,000 to pay for her extravagances."

On March 11, a little more than a month after she had been put into the asylum, Mrs. Ayer was brought down from Bronxville with Dr. Granger and an attendant to appear before a jury in the Supreme Court of New York to determine whether she was incapable of caring for her own interests.

The New York *Times* reported: "Mrs. Ayer was dressed in deep black and wore a heavy black veil, the many folds of which could not, however, conceal her deathly pallor. She kept her eyes cast down. Mr. Stephen Olin, her former counsel, and so best acquainted with her, asked her various questions.

"'Do you know why you are here?' questioned Mr. Olin.

"The woman gave no sign of having heard the question. Then Lena, the colored girl, asked the same thing, but got no reply. Mrs. Ayer lifted her veil long enough to wipe away a few tears that had started down her cheeks, and showed her face, which was hardly recognizable as the same one that was known for its beauty a year or so ago.

"'Do you want to stay here?' asked Lena.

"Mrs. Ayer shook her head and was led out of the room. By common wish of the jury, she was not recalled.

"The court declared Mrs. Ayer insane. The jury was out less than twenty minutes."

In the weeks that followed, Mr. Olin, Mrs. Ayer's attorney, and Mrs. Ayer's business associates wrangled in court with her relatives over the appointment of a guardian to administer her estate. Mrs. Ayer's supporters declared vehemently that it was not fair for her former husband, Herbert Ayer, and her estranged daughter, Mrs. Seymour, to come into unquestioned control of Mrs. Ayer's person and property. Although Mrs. May Hubbard Wetherell, a younger sister of Harriet's who was married to an army officer stationed in Indian Territory, added her signature to that of Herbert Ayer and Hattie for their candidate, the judge decided against the family. A businessman suggested by Mrs. Ayer's business associates was finally appointed.

No more was heard from Mrs. Ayer for over a year. The diagnosis of Dr. Granger, reported in court, that she was probably incurable was accepted by her friends and acquaintances. No one was permitted to visit her except the family, and the family did not take advantage of the privilege. Herbert Ayer remained in Chicago; Mrs. Seymour stayed very close to home in East Orange, New Jersey, after two difficult pregnancies; and teen-age Margaret remained silent in Europe. The old friends who wrote her received no acknowledgement of their letters; gradually they were resigned to the verdict that Mrs. Ayer was a hopeless case. Even her business associates—Mrs.

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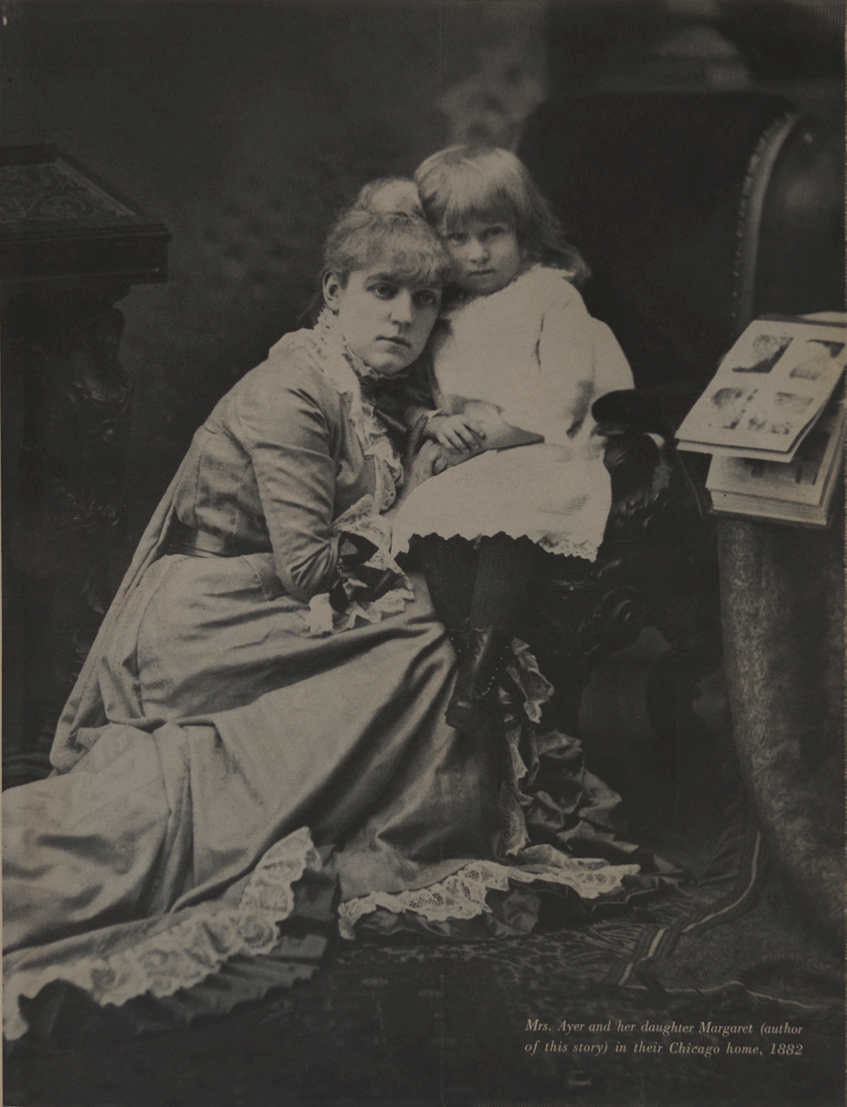
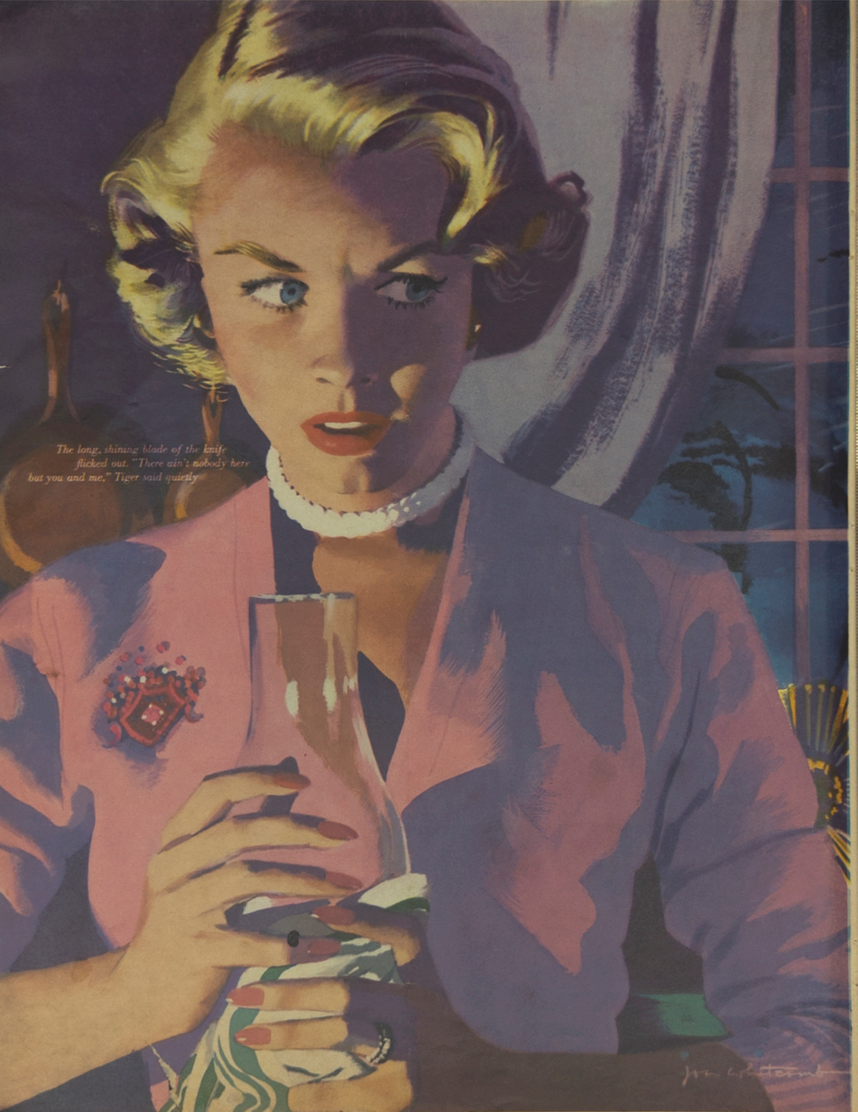


Mrs. Ayer and her daughter Margaret (author of this story) in their Chicago home, 1882



The long, shining blade of the knife flicked out. "There ain't nobody here but you and me," Tiger said quietly

THEY CALLED HIM TIGER

Only if they feared and hated her would she be safe in the schoolroom. But she was too young for them to fear —and too pretty for them to hate

MASTERY over wild animals is something that must be established instantly, at first meeting. The trainer of savage beasts who fails to dominate his charges at once is forever lost; and even if he succeeds—if they are submissive to him in that first crucial moment —he must never allow himself to doubt his control over them. He inevitably will come to fear them, but he must never show his fear. For in the moment his confidence falters, his docile pet will become a savage tearer of flesh.

All this is true, as well, of schoolteachers.

• • •

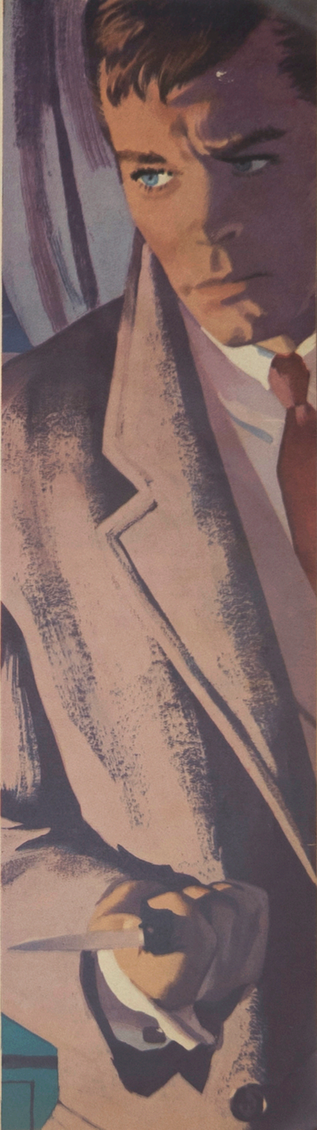
"I repeat," the principal said, and paused for emphasis. Scowling across his desk at Virginia, he growled, "I repeat, go upstate somewhere. Find some nice little community where the kids have air to breathe and lawns to play on, where every family has a bathroom all to itself. Where a man or a boy who gets into police trouble has to leave town, instead of automatically becoming a neighborhood hero. We need teachers, God knows, but this is no job for a girl just out of normal school."

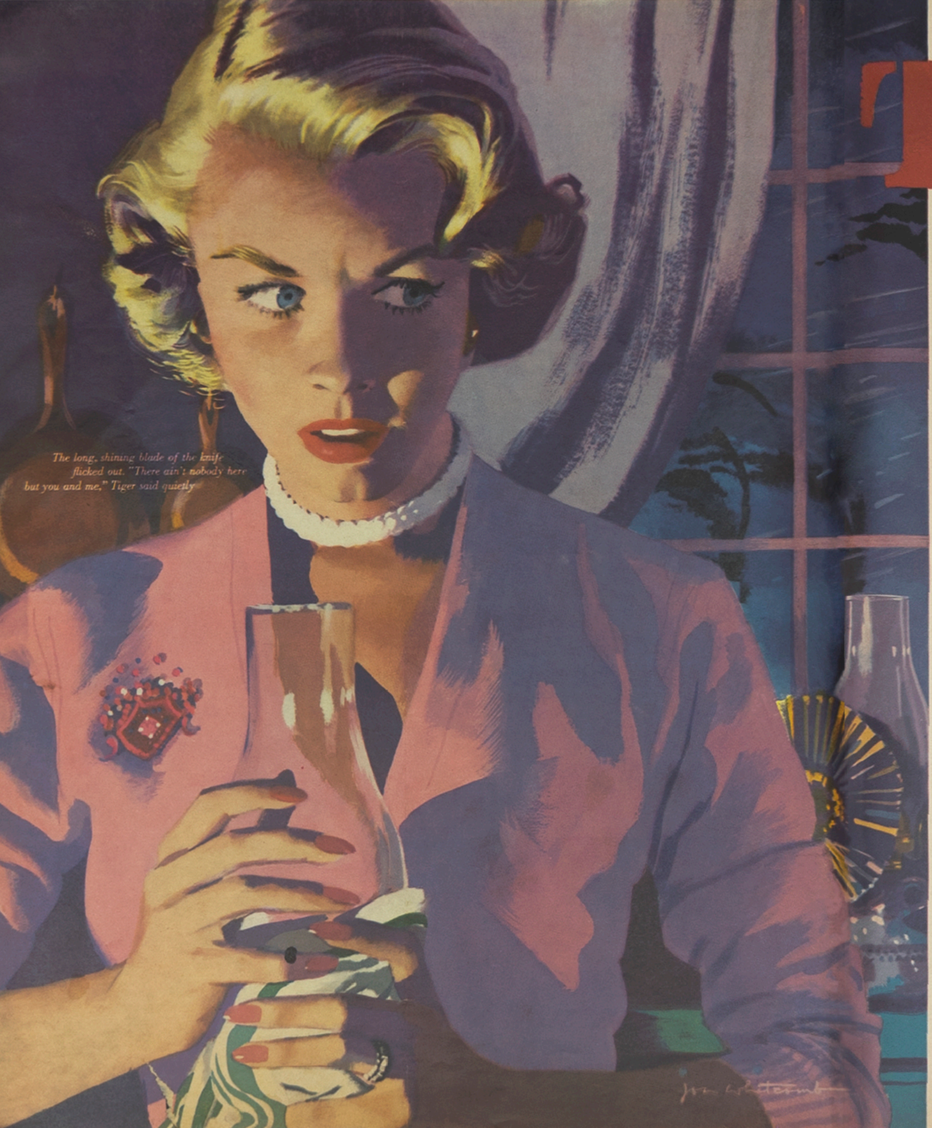
"Why not?" Virginia demanded with a stubbornness born of the diamond on her finger and the knowledge that Harry was here and would not be in some nice little community upstate.

The principal hunched his shoulders. "Miss Peck, this is a city high school, a *tough* city high school. Some of the boys you'd have to handle are almost as old as you are. All of them were older at thirteen, in many ways, than you are now. They are dedicated to defiance of law and order, to unreasoning violence, to brutality. The leaders are the ones who have proved themselves in jail or in reform school. These boys are hoodlums, Miss Peck. They are frightening; they are—"

(Continued on page 130)

by Don Stanford





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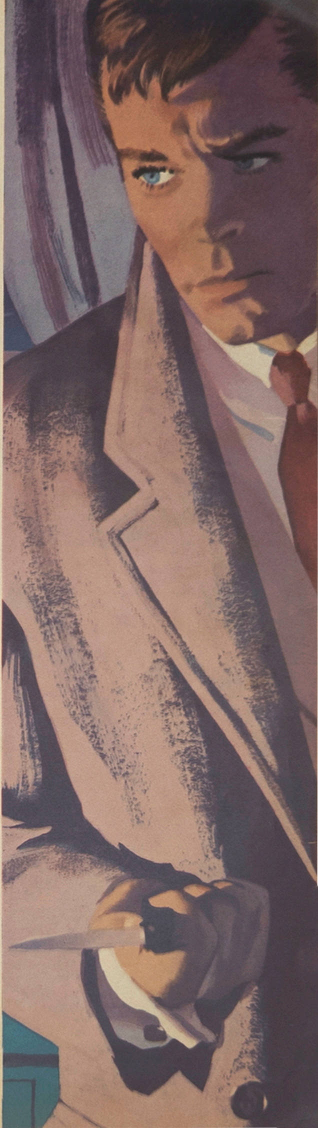

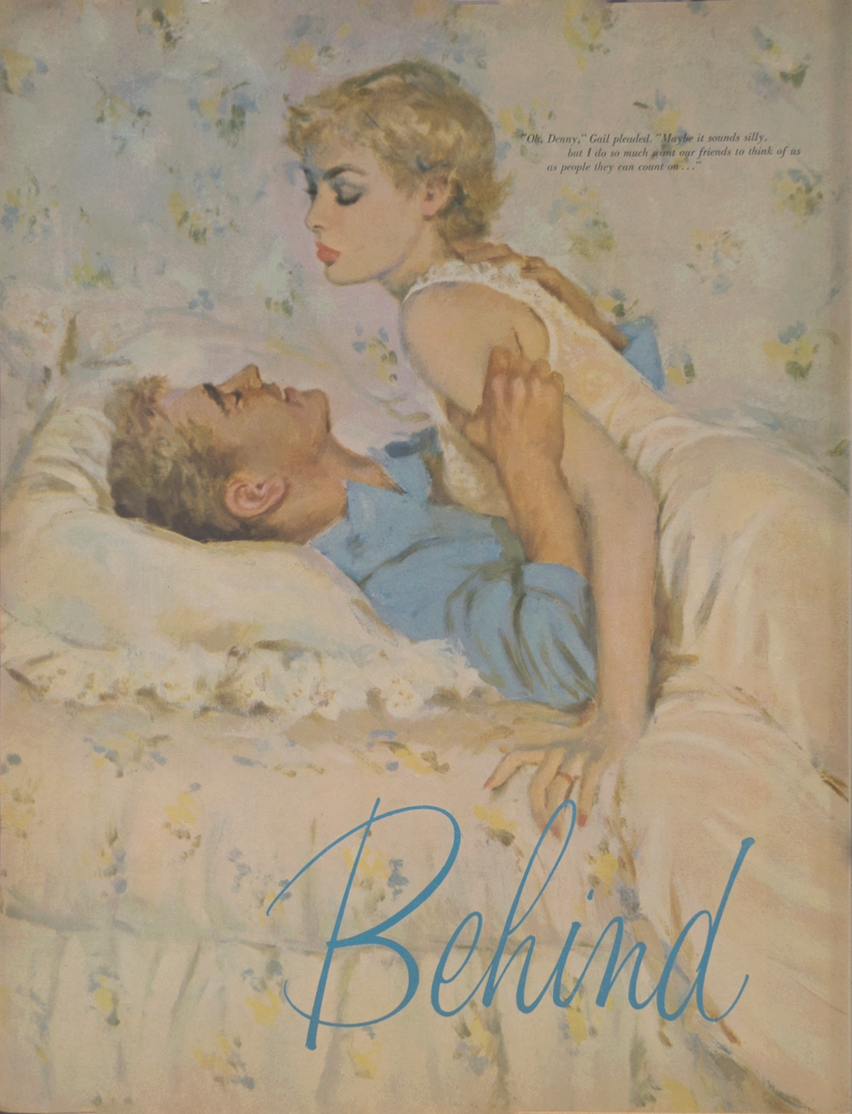

"Oh, Denny," Gail pleaded. "Maybe it sounds silly, but I do so much want our friends to think of us as people they can count on . . ."

Behind

the laughter

What kind of marriage can a girl build on charm—and charm alone?

by Catharine Barrett

GAIL was a pretty girl, twenty, married one year and very much in love. She had sweet features and unusual eyes—tan with delicate shadings of green. Her light hair was very fine, but she had it trained to lie close to her head, the bangs swirling faintly to one side. She said to herself as she smoothed on her lipstick, You know Denny's always late. But there's still enough time; he can shower and shave and dress in the time it takes you to put on your shoes and stockings and jewelry.

By quarter past six she had worn a path between the bedroom and that one front-view window. She was sitting on the bed, pulling on her stockings, when the front door opened. She sprang up. "Denny!" She ran to meet him and threw herself into his arms. They kissed and held each other tight.

"Darling," Gail cried, pulling back, "we've got to hurry!"

He wouldn't let go of her. "What's the rush?"

She looked at him in dismay. "You haven't forgotten, have you? The dinner tonight at Judge Alexander's, you and Aunt Julie and I."

"Yeah, I remember," he told her, grinning.

"Dinner at seven," she said, "and when it's the Judge, that means seven. He's sending his car for Aunt Julie and then they'll pick us up. Thank heavens, my hair won't get blown into a mop." She tugged again to release herself. "Come on—you've got to get ready."

"Hey, what kind of wife have I got, anyway?" he teased. "I no more than get home when she starts riding herd on me to get me out again."

She sighed and snuggled against him. He rubbed his whiskers against her cheek. "Love me?"

"I'm crazy about you, worse luck." She drew out of his arms. "But don't you muss my hair." She smiled at him, loving him a great deal. "Hurry now, honey, and get shaved. We've only got twenty minutes."

He shrugged out of his jacket and paused to turn on the radio.

"Denny, please," she begged, reluctant to scold. "You *said* you'd be home early. You promised we wouldn't be late this time. Please, Denny."

"Okay," he said cheerfully, and clicked off the radio.

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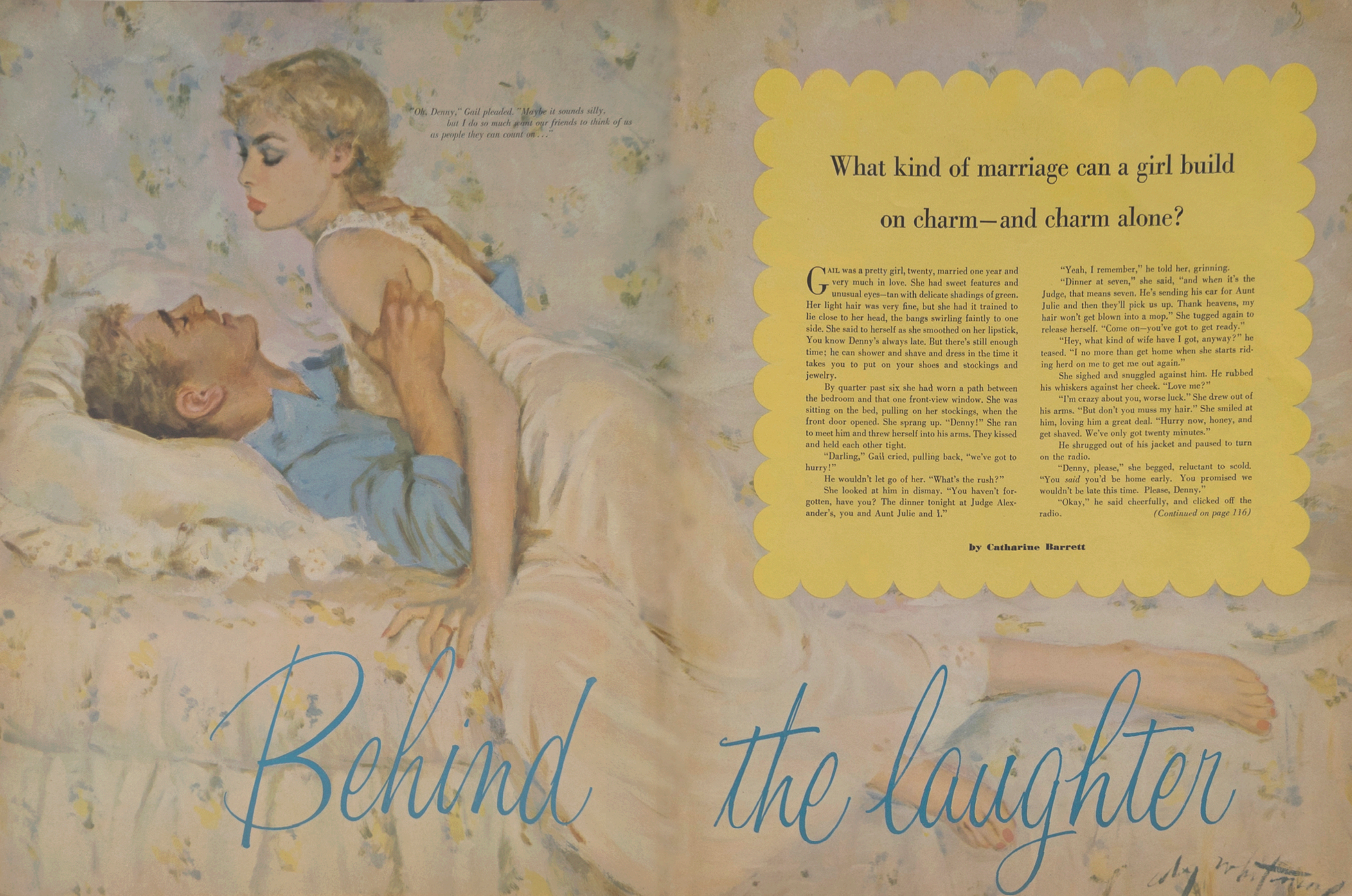

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(Continued on page 116)

Richard Eyer is the boy Ralphie in the new movie *The Desperate Hours*

RALPHIE HILLIARD's father was everything a man should be — strong and brave, just like a TV hero, a man who'd never flinch before a villain. But one day something happened that jarred Ralphie's faith. Three vicious killers escaped from jail and hid out in the Hilliards' Indianapolis home, waiting for money that would enable them to get away. Ralphie thought his father a coward because he didn't "get the bad guys" as his favorite cowboys would have done. Before it was over, the boy learned that shooting from the hip isn't always the bravest way. The Hilliards' story is told in Paramount's *The Desperate Hours*, based on the Joseph Hayes best-selling novel. Fredric March plays Dan Hilliard; Richard Eyer, his ten-year-old son; Martha Scott, his wife. The three desperadoes are portrayed by Humphrey Bogart as Glenn, Dewey Martin as Hank and Robert Middleton as Robish.

Ordeal of a Small Boy

His whole world seems to cave in when a ten-year-old discovers his father is not a hero

Established at the Hilliards', killers institute a reign of terror, then argue among selves. Glenn (Humphrey Bogart) realizes that Dan (Fredric March) inspired the quarrel. "Don't try that again, you smart-eyed slob," he warns

The gangsters are irritated by Ralphie, who can't understand why his father gives in to them. Robish smashes the boy's model airplane, and Dan swings at him. Glenn pistol-whips Dan as Robish throws the boy to the floor

"I could slip out for the police," Ralphie pleads. "Then the gangsters would kill us," says Dan. "You see, son, I *am* afraid"

Ralphie defies father, tries to escape, and Glenn orders Dan: "You knock sense into him or we do." Dan slaps the boy, begs him to cry, but Ralphie looks at him scornfully. Dan hugs his son, tells Glenn to "shoot me"

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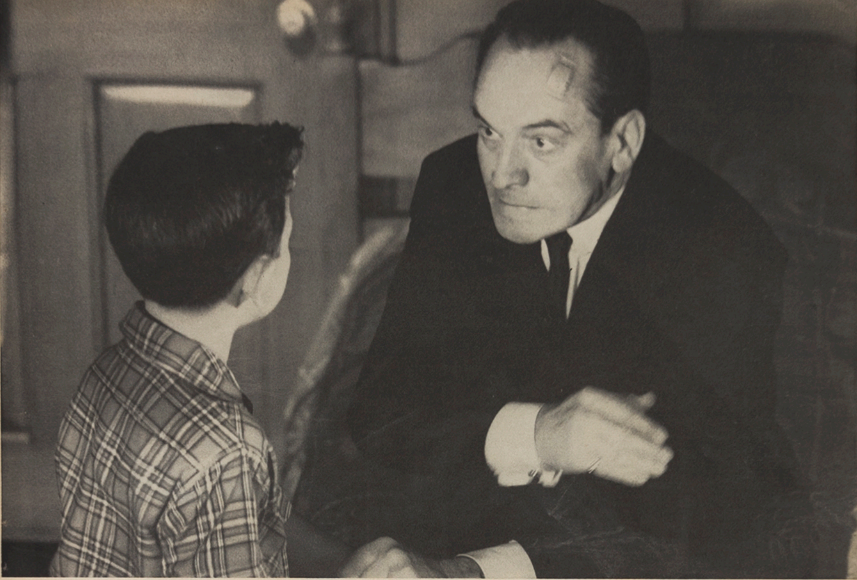
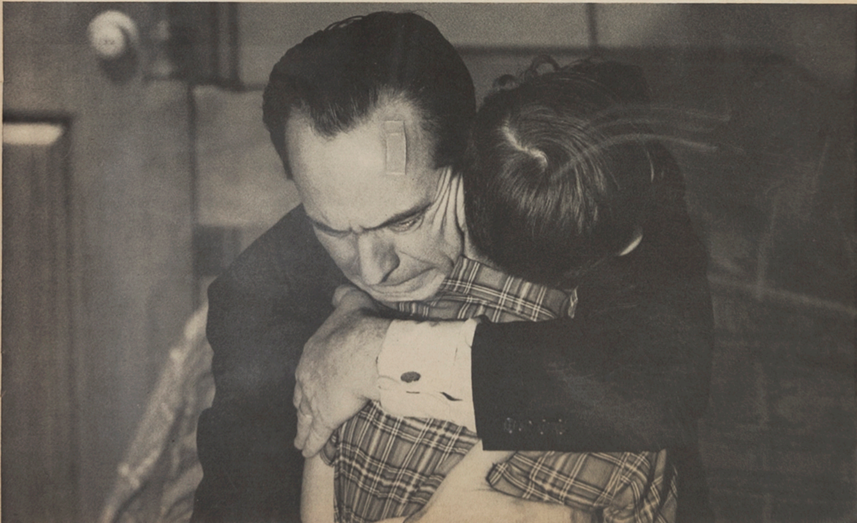


ELLIOTT ERWITT/MAGNUM



Ordeal of a Small Boy

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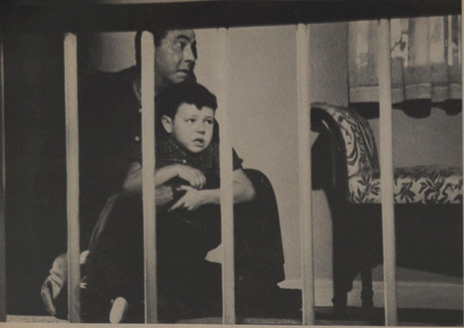
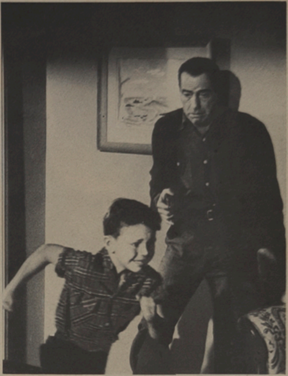
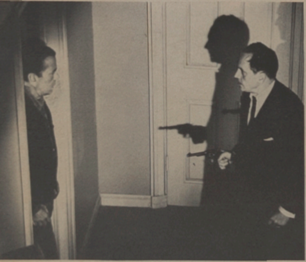


Dan finally gets hold of a gun, but Glenn holds Ralphie hostage. "You move, kid, I'll blow your head off," he says. "This man won't hurt you," says Dan. "Just do what I tell you"

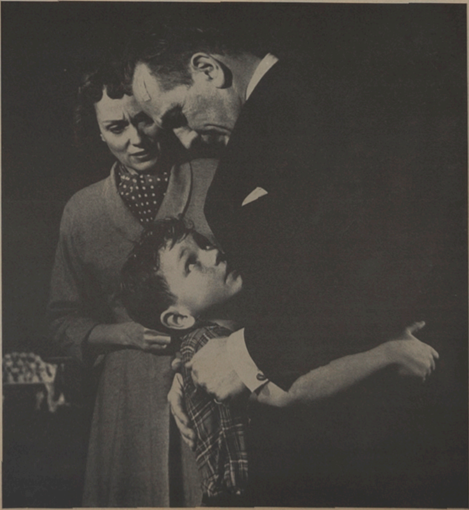
"Let go of Ralphie if you want me to help you with the coppers," Dan says. Glenn relaxes his hold, but keeps gun on boy. "Now," yells Dan, "do what I say! Run! Run quickly!"



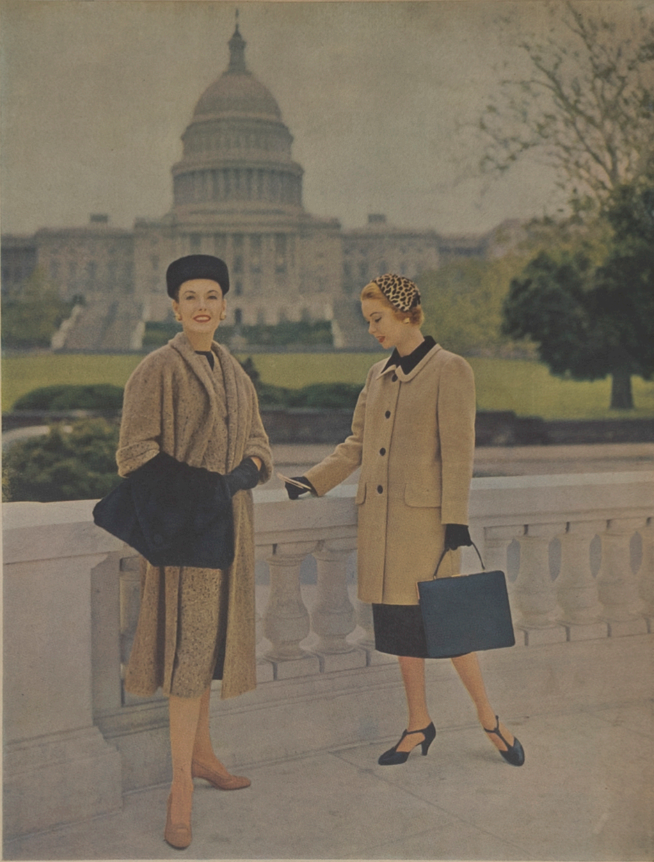
Ralphie runs – he still has enough faith in his father to sense that he should obey him. Dan is the only one who already knows that the gangster's pistol isn't loaded



Ralphie has escaped, and Dan is in possession of the only loaded gun. "You ain't got it in you to shoot," says Glenn. "You can't do it, can you!" Dan realizes this is true, orders gangster to leave house



Police shoot Glenn as he comes out the front door, and at last the Hilliards are free and together again. Dan embraces Ralphie, grins proudly. The boy is silent, but Dan knows he has regained his son's respect



by Estelle Lane Brent

Simple wrap coat in a double-faced tweed that's kitten-soft on one side, nubby on the other. Its slim dress: the same tweed pattern in a lighter weight of Stroock's wool-and-alpaca. Designed by Sylvan Rich for Martini, about $225

Chesterfield coat, with a becoming black velvet collar, is of British Samek wool. Teamed with it: a slim high-necked dress of black Hockanum wool with a self-bow at the waistline. By Branell, about $195

Both costumes at Milgrim, New York, White Plains, Cleveland, Columbus and Detroit

AMERICAN PLAN: *the costume*

There's nothing smarter than the beautifully planned look of the dress with its own coat. And it's not one look, but many: the dress may be casual or dressy, the coat full or fitted, long or short. On these pages the costume is interpreted by American designers, and photographed in the most American of settings—Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN PLAN:

the costume takes you through the day

1 **Short coat** in tweed with a double face—black-and-white backed in gold. Under it, a narrow black wool dress. By Elfreda, about $195. Josef handbag. *At Bramson's, Chicago*

2 **Full-length coat,** semifitted, with a flared skirt, is of Anglo multicolored tweed. Lined in the same sheer wool that makes the princess dress. By Helen Clifford for William Fox, about $225. *At Thalhimer's, Richmond*

3 **Straight coat,** charcoal flannel, lined in red taffeta. It is the perfect foil for an exciting dress of red wool jersey that is sleeveless, dips low in back. By Luis Estevez for Grenelle, about $125. *At Burdine's, Inc., Miami*

4 **Hip-length jacket,** semifitted and belted at the sides, in stone-blue wool, taffeta lined. It's worn over a slim, long-sleeved dress with a high neckline. By Herbert Sondheim, about $155. *At Neiman-Marcus, Dallas*

5 **Semifitted tunic coat** in a soft green wool buttons down the front, is belted in back. The cocktail dress is in the same fabric, has a deep V-neck and princess lines. By Leonard Arkin, about $90. *At I. Magnin & Co., California and Seattle*

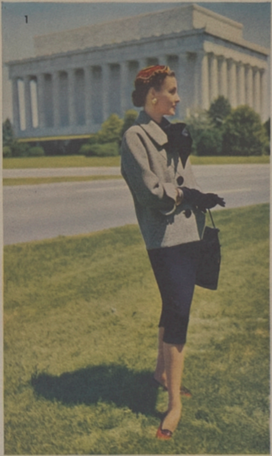
6 **Long, easy-fitting jacket** of Forstman chiffon flannel in a grayed green. Its short-sleeved afternoon dress has a lowered waistline, a fan of pleats for the skirt. By Larry Aldrich, about $175. *At Jordan Marsh Co., Boston*

7 **Loose coat** of tweed, lined in white fake fur, worn over a sleeveless wool jersey print dress with slim skirt. By Jeri Holmes, about $110. Koret bag. *At B. Altman & Co., New York*

8 **Full-length tweed coat,** back-belted, is faced with red wool jersey. Jersey dress, long-sleeved and high-necked, has double-breasted effect. By Herbert Sondheim, about $235. Bag by Ingber. *At L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis*

All costumes on these pages at Milgrim, in Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, White Plains

HATS BY SALLY VICTOR. GLOVES BY KISLAV
SHOES BY I. MILLER AND MADEMOISELLE
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM PALUMBO



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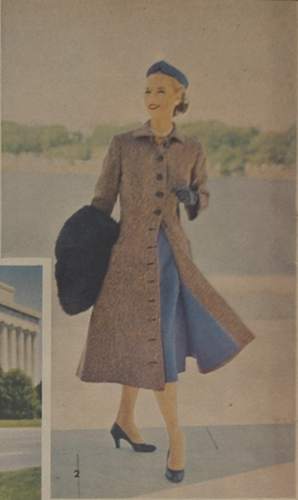

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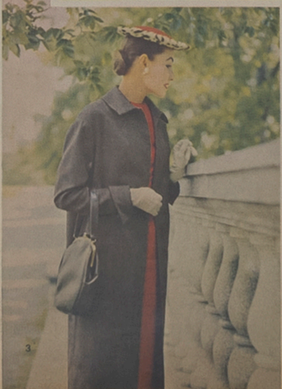

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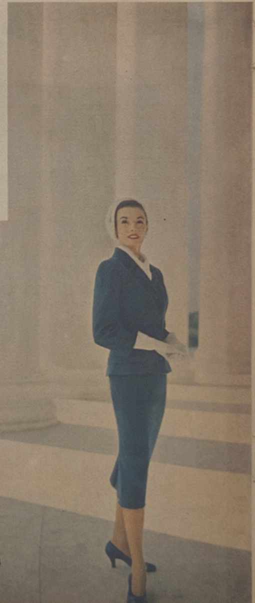

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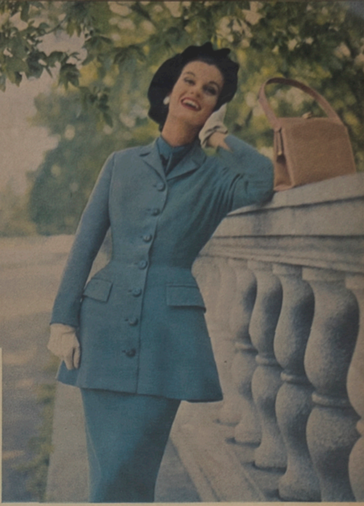

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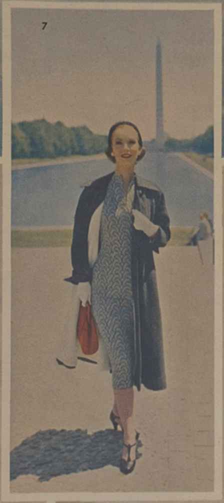

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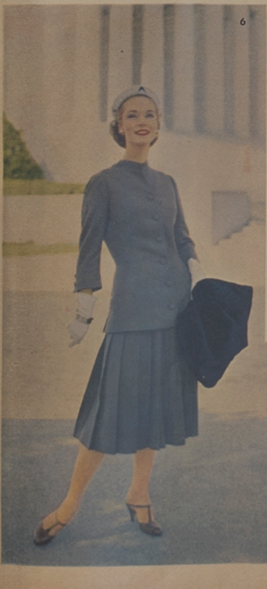

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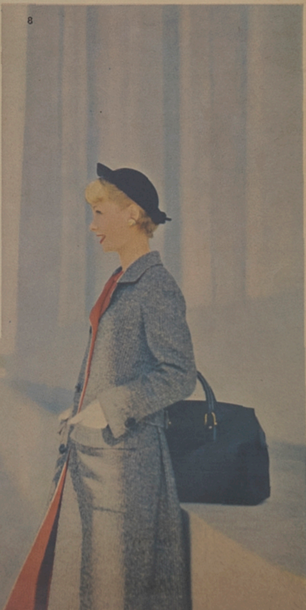


THE COSTUME:

high fashion, $50 price tag

Covering all the fashion bases this fall—fully lined coats with their own dresses. All designed by Ric for Lipman Brothers, all at this wonderful price.*

1 Full-length ottoman coat has a wide brown jersey collar to match its dress. The hat: felt cloche, studded with nailheads, sports a chin strap. About $15.

2 Worsted wool jersey dress with a long waistline and taffeta scarf is topped by a mandarin coat lined in the same striped taffeta. The hat: draped cap with a snood, about $15.

3 Silk-and-wool tunic coat with a satin collar flares out over its narrow dress. The hat: a wide-brimmed felt sailor. About $17.

4 Straight tunic-length coat of red-and-black worsted jersey covers a one-piece dress with matching skirt, long-torso red jersey top. The hat: baby cap with a bow in the back, costs about $13.

5 Golden alternate for the green costume: draped cap, about $15.

6 Bright topping for the tunic: a "jingle beret" embroidered in pearls, paillettes and felt motifs. About $15.

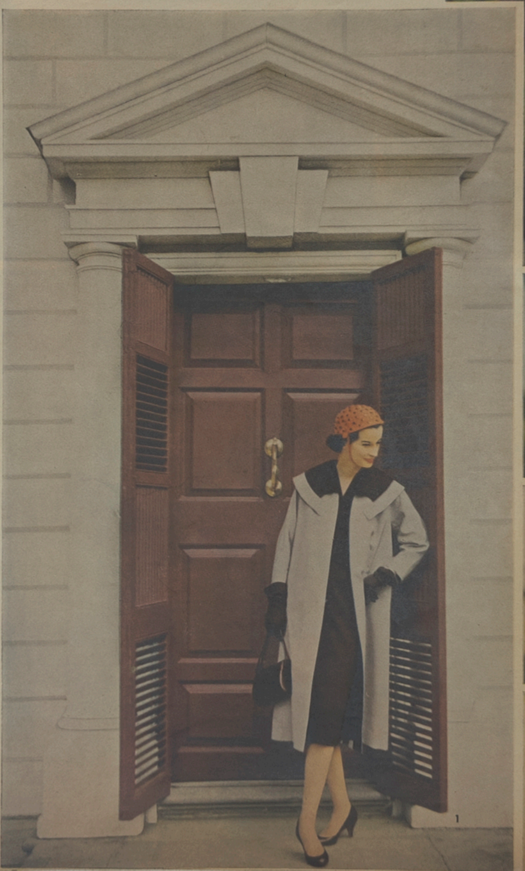
7 Carrying out the brown-and-beige scheme: wool jersey beret, about $13.

8 Changing the mood of the jersey costume: sleek velvet beret, about $9.

Costumes and hats may be seen at:
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.,
Chevy Chase and Alexandria
Rich's, Atlanta
Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago
Halle Bros., Cleveland
Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles
B. Altman & Co., New York City
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis
Joseph Magnin Co., San Francisco,
and all branch stores

ALL HATS BY SALLY V, FURS BY FUR FANCIES
SHOES AND BAGS BY TOWN AND COUNTRY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM PALUMBO
AT BLAIR HOUSE AND MOUNT VERNON

*Price slightly higher on the West Coast



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“...the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God”

Few men ever had a mistress as dangerous or demanding... Her name was Justice

What has happened: ***There was only one person with whom Spencer Donovan could share his fantastic secret. That was Larry Hunt, married to Louise, the girl Spencer had been in love with twelve years ago. Only Larry knew of the anonymous letter Spencer had written to the Un-American Activities Committee in Washington, accusing himself of being a Communist in the pay of the Soviet Government.***

Believing passionately in American justice, Spencer felt its principles had been violated in the case of Gordon Beckwood. Spencer had acted as his counsel when Beckwood, an expert on Near Eastern affairs, had been accused by Senator Aaron Coop of being a Communist agent. Knowing Beckwood to be innocent, Spencer nevertheless had witnessed the hysteria of the times twist rumor into fact, accusation into guilt, until Beckwood had killed himself.

Spencer's scheme to dramatize this injustice by falsely accusing himself demanded absolute secrecy. He could not tell Jean Sutherland, his fiancée, that the vicious article written by New York columnist Walt Fowler calling him a traitor was the anticipated result of his own anonymous letter. Nor could he tell fatherly Bernard Miles, of Arbutt and Miles, his former law partners, who had been questioned by the FBI about him. No one knew that the net drawing tighter around Spencer Donovan was of his own making—except Larry. And Larry, quarreling jealously with Louise and drinking heavily, was drifting further and further away . . .

FRIDAY, JULY 20, 8:00 P.M.

Carl was on duty when Spencer got home. He was the youngest elevator boy in the building, tall and pale-faced, with reddish hair. When the door slid open at the sixteenth floor he said, “Somebody told me he'd read about you in the paper today, Mr. Donovan. What paper was it?”

“I don't remember,” Spencer said.

There was no mail at his door. Inside the apartment he opened the terrace door. It was getting dark outside; the sky was cloudy, and a soft breeze cooled his face. It was after eight o'clock and past his dinnertime. Spencer felt a faint, dull pain in his stomach, but it couldn't be hunger.

In the back of his mind was the thought that he had forgotten something, and, looking at the phone, he suddenly remembered what it was. He hadn't talked to Larry. How was it possible that Larry hadn't even tried to reach him? He must have seen the paper, or at least heard of Fowler's article. Spencer went to his desk and, picking up the phone, dialed Larry's number.

Louise answered. She said—and it sounded like a sigh of relief, “Oh, I'm so glad you called, Spence.”

“Were you worried about me?” Spencer asked.

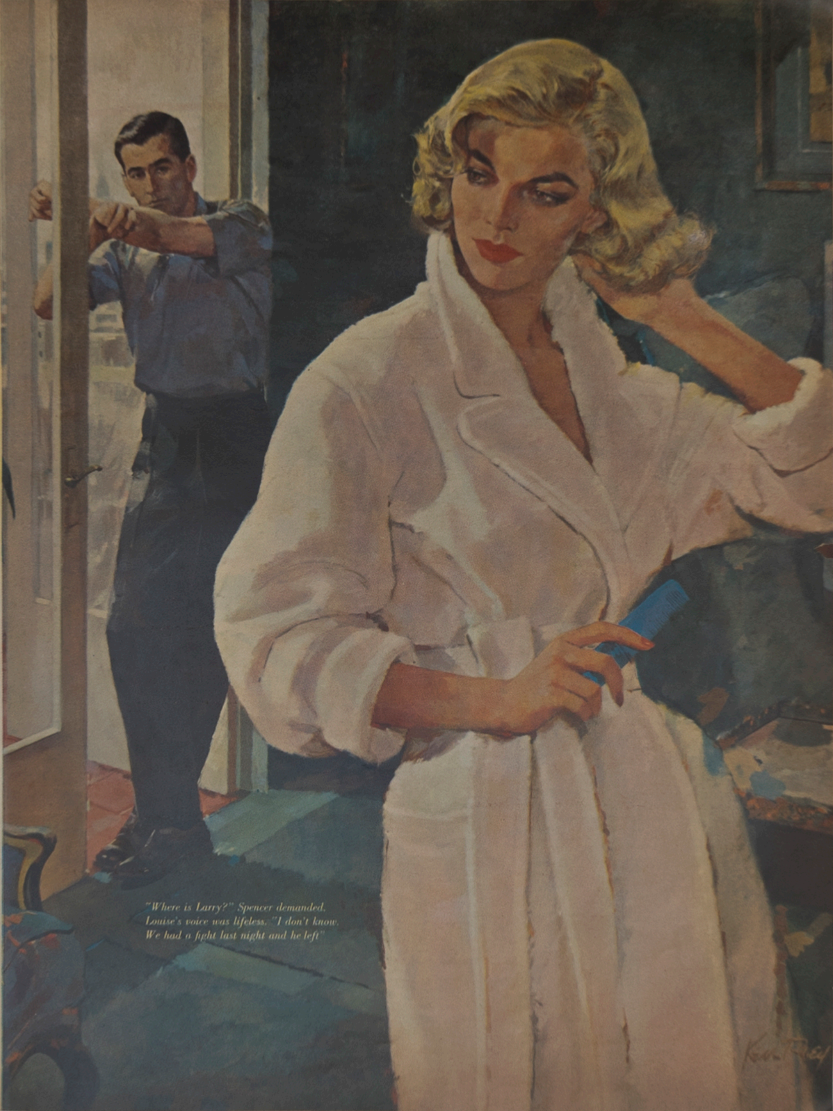
“No,” she said. “Should I have been?”

So she didn't know about the article. “I'll tell you about it when I see you.”

“When will that be?” she asked softly. “Tonight? I've got to talk to you.”

(Continued on page 71)

PART TWO OF A THREE-PART NOVEL BY FELIX JACKSON



"Where is Larry?" Spencer demanded. Louise's voice was lifeless. "I don't know. We had a fight last night and he left"

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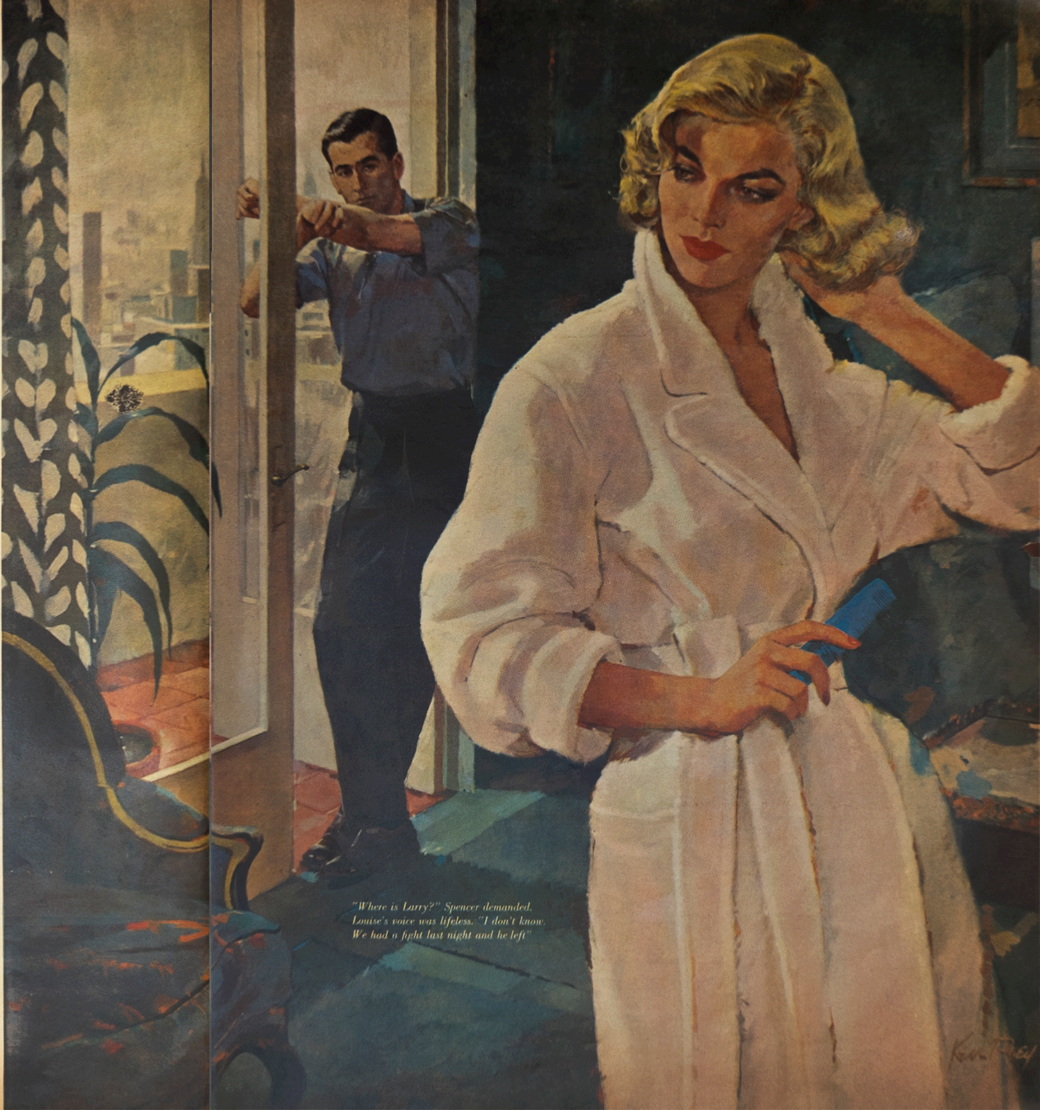

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Joe DeMers

Being in love shouldn't be such a hurtful thing.

But how could it be otherwise?

The man she loved was married

the shadow of a memory

Mr. Garrett struck his hand on the chair back, his voice loud in the morning quiet.

"Geraldine, you are not to leave this house."

"I'm going, Daddy." Her grave blue eyes didn't flinch. "He needs me."

"Bart Taswell's married."

"But we love each other."

The word "love" seemed to rock them both. She said more gently, "His ship may be gone for months—maybe Formosa or World War III. Who knows?"

"In that case, has he seen his wife?"

"Of course not. She's way out in Tulsa."

"Or his little girl?"

"Daddy, she's a baby! She's not but three."

"Gerry . . . my dear . . ."

In the familiar room, something struggled to rise out of the past and engulf them both. Gerry turned and walked out of the house into the June morning.

Henry Garrett, without moving, watched her—the dark, crisp hair, the delicate strength like her mother's. But not the eyes—the eyes were his own. He heard the front door open and close. Through the window he saw the Blue Angel, his graduation gift to his only child, sail down the drive and disappear. But when it was gone the quality of the silence, tender and aware, made him say aloud, "No, by heaven, not again!" and go quickly to the phone.

As his hand moved to dial the state police, he looked at the painting of Gerry's mother above the mantel.

Sounds of breakfast had started in the kitchen—good old Minnie. Tink, Gerry's dog, came in.

"She's not here, Tink," Mr. Garrett said, and stood with the phone idle in his hand, looking at the portrait of Miriam, his dead wife . . .

It was ten of eight when Gerry crossed the Connecticut line on the Merritt Parkway. With luck, another hour would see her on the Jersey Turnpike.

With luck! She was just eighteen; her father had every right to have her stopped. But would he? She knew that hidden somewhere in the past was the answer, but right now it was easier to wait and see. At each toll station her hands tightened on the wheel, but the officers took her dime without comment and she drove on. Still, Washington Bridge lay ahead as the major hazard, where fifty cents could buy her a first-rate arrest. She drove fast, with the conscious pressure of the hunted, but

(Continued on page 137)

by Sarah Litsey

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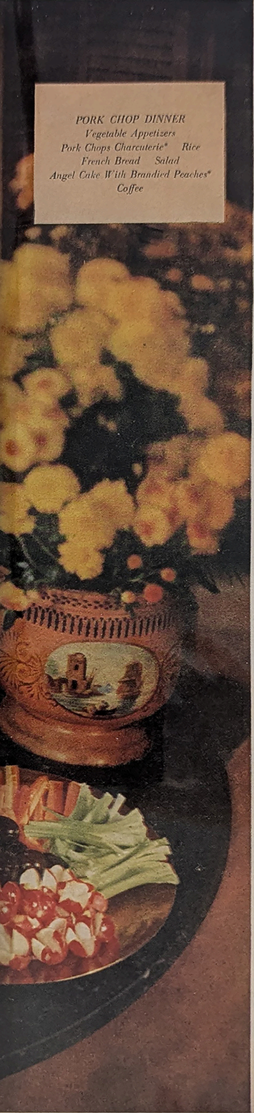

PORK CHOP DINNER
Vegetable Appetizers
Pork Chops Charcuterie Rice*
French Bread Salad
*Angel Cake With Brandied Peaches**
Coffee

by Betty Wason

Dinners that wait

IT'S HEARTBREAKING for a good cook to have a company dinner ruined by people who can't tell time. In my view, all company dinners should be "waitable." Besides, any hostess will enjoy her guests more and, in turn, the guests will enjoy her more if there is time to talk before dinner is served.

My tried-and-true system for delay-proof dinners is to sit down and make out a menu. I choose my entrée on one of four bases: one, it can be completely cooked and later reheated like Pork Chops Charcuterie; two, it can simmer on top of the stove like Pungent Pot Roast; three, it can be completely prepared, then popped into the oven an hour before dinner like Moussaka; and four, it can be prepared at the last minute like Lamb Pilaf. Once my menu-planning is out of the way, I make out a timetable. This covers every detail of my party right down to setting the table.

Pork Chop Dinner

Your time schedule: During the morning bake Angel Cake either from a mix or your own favorite recipe. Prepare peaches and let steep in syrup until dessert time. Cook pork chops with sauce. Fix Vegetable Appetizers, cover with saran wrapping and keep in refrigerator. Wash and crisp salad greens. Check on salad dressing supply. Before dinner, set the table and put coffee in pot ready for water. Cook rice just before serving—amount of time depends on kind of rice you use. Reheat chops in sauce. Call your guests.

*PORK CHOPS CHARCUTERIE

3/4 teaspoon salt
6 pork chops
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
4 tablespoons tomato paste
1 1/2 tablespoons capers
1/2 cup sliced olives
1 cup water

Sprinkle salt in bottom of a large skillet and heat until salt starts dancing around. Place 2 chops in skillet and fry until some of the fat is rendered from the chops. Add remaining chops and brown on both sides. Meanwhile chop onion and garlic very fine.

When chops are a rich brown, remove from skillet and drain off all but 3 tablespoons of the accumulated fat. Toss onions and garlic into skillet and cook several minutes or until limp. Now add remaining ingredients, taste to see if more salt is needed and place chops in the sauce. Cover tightly and cook very slowly for 25 to 30 minutes or until meat is tender. Reheat before serving. Enough for 6.

*ANGEL CAKE WITH BRANDIED PEACHES

Bake Angel Cake using a prepared mix or your own favorite recipe. Now open a can of peaches, cut them in slices if you like and drain off the syrup. Mix 1 cup of the syrup with 2 tablespoons of brandy. Pour over peaches and chill until dessert time.

To serve: Spoon the brandy-flavored syrup over wedges of cake and top with peaches. To really gild the lily you can garnish with whipped cream.

Pot Roast Dinner

Your time schedule: Prepare Pot Roast for cooking in the morning. Start the actual cooking 3 hours before dinner. Make Blueberry Ice in morning too. During late afternoon slice tomatoes thin, sprinkle with salt, pepper and a bit *(Continued on page 68)*

ANTON BRUEHL

POT ROAST DINNER
Consommé With Avocado Slices
*Pungent Pot Roast**
Buttered Noodles
Sliced Tomatoes Rolls
*Blueberry Ice**
Coffee

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Vegetable Appetizers
Pork Chops Charcuterie Rice*
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***PORK CHOPS CHARCUTERIE**

¾ teaspoon salt
6 pork chops
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
4 tablespoons tomato paste
1½ tablespoons capers
½ cup sliced olives
1 cup water

Sprinkle salt in bottom of a large skillet and heat until salt starts dancing around. Place 2 chops in skillet and fry until some of the fat is rendered from the chops. Add remaining chops and brown on both sides. Meanwhile chop onion and garlic very fine.

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Consommé With Avocado Slices
*Pungent Pot Roast**
Buttered Noodles
Sliced Tomatoes Rolls
*Blueberry Ice**
Coffee

DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER

Any man would have fallen for Kay who was young and beautiful—and ready to play. So no one could blame John—not even the girl who loved him

John Cummings lay stretched out in a beach chair. It was a January morning but he was wearing his bathing trunks, and the tropical sun was already hot on his chest and shoulders. At this early, unfashionable hour the hotel patio was deserted, and he closed his eyes.

For a few seconds he thought of his law practice back in the sleet-covered canyons of Wall Street. Then Beth came into his mind and stayed there. He had come South because of a lingering cough that had already disappeared, but he had come expressly to Palm Beach because of Beth. She had an aunt who lived down here, and Beth had hinted that she might be able to get away from her interior-decorating job in New York and fly down for a week. Lying there now, John saw her face clearly—the soft brown eyes, the full underlip, the delicate hollows in her cheeks. Suddenly it seemed like a terrible waste of his vacation that she was not with him; he felt a sharp longing that she would surprise him.

He opened his eyes. It was then that he saw a girl climbing the spiraling steel ladder of the high diving board. She was tall and he could not see her face, but she was beautifully made and very brown from the sun. Her bathing suit was of white wool splashed with yellow and she wore no bathing cap; now, as she mounted higher and higher, the sun caught on her light hair and turned it to gold. At last she stood on the very top level, silhouetted against the almost blindingly pure blue of the sky.

John sat up straighter. It was the first time he had ever seen anyone up there; the high board, he knew, had been erected only for the occasional diving exhibitions featured by the hotel. Now the girl, poised at the edge, knifed cleanly and went plunging downward. As she hit the water there was a loud splash and a high arc of white spray. A few moments later she came up and began to swim around idly. Then she took a deep breath and dived underwater again.

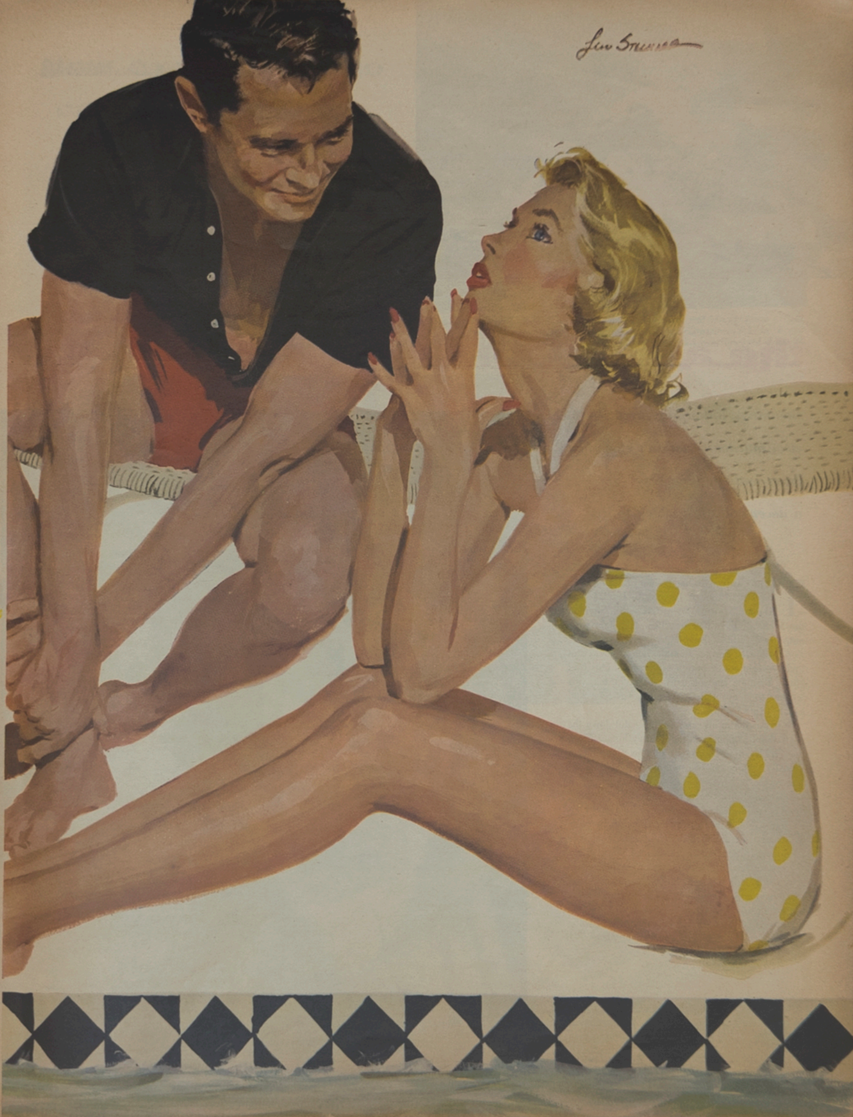
John lay back and closed his eyes. His mind wandered and then settled on Beth again. He asked himself, Am I in love with her? He wasn't sure. He knew he was happy with

(Continued on page 106)

by Florence Jane Soman

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN STECKLER

She laughed. "I never ask myself why I do things. I just do them." John grinned. "I always wanted to meet a creature of impulse," he said



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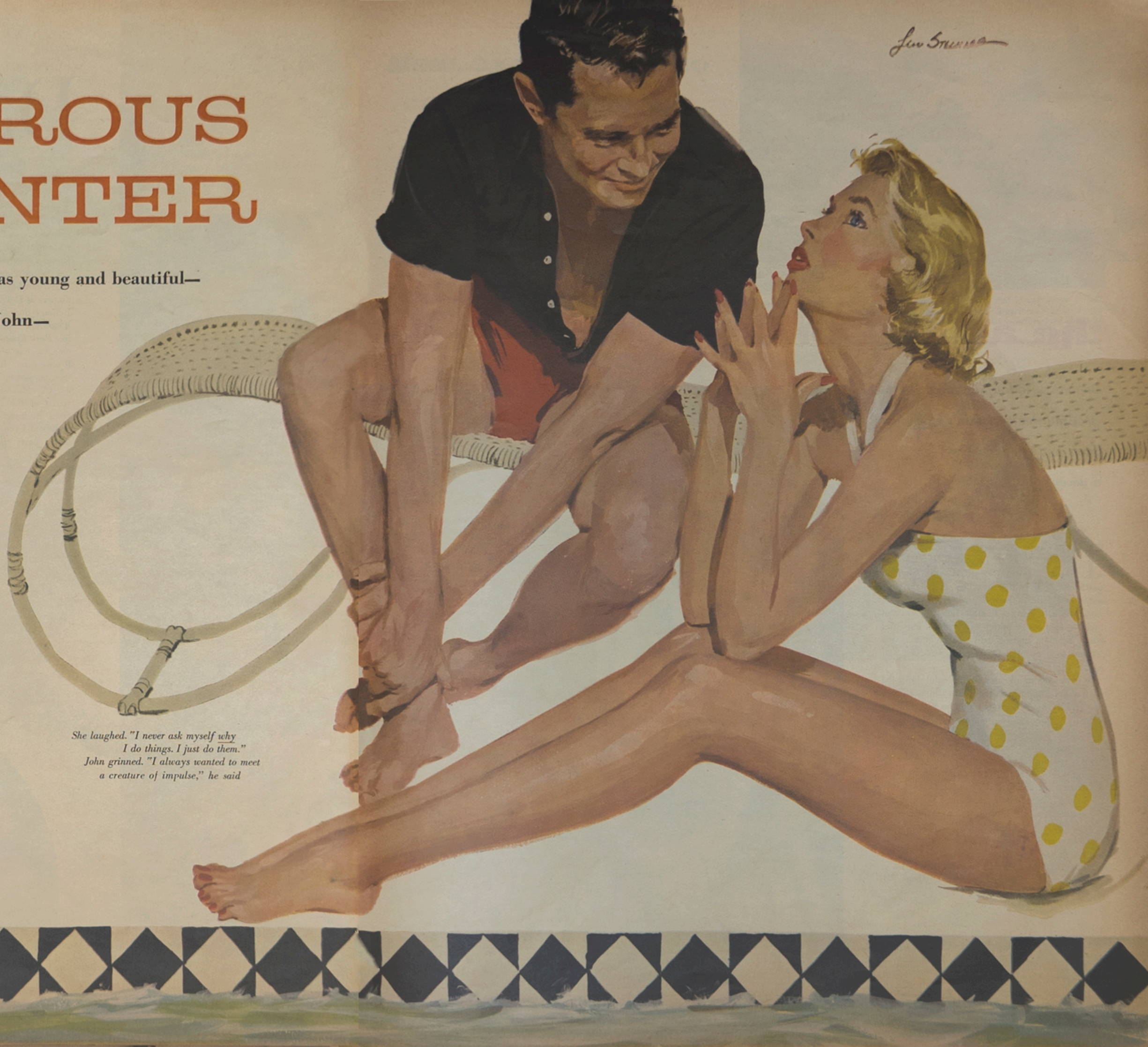

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COLUMBUS LEDGER-ENQUIRER

by KATHARINE HILLYER and KATHARINE BEST

*The people **want** it like that, state officials said when the women first asked for help. No one ever dreamed that three years later vice dens would be padlocked, the prostitutes run out of town and 2,000 slot machines would be smashed in the courthouse yard (left)*

the angry women of Phenix City

Bombings, kidnaping threats—even murder—couldn't stop them from making "Sin City" a decent place in which to live

THERE hardly ever had been a prettier winter night than that of January 8, 1952, in the Alabama town known as Phenix City, on the banks of the Chattahoochee. The stars were out. It was still and calm. In the fragrant pine wood suburbs, Bernice Bentley, her two sons and their visiting cousin were sound asleep. Husband Hugh Bentley, unexpectedly called to take his brother to a hospital in Augusta, Georgia, had said not to wait up.

It was not at all calm and peaceful down the road about a mile from the Bentley home. There the grubby honky-tonks lit up the night like a Fourth of July celebration. Dice drummed on crap tables. Slot machines clanked. Itinerant prostitutes cooed street-corner enticements. Behind a dreary, paint-flecked "house," run by grandmotherly and rather prissy-looking Ma Beechie, resident harlots solicited the multitudinous soldier customers from nearby Fort Benning. Many times there were two to three hundred men queued up outside "Beechie's Swing Club." Narcotics addicts were having no trouble acquiring "goof balls" and "yellow jackets" and "redbirds."

Until 12:20 A.M., January 9, which is when Bernice Bentley's kitchen *(Continued on page 54)*

FEINGERSH/PIX

Every week, at one another's homes, the women prayed and planned. But no matter where or when they held their meetings, "the mob knew." And wherever they went they were shadowed

New exciting way to cook with onions—

Campbell's ONION SOUP

by **ANNE MARSHALL** *Director Home Economics, Campbell Soup Company*

Any time you cook with onions—that's when Campbell's Onion Soup will save you work and add new flavor!

For here's an onion sauce that's always ready. It's beef stock and onions, simmered and seasoned for you—perfect to use in cooking pot roast for real onion flavor. And just as delicious with hamburgers or meat loaf.

Why bother peeling onions and blending a sauce—when Campbell's Onion Soup is such a nice thing to add to your favorite recipe?

RICE PARISIAN. Brown lightly ½ cup uncooked rice and ⅓ cup sliced cooked mushrooms (4-oz. can, drained) in 2 tbs. butter or margarine. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup and ½ soup can water. Cover; cook over low heat about 25 minutes until rice is tender. 4 servings.

BUSY-DAY BURGERS. Brown 1 lb. ground beef in a heavy skillet, stirring to separate meat particles. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons of flour over meat; stir until well mixed with meat. Add 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup; cook until thoroughly heated and slightly thickened. Enough "filling" for 8 buns; garnish with pickle relish if desired.

Make a better onion sauce with

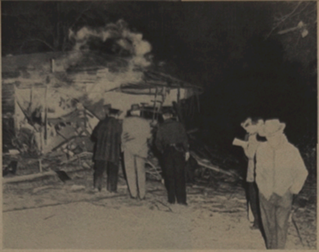
Campbell's
CONDENSED
ONION
SOUP

SWISS STEAK. Pound about ¼ cup flour into 1½ pounds round steak. Brown both sides in shortening in heavy skillet. Pour in 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup (add ½ cup sour cream, if you like). Cover; cook over low heat about 1 hour or until meat is tender. 6 servings.

CHICKEN WITH THICK ONION GRAVY. Cut into pieces 1 roasting chicken (about 3½ pounds, ready to cook); dust with flour and brown well in ¼ cup shortening. Add 1 can Campbell's Onion Soup; cover and cook over low heat about 1 hour. Remove chicken; cook sauce a few minutes to thicken, if desired. 6 servings.

angry women of Phenix City

continued



COLUMBUS LEDGER-ENQUIRER

FEINGERSH/PIX

In January, 1952, Bernice Bentley and her son Truman, standing here in front of their new home, were bombed out of their house (top). It was a declaration of war by the crime lords against all the decent people of Phenix, specifically against the Bentleys, leaders of the anti-vice crusade

FEINGERSH/PIX

"People doubted our lurid facts until the murder." Hilda Coulter points at the spot where A.L. Patterson died

When martial law was declared in June, 1954, Ma Beechie, grandmotherly madam of Phenix City's most notorious house of prostitution, was among the first to be fingerprinted

COLUMBUS LEDGER-ENQUIRER

clock stopped ticking, this was an ordinary night for Phenix City, where the good retired early and the bad stayed out late beguiling the tourists. By day Phenix was the traditionally sleepy Southern town, population 24,000. By night, in the tradition of sinful cities, she was fearfully awake, hostess to thousands of spree-bent and lonely men, cordial and gleeful cashier for the astronomical payroll of nearby Fort Benning.

By 12:21 A.M. Bernice Bentley and the children were lying unconscious in a heap of smoking rubble. Two and three blocks away windows were blasted out of houses, doors caved in, pictures pitched off walls. Neighbors ran into the streets in their night clothes.

Miraculously, the total damage suffered by anyone in that totally destroyed home was pancake-size bruises, cuts and shock, the shock being the worst of it. Bernice spent two weeks in bed, at first unable to sleep or eat; now, more than three years later, she is subject to sudden, unnerving blackouts.

Everybody in Phenix City knew why the Bentley home had been blown to bits that night. It was a declaration of no-holds-barred war by the vice lords of Phenix against the decent people of the town who had publicly defied them. Three months earlier, Hugh Bentley had formed the Russell (County) Betterment Association, a cannily organized group of ten incorruptible, unfrightenable men pledged to do what no reformists had been able to do in one hundred years of trying — to clean up entrenched vice in Phenix, or "Sin City," as the town was casually called. Bernice Bentley was working on plans for a women's auxiliary. "We can't get to first base if you women don't help us," the men had said.

Shortly after that violent January 9th warning to the Bentley family, more than a hundred women met in the Westside Baptist Church to form an RBA auxiliary —"our most vicious weapon," the men called it. The auxiliary decided that only fifteen women should participate publicly and

(Continued on page 56)

This exciting new surge of loveliness—must it be only for *today?*

They say you can tell by a girl's complexion when she's in love....

They say there's a special enchanted glow in the complexion of a girl in love—a fresh, untarnished radiance that completely transforms her face.

Men who have known her for years suddenly *see* her for the first time.

Men who *before* would never have noticed her at all, wish they had met her earlier.

Most miraculous of all, this tender new loveliness need not glow briefly . . . and then flicker out. You can consciously build it into a lasting radiance, a vibrant and personal expression of your femininity.

Just two minutes of loving encouragement each day will work this magic.

At the end of each day, your face is "coated" with oily, sooty grime and stale make-up. *Only cream* is able to dissolve and completely clean out this *greasy* dirt that clings deep in the pore openings and "greys" your complexion.

Cream—and ONLY cream—
can really DEEP-CLEANSE your skin

The unique oil-and-moisture formula of Pond's Cold Cream has made it *the most successful deep-cleansing cream in the world.*

After your Pond's Cold Creaming each night, you'll be joyfully aware that nothing has ever left your skin so spotlessly *clean*. Every tiny pore seems to be taking deep, cool breaths of fresh air. For the first time since you faced the problem of removing make-up—your skin feels completely unclogged, really *free.*

Today—get Pond's Cold Cream. See it give you the glow of a girl who loves, and is loved!

Today—among great beauties of society, among all women who value a lovely complexion—more women use Pond's than any face cream ever made.

What every girl should know—

You can expect to see immediate results from luxurious *deep* Pond's cleansings each night at bedtime. And—the results will be even more dramatic when you "re-protect" your skin with Pond's after each daytime face washing. Each time you wash your face, dermatologists say, you remove natural protectors that Nature takes 1 to 3 hours to restore. During this time your skin roughens, coarsens, *dries out.* Pond's Cold Cream replaces the washed-away protectors instantly. That dry, tight feeling disappears . . . your skin feels "right" again—dewy soft, smooth, *happy.*

"Lose your excess pounds easily, the safe, healthful AYDS way! I *personally* recommend AYDS."
...says Mrs. Bob Hope

Lose Pounds...

without dieting or hunger

Doctors Prove Ayds Best and Safest in Tests on 240 Overweight Women and Men!

Ayds users lose almost twice as many pounds!

In a well-known New England clinic, doctors tested four different reducing methods: bulk wafers, lozenges, pills—and modern AYDS. The 240 men and women who participated were tested under carefully controlled clinical conditions. Those who took AYDS *averaged the greatest weight loss*—almost *twice* as many pounds as the second product! Not only that—the people who took AYDS had no nervousness, sleeplessness, or unpleasant "side effects"! An actual reprint of this Medical Report will be sent to your physician at his request. He should write: CAMPANA, Box MD, Batavia, Illinois.

No Drugs or Diet—No "Hunger Pangs"!

It's easy! With AYDS, you lose weight the way Nature intended you to. Taken before meals as directed, this delicious low-calorie *candy*—enriched with health-giving vitamins and minerals—curbs your craving for fattening foods. Yet you eat all you want. "Hunger pangs" don't bother *you!* You *automatically* eat less and lose weight naturally, safely, quickly.

Guaranteed to Work for You!

Many AYDS users—with their very first box—happily report losing up to ten pounds or more. In fact, with the easy AYDS Reducing Plan, you must lose weight with your first box ($2.98), or your money back. At all leading drug and department stores.

Take **Ayds**... *first aid for overweight!*

Ayds
Reducing Plan
Vitamin Candy

Like her famous husband, Mrs. Hope loves golf. She says, "I recommend AYDS to every woman who wants to reduce and have a lovely figure."

A Campana Product

Phenix City

Continued from page 54

officially in reform activities; the others would be anonymous, undercover helpers, thus narrowing the gangsters' target for intimidation and outright mayhem. They chose fifteen women whose husbands were not members of RBA. Everyone agreed it was too great a strain for any one family to have both husband and wife participating openly in the campaign. Since almost everyone had children, it was important too that one parent should always be available for home guard duty.

This hard core of fifteen women, whose ages ranged from the late twenties to the sixties, elected a president—Mrs. Beatrice Britton, Bernice Bentley's mother, a sweet and amiable-looking grandmother. They drew up a charter, dedicating themselves to "the principles of fair and impartial justice in our courts, clean and fair elections . . . to work for the eradication of crime and corruption at every level." They pledged themselves to meet weekly in one another's homes, opening each meeting with a prayer. They would plot out a week's activities, assign duties, reappraise their work. All meetings were to be secret, or so they hopefully planned. It didn't work out that way.

"No matter what night we held our meetings, or at what time, or in whose home," Hilda Coulter says, "the mob knew. They knew our cars and from the start we were shadowed."

At their first weekly meeting, as they settled down to work in the home of Mrs. Britton, the "harassments" began. A car tore into the driveway, skidded its tires on the gravel and roared away. Another car did the same. And another. This creepy scare tactic was used constantly; sometimes, for contrast, several cars would swoop up and bathe the meetinghouse in blinding light. Rotten eggs were smeared on members' car windows. Their tires were slashed.

But whatever the "harassments" outside the homes, inside were indestructible nerves and invincible determination. Most of these ladies at first glance didn't seem capable of undertaking anything more dangerous than a bridge-tea. A second glance revealed very different qualities, however—qualities the gangsters would eventually discover to their sorrow.

Hilda Coulter, present president of the organization, is a young Southern matron of charm and grace. She is petite, dark, cheery. Her voice softly blurs such words as "bombings" into "bummin's." Her manner is so mild that it might be a garden party she's talking about, instead of destruction and undercover work as dangerous as that of any secret agent.

At that first meeting, as tires churned on the gravel outside, the women tackled one of their toughest problems: elections, the root of all civic good—or evil.

Their first public act was to send a committee to the chairman of the Democratic Committee to demand that no person who had purchased a Federal gambling stamp the previous year be appointed an election official. Gambling is illegal in Alabama, but the women had unearthed the fact that no less than 223 gambling stamps had been issued the year before. Anyone taking out a stamp was a criminal, yet many of these men were officiating at elections.

Hilda Coulter was one of four members to call on Democratic Chairman J. D. Harris in the sheriff's office. Mr. Harris was also Phenix City mayor, chairman of the City Civil Service Board and a deputy sheriff.

"Mr. Harris," said Hilda Coulter, "we represent the law-abiding citizens of Phenix City, and we demand that you obey the law and dismiss all election officials who have taken out a gambling stamp—"

Mr. Harris blandly interrupted: "I am Mayor to those folks too," he said. "I am not going to abide by the wishes of such a small minority as you."

Thus "frustration tactics" in official circles joined with "harassments" by hoodlums—and the enemy's strategy began to take form. At their second meeting, the women determined to watch the polls in the May primaries for irregularities. They called on every candidate not attached to the vice ring and offered their services as watchers. Here a small victory was won. They secured the right to be present in every voting place in the city.

IMMEDIATELY the gang sniped back. Phones rang at all hours in the women's homes. "Husky voices would tell us to get out of the organization if we wanted to live," Mrs. Coulter says with a deprecating smile. "Sometimes when we picked up the receiver, all we could hear would be heavy breathing. It was unnerving, to say the least."

But the women refused to scare. "It isn't that we *weren't* scared," they say. "We were. But we knew we had to keep on. Our children's futures were at stake. It may sound melodramatic to you now, but that's the way things were in Phenix City in 1952."

That's the way things were. On election day, as auxiliary members walked to the polls, vulgar epithets were flung at them by brassy toughs. "If you-all interfere with the way this election is run, you won't be anything but a grease spot on the floor by the end of day," one election official advised a

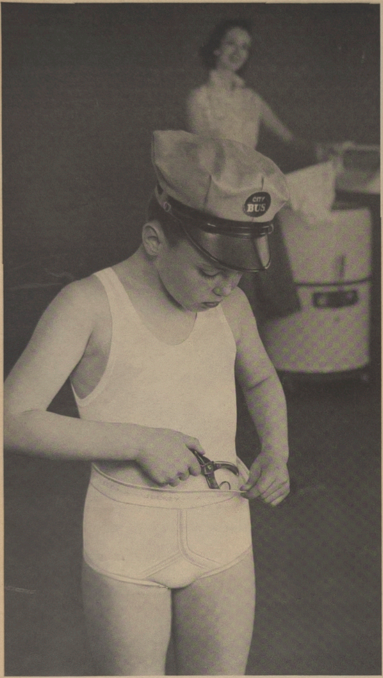
(Continued on page 58)

FEINGERSH/PIX

Sheriff Lamar Murphy, husband of one of the reform workers, is an enthusiastic ally of the women. They call him "our greatest hope in the community"

Think of the softest. . . Now, a new gentleness . . . undreamed-of comfort . . . the luxury of a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's

Modess . . . *because*



They keep their fit!

No matter how often you wash them, Jockey junior briefs always "stay put." Special elastic waistband is guaranteed to outlast the garment—never droops, never sags! Nobelt strip rubber (around outer thighs only) means no-gap leg openings that *never bind.* Shaped seat and double thick seamless crotch help give the comfort that comes only with Jockey—first underwear tailored to fit the male figure! Contoured undershirt is longer in back, shorter in front—*stays* in place!

Jockey® BRAND

junior brief and undershirt

made only by Coopers®

Jockey
Jr. brief
Coopers

known the world over by this symbol Cooper's, Incorporated—Kenosha, Wis. Licensees and registered users: Canada: J. R. Moodie Company, Limited; Australia: Speedo Knitting Mills; British Isles: Lyle & Scott; New Zealand: Lane, Walker, Rudkin; Switzerland: Vollmoeller; France: Verdier; Colombia: Textiles, Ego; Italy: Sacit; Denmark: Taco; So. Africa: Ninian & Lester; Germany: Volma; Austria: Josef Huber's Erben; Ireland: Dublin Shirt & Collar Company; Mexico: Manufacturera Rinbros.

(Continued from page 56)

couple of RBA women. The women weren't physically attacked that day, but men crusaders were. Auxiliary President Beatrice Britton was horrified witness to the wicked beating of her young grandson, her nephew and her son-in-law, Hugh Bentley, while local cops and state troopers formed part of the crowd that did nothing to stop the bloodletting. Auxiliary member Louise Cook, appalled at the scene, cried out to a state trooper to *do* something. "Hell, lady," came the soft reply, "they ain't doing no harm. Just using their hands and feet."

"We learned a lot that day," says Hilda Coulter. "We learned there was no freedom at all in Phenix City and that the so-called law-enforcement officers were as unconscionable as professional thugs. We also realized, thank God, that we could stand up to the toughest racketeers of our time."

At the next meeting, the women made a master list of the voting irregularities they had observed. One member had seen cabs drawing up to the polls and prostitutes climbing out crying, "What name is mine? What town is this? How did they tell me to vote?" Another told how election officials handed out marked ballots to "bought" voters, who exchanged them in the voting booth for unmarked ballots, each of which was good for $10 from a "satchel man" stationed on a nearby street corner. Payoffs were made openly out of a black valise.

Hilda saw one election official chew up and swallow a vote he didn't like. All the women noticed that saloons were illegally open.

In City Hall, watcher Ann Nix discovered that special ballots for an amendment to the city constitution were being withheld from the voters. She complained to Mayor Harris. Said that incredible official: "We're not running this election by Federal law. We're not running it by State law. We're running it by Phenix City law."

On the heels of what must rank as one of the most arrogant election frauds in United States history, the irate women sent a committee to Governor Persons to ask for help with future elections.

They were not too optimistic, however. A few months earlier, at the time of the Bentley bombing, the governor had made this curious statement: "I hate to see Alabama get such publicity—it is undeserved, of course." Even he couldn't top this remark, but he did manage to match it that morning. Baffled, the ladies heard him declare that fifty of Alabama's counties were just like theirs, and that he couldn't do a thing about it. He had been reared to believe, he went on, that Phenix City always "stuffed" ballot boxes, but since becoming governor he had learned this wasn't true. "The people of Phenix," he piously concluded, "just want conditions like that and vote accordingly."

In her deceptively sugarfoot voice Hilda Coulter says, "We knew the governor had been misinformed."

THERE was one pertinent word in Governor Persons' summation of crime-infested Phenix City. The word is "always." Always and always the town had been controlled by vicious men; always and always it had been the sanctuary of outlaws.

Phenix City is situated just across the river from the handsome and flourishing textile town (population 80,000) of Columbus, Georgia, onetime navigation head when steamboats plied the Chattahoochee. As early at 1826, when the family of Hilda Coulter's husband bought land from the Creek Indians on the Alabama side of the river, it was known as a haven for people in trouble with the law. Fugitives from Georgia justice merely crossed the river to find security in a town handicapped in its law enforcement by the fact that, until 1935, the county line ran down the middle of Phenix's main street. Once across the river, all a criminal had to do then to escape arrest was cross the street. Murders were performed on practically an assembly-line basis, with no attempts made to solve them. Unlike other wild frontier towns such as once-notorious Dodge City, Kansas, Phenix never outgrew its total contempt for law and order. It is safe to say that this bantam-size city holds the national record for unsolved murders. John M. Patterson, new attorney general for Alabama, estimates the vice ring's annual take at nearly $100,000,000. Nearly one hundred million! It bears repeating. That's almost as much as Las Vegas, Nevada, gets legitimately from its eleven million tourist-gamblers a year.

AFTER their memorable visit to the governor, the women's group got busy on many fronts. They wrote every state legislator asking for a Crime Commission, a plea that fell on deaf ears. They then urged General Robert Young, at nearby Fort Benning, to come and see for himself what Phenix City was doing to his soldiers. Commandant Young put on the uniform of a lesser officer, inconspicuously investigated Phenix City and promptly put several of the worst dives off limits. "This," recalls Hilda Coulter, "was our first effective counterblow against the gangsters."

The fifteen embattled women of Phenix studied reform movements of other cities, notably that of Gary, Indiana, where the women had played such a dramatic role in cleaning up the city. They sent for a radio transcript made by the Columbia Broadcasting Company of the Gary cleanup and listened to it one night in Bernice Bentley's home. When it was all over, Hilda Coulter laughed bitterly. "*They* got a spy into their courthouse," she said, referring to one successful maneuver of the Gary women. "Why, we couldn't even sneak a relief janitor into ours!"

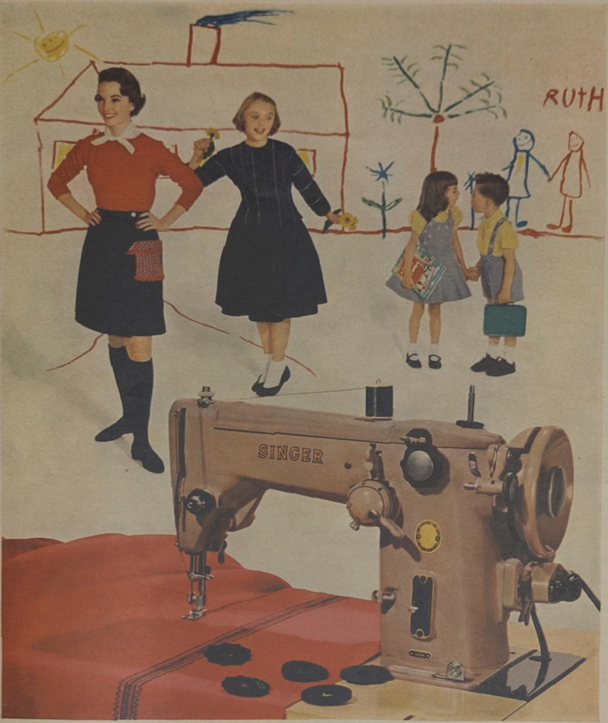
They began an investigation of grand juries. For years, grand jury after grand jury had been unable to find any evidence of organized vice in Phenix City. In an intensive three-months' investigation of these juries, the women found that the foreman of one was a gambler, that in ten years seventy men had served illegally.

In another months'-long investigative job of the voting lists, the women acquired proof of the prostitute vote, of registered voters living out of the state, and of the "tombstone" registration. "Some of our voters," says Mrs. Coulter, "had been in their graves for years." By this time Mayor Harris was in his grave too, dead of a heart attack, but his death did not improve matters. He'd been replaced by a skinny little side-kick named Reese.

Some of the fifteen women attended every City Commission meeting, publicly demanding over and over again that the police close down the gambling joints. All fifteen marched one hot, sultry day into a commissioners' meeting to demand the resignation of James E. Putnam, a business partner of Hoyt Shepherd, czar of the underworld. "The commissioners laughed at us," said Hilda Coulter. "Just laughed at us. After a while they began switching their meetings and holding them secretly so we couldn't attend."

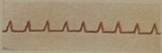
The women were certainly frustrated, at this point, but they were not

(Continued on page 62)



Automatic Zigzagging—for satin stitch, script stitch, appliqués, buttonholes, setting in lace.

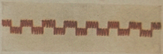
Automatic Multiple Zigzag—for mending, patching, joining overlapped seams, applying binding.



Automatic Blind Stitch—for making "invisible" hems, overedging seams, sewing zippers.

Automatic Scallop Stitch—perfectly spaced, big or small, for fancy edging, embroidery, trim.

Automatic Arrowheads—facing in either direction, for decorating children's clothes, table linens.



Automatic Dominoes—for monograms, borders, pocket designs that would take hours by hand.

***NEW!* Twin Needle** also comes with the Automatic. Sews with two different color threads at once—for beautiful toned effects.

These are only a few of the exciting stitches the new SINGER Automatic will do.

MAKE THEIR SCHOOL CLOTHES THE PRETTIEST EVER!

The new Swing-Needle SINGER Automatic

does 101 stitch variations as simply as it sews a straight seam!

HERE is a machine so advanced it makes children's clothes—your clothes—your home furnishings—easiest ever to make, easiest ever to decorate.

It's the new Swing-Needle* SINGER Automatic Machine—with amazing new do-it-for-you features. It not only turns out the finest straight sewing . . . it does just about any kind of decorative stitch you can imagine *completely automatically.*

Stop in; try it. See how much simpler, how much lovelier, how much more *fun* it makes your sewing.

It's the *newest* in the famous family of SINGER* Sewing Machines . . . favorites for over 100 years.

S* SINGER SEWING CENTERS

listed in your phone book only under Singer Sewing Machine Co.

*A Trade-Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

if you ask me

by Eleanor Roosevelt

WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Roosevelt chatting with young agricultural students during her latest trip to Israel

Q ***In a recent issue of McCall's you used an odd expression in answering a question concerning Lord Dunsany's blast at modern poetry—"It is permissible," you said, "for the Irish to become irate." Since your column absolutely blossoms with good will toward Puerto Ricans, Jews and Negroes, this slur at the Irish struck us as rather strange.***

I was amused in answering this question and meant to be funny. Evidently one should never say anything, even in fun, which can possibly be misinterpreted. I can only tell you that, since I have always heard that the Irish are famous for their warm hearts and hot tempers, I thought this answer was permissible!

Q ***Do you carry fire or theft insurance and have you ever collected on either one?***

I carry both theft and fire insurance and I have collected on theft a number of times.

Q ***Do you agree with the opinion of the American Law Institute that adultery laws should be removed from our statute books?***

I am not familiar with this opinion and I have not given the question any very deep thought, but I think on the whole it would be well to remove the old adultery laws from our statutes.

Q ***A wild and untrue advertisement against United Nations has been running in a paper out here in Oregon. Why doesn't the U.N. take legal action against anyone who prints such slander?***

I don't know why, but if you will send the clipping to the U.N. Secretary General I am sure he will tell you. The rights of organizations to sue are something I know nothing about, but I do know that an individual cannot sue for slander unless he can prove that his ability to earn a living has been impaired by whatever has been circulated against him.

Q ***Is it true that you lost a child in infancy? I ask because my daughter just lost her first-born baby. If you had such a tragedy, Mrs. Roosevelt, I am wondering what helped you most to get over it.***

We lost our third child, who was named Franklin, at eight months from a heart ailment which came, we thought, from flu.

I think it is harder to bear when you have no other children; the loss of your first baby is a real tragedy. It happened to my brother and his wife and also to my youngest son and his wife. The disappointment is great and the only consolation is that, having had one baby, there will probably be more; but nothing can really ease the heartache except time, and faith in the wisdom and love of God.

Q ***My blood is boiling! A lawyer told a group of us here (Memphis, Tennessee) that the Dixon-Yates project would cost our government three to four times the money we'd otherwise pay to get the same results through TVA. Is this true, Mrs. Roosevelt? And if it's true can you tell me why anyone, even for a minute, would consider such a project?***

I am not familiar with the exact cost under the Dixon-Yates proposed contract, but you could quite easily check it against TVA figures which you could get by writing the members of the TVA Commission. As to the support for this project, I can only say that many people in our government at the present time seem to feel that private enterprise will always serve us better than government undertakings.

Q ***In a recent issue of McCall's you said you had seen some "very delightful" homes for old people where you would be "entirely contented to go and live." I should like very much to know the names and locations of those homes.***

I have seen one home for old gentlemen in Washington, D.C., which is really delightful, and I recall a very pleasant home in New York for old couples. I have also visited people in various religious denominational homes which I thought, on the whole, fairly livable. In Europe I was impressed by an old people's village in Belgium and apartments for the aged in Sweden. But if you want to know a definite place to go yourself, I think you should contact your church or possibly a social agency for suggestions.

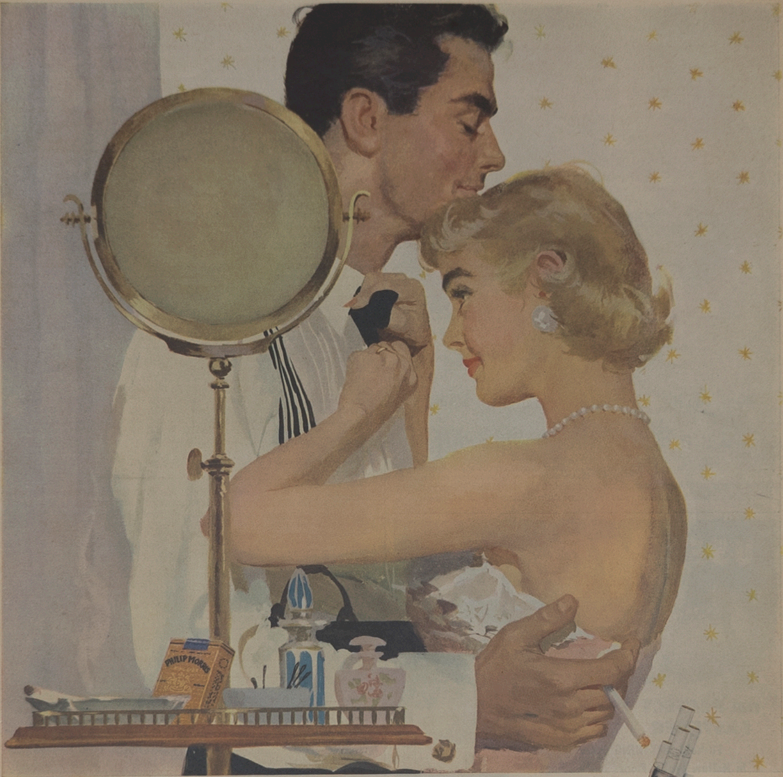
Q ***You preface so many of your answers with "it would seem" or "it may be." I should like a yes or no answer to this question: Do you think you could get along happily on a $200-per-month income such as many people in this country have?***

Yes, if I had to, I think I could probably find a way to do it and not be too unhappy, although it would mean, of course, an entire change in my way of living and in my ability to give.

Q ***As the wife of a Master Mason, why did you never join the Order of the Eastern Star?***

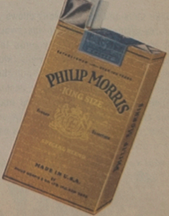
I don't think I was ever asked to join. Also, I worked on so many things and was so busy both at home and with outside interests that my husband was never eager to have me join too many organizations.

Address letters to Mrs. Roosevelt care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York


PHILIP MORRIS

The Gentle Touch

A GENTLE act, a gentle help, a gentle thing, can say so much. That's why gentleness is what modern taste demands in cigarettes. And why today's Philip Morris, born gentle, refined to special gentleness in the making, makes so many friends among our young smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the fresh unfiltered flavor, of today's Philip Morris. In the convenient snap-open pack, regular or smart king size.


PHILIP MORRIS
KING SIZE
MADE IN U.S.A.

Philip Morris

...gentle for modern taste

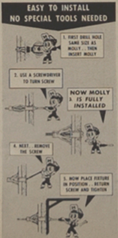
Rubbermaid
DISH PAN
No chipping, no clatter . . . and no wonder
It's a RUBBERMAID DISHPAN

Available wherever housewares are sold. Prices slightly higher in Canada.
Colorful, entirely new dishpans cushion your dishes and sink. Choice of three sizes, $1.69 to $1.98. Red, white, yellow and pink. For free folder, write The Wooster Rubber Company, Dept. M-35, Wooster, Ohio.

USE MOLLY
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
THE PERFECT FASTENER

To hold ANYTHING Securely in Hollow Walls, Floors and Ceilings

Unlike nails and screws, Molly allows you to install fixtures securely and exactly where you want them—not where studs are. Molly ends loose fixtures, crumbled plaster and broken walls. Molly reinforces the area in which used, won't pull through. Unlike other types of fasteners, Molly anchorage is permanent—fixtures can be removed and replaced in same anchor. Mollys are inexpensive and fully guaranteed. More than 85,000,000 have been sold without a dissatisfied customer!


EASY TO INSTALL
NO SPECIAL TOOLS NEEDED
1. FIRST DRILL HOLE SAME SIZE AS MOLLY . . THEN INSERT MOLLY
2. USE A SCREWDRIVER TO TURN SCREW
NOW MOLLY 3. IS FULLY INSTALLED
4. NEXT. . REMOVE THE SCREW
5. NOW PLACE FIXTURE IN POSITION . . RETURN SCREW AND TIGHTEN

Write for Free Folder • See Your Hardware Dealer

ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE
MOLLY SCREW ANCHORS

MOLLY CORPORATION • DEPT. I-29 • READING, PA.

(Continued from page 58)

daunted. They inaugurated a radio program called "Timely Topics," which ran until 1954, the purpose of which was to reveal to the people of Phenix City their ominous findings—irregularities at the polls, jury fixes, criminal negligence in public office, swindles, payoffs, over-all corruption.

Documentation of these programs was awesome. The auxiliary members had combed court records by the hour for instances of fraud and graft, had interviewed old-timers all over the county for evidence of bribing and fixes. Their anonymous helpers provided bits and pieces of relevant information which, when pieced together, gave them solid case after solid case of monumental civic immorality. Attorney Albert L. Patterson, a shrewd home-town lawyer who sympathized with the women, helped them circumvent any cases of libel, yet so damning were the facts presented on these programs that helper after helper withdrew from the fight. "We couldn't blame them," says Mrs. Coulter. "We were beginning to draw blood and any minute could expect reprisals."

Preparing and presenting this program was not an easy task, nor was Station WPNX particularly helpful. The only quarter-hour it could offer the women was at 6:45 Sunday mornings. Also, everything took money—the show itself, trips to the state capital, lawyer fees, operational expenses such as postage and stationery. In four years the men and women combined spent about $23,000 (the women simply sent their bills to the RBA), much of which was donated secretly by sympathetic residents. Some of it came from the pockets of the crusaders themselves. The Bentleys, for instance, contributed the insurance money on their bombed home.

The reprisals that Hilda Coulter had prophesied were not long in coming. Word went out from city officials and vice lords to all their numerous underlings that the businesses of the RBA members and the women were to be boycotted. The Bentleys' sporting-goods shop was one, the Coulters' florist shop another. The reprisals progressed from boycotting to violence.

Arsonists set fire to the home of Roberts Brown, hired by the RBA to file impeachment charges against Sheriff Matthews. Brown and his wife escaped out their second-story window at two in the morning. There was the gasoline firing of Lawyer Patterson's office, where in his files epic evidence of local crime and depravity was accumulating. By miraculous good luck the files were saved. In January, 1953, a dynamite blast badly damaged the dam on the property of Dr. R. B. McCann, one of RBA's ten directors. The dynamiters were caught, unlike the dynamiters of the Bentley home, and fined $26.50. "They didn't mean anything by it," said the judge. "It was just a little bit of malicious mischief."

Bombardment by anonymous phone calls was incessant, and many women received agonizing threats of physical harm to their children. Small children were constantly kept under surveillance. "I couldn't have done any of this work if it hadn't been for my mother," says Hilda Coulter. "She baby-guarded time and time again." Older children were ordered to inform their parents at all times where they were going, how long they'd be there, when to expect them home. A few of the crusading families hired guards.

ONE of the eeriest elements of the Phenix vice setup, and one that sets it apart from the infamous syndicate-operated vice rings of other cities, is that it is a home product. The women knew their vice lords and quite a few of their underlings personally. They'd gone to school with them.

There was Hoyt Shepherd, candidly acknowledged to be gang czar of the city. He was owner of the Bama Club, a gambling "casino" in no wise resembling the swanky gambling casinos of Las Vegas; he was onetime owner of the Ritz, a lottery dive—or "bug" house, as it was more familiarly known—that collapsed on its customers in 1938, killing three (who cares?) or four or five.

The lottery "bug," which made a specialty of fleecing the mill hands of Columbus, of course continued to operate in new quarters after the disaster. Hoyt Shepherd was never indicted for criminal negligence then, though the Ritz had long been condemned. Later he was indicted for the murder of a business partner. The jury acquitted him. He's a mild-appearing man in his fifties, addicted to gum-chewin' and winnin' prizes for Best-Decorated-Home-With-Lights-at-Christmas.

There was Albert Fuller, a deputy sheriff. Once the butt of "fat-boy" jokes, he moved up from his first job as jailer to become the most-feared law-enforcement officer in Phenix City. He was proud of his marksmanship; once, in the line of duty, he proved it by ventilating his victim with a row of bullets from forehead to belt buckle.

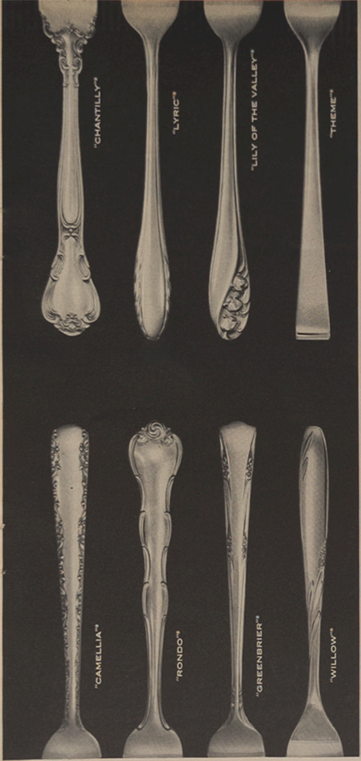
There was lean Arch Ferrell, circuit solicitor (prosecuting attorney), whose family was socially and financially prominent. He graduated from the University of Alabama, during World War II rose from the ranks to captain. There was Silas Comer Garrett, who made a brilliant record at the University, went from there to be assistant in the attorney general's office. In 1950 Silas won the attorney generalship, though by then his reputation as a shrewd politician was equalled, if not excelled, by his reputation for belting the bottle and for unpredictable moodiness.

There were many others—George Davis, owner of Bridge Grocery, who didn't sell groceries at all. Bridge Grocery was a gambling joint. There was Jimmy Matthews, who was Shepherd's partner in the infamous Bama Club. And Clarence Revel, gambler. There were dozens of them known personally from childhood by RBA members and the women of the auxiliary. The "bug" operation alone employed approximately one out of every hundred Phenixites.

"And that is why," Hilda Coulter points out, "it was hard to get our people to fight the rackets. Many women who were personally guiltless wouldn't or couldn't join us because a brother or father or in-law or someone was connected with the rackets. Phenix City society is interwoven with the gambling interests, and it takes stronger moral courage than most people have to fight evil when it touches your family."

BUT hundreds of friends did lend secret aid to the investigative activities of the women's auxiliary, and many of the town's ministers were inspiringly helpful by encouraging them. "Else we couldn't have managed," says Hilda. The fifteen women became as expert in the field as crime reporters or FBI agents, and much of the evidence that led ultimately to the arrest and conviction of numerous Phenix City criminals came from them. The men would name a suspect. The women would go out to fill in his background, gathering minute information about his habits, his wife, his mistress maybe, and where he was on a certain night. "We worked in devious ways," Bernice Bentley sweetly admits. "And

(Continued on page 66)



Love at second sight is more important

As you probably know, the test of true love is how it survives the years . . . whether it grows deeper and richer in meaning as time goes by.

The same test applies to the lasting possessions you buy for your home—the important things that become a part of your life forever. You'll have to choose between what you know to be good and what is supposed to be "just as good".

As far as silverware is concerned, there is no second best. *Sterling* silver is solid silver—the only flatware you can buy that actually grows lovelier and richer looking with the years. And *Gorham** Sterling does the fullest justice to your taste and sense of values—in your own eyes and in the critical judgment of others.

As proof of Gorham's enduring popularity, there is more Gorham Sterling in use today than any other make. There are also more Gorham patterns to choose from. Because Gorham has become such an American tradition, "Gorham" and "Sterling" have come to mean one and the same thing to people everywhere.

You can buy the Gorham Sterling of your choice the same modern way you buy other things: choose your complete service and pay for it while you enjoy its use. Ask your authorized jeweler or department store.

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BETTY CROCKER OF GENERAL MILLS

"The 4th Meal -that's for friends and fun!"

The 4th Meal's easy...and the 4th Meal's fun...when you ask the people you like best. And serve the good things they like best. 'Specially good things like these quick and easy surprises you make with our good Betty Crocker Cake Mixes.

You add two fresh eggs to most Betty Crocker Cake Mixes so your cake will bake up homemade big and light. (Our GingerBread Mix needs no eggs. Our Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix contains the whites from 13 farm-fresh eggs.)

Pop any of our cake-mix cakes in the oven while you're doing the dishes. Your cake will be ready to eat for the 4th Meal.

If friends ask you for the recipe...say it's one of Betty Crocker's! Because we put the same good ingredients in our mixes that you'd choose yourself...things like fine vegetable shortening, good flavorings, triple-sifted Softasilk Cake Flour. And of course you know why we ask you to add eggs in some of our mixes...because so many women keep telling us they prefer fresh-egg cakes!

Maybe you or the children would like to bake up one of the surprises on this page. *Why not tonight?*

Betty Crocker

P.S. Have you tried our NEWEST flavors—Peanut Delight and Chocolate Malt?

Clock Cake. Set the hands for the time you'll serve it! Fun—and so easy—Betty Crocker Yellow Cake Mix bakes up luscious and tender. Then smooth on sweetened whipped cream and make a "clock" with strawberries, or candy. ▶

Betty Crocker says: "I guarantee a perfect* cake

Angel Food Party Plate. Angel food's everyday-easy with our *Betty Crocker Angel Food Cake Mix.* It contains the whites from 13 farm-fresh eggs!

Dip 'n Swirl Cupcakes. Start with *Betty Crocker Honey Spice Cake Mix.* Then make 7-minute frosting, flavor with grated orange rind. Dip each cupcake in the bowl and twist!

Marble Cake Fingers. Use our marvelous new *Betty Crocker Marble Cake Mix!* Mix it in just one bowl! Bake in oblong pan. Cut in fingers 2" long. Serve with fresh fruit.

Betty Crocker
Yellow
CAKE MIX

every time you bake—*cake...after cake...after cake!"*

*PERFECT? Yes, we DO mean perfect. If a cake you bake with a Betty Crocker Cake Mix is less than perfect, mail the box top to Betty Crocker, Box 200, Minneapolis, Minn., and General Mills will send your money back.

Betty Crocker
Devils Food
CAKE MIX

Chocolate Ice Cream Sandwich. Bake *Betty Crocker Chocolate Devils Food Cake Mix* in oblong pan. Cut in squares, split, fill with ice cream. Serve with fudge sauce.

Betty Crocker
White
CAKE MIX

Gremlin Cake. It's a square of white cake, made with our *Betty Crocker White Cake Mix*, topped with lemon pudding—and a little pixie made of maraschino cherries.

Betty Crocker
Ginger Bread
MIX

Zoo Cookies. Be ready for 4th Meal fun. Our *Betty Crocker GingerBread Mix* makes the best ginger cookies—see recipe on package. Youngsters love 'em!

BETTY CROCKER OF GENERAL MILLS

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Zoo Cookies. Be ready for 4th Meal fun. Our *Betty Crocker GingerBread Mix* makes the best ginger cookies—see recipe on package. Youngsters love 'em!

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(Continued from page 62)

people told us things they didn't know they were telling."

On one such evidence-gathering trip, she and Hilda Coulter went out into the county to visit with (interview) a farmer friend who had every reason to be respectable and law-abiding, yet was inexplicably toadying to the gambling interests. What they learned from him answered a question that had long baffled their organization: Why should apparently blameless citizens refuse to work with the RBA?

"Back during World War I," this farmer told Hilda and Bernice, "a lot of us fellows were able to evade the draft because the draft boards were sometimes controlled by the gangsters. We didn't know we were becoming forever beholden. Now when they want something and we don't want to do it, they threaten to tell on us. We've gotten in deeper and deeper."

In 1953 the women got the goods on Mrs. Louise Malenewski's house of abortion and the testimony that would later send her to jail. Mrs. Malenewski used to tear down the street on her motorcycle looking like a sinister witch in blue jeans. The thing that appalled the women more than the discovery of her primitive methods of abortion was learning the names of a few of her patrons. They came from some of the "best families."

The women also uncovered the fact that "best families" abetted Phenix City's adoption racket, another unsavory sideline of their home town's all-inclusive underworld. The way the adoption racket worked was this: A woman bent on adopting an illegitimate baby would register at the hospital for the date the child was due to be born. There she would remain until the infant was brought to her, and there it would be registered as hers, with no record whatsoever of the real mother anywhere. They discovered that a Mrs. Alice Floyd was busily sending word out via the virulent gangster grapevine that she had "babies for sale."

HOWEVER, proof of crimes is meaningless in a city where elections are rigged and every top official is either a gangster or under gang control. The only possible help would have to be at state level. And so in the spring of 1954 the RBA's indomitable lawyer, Albert L. Patterson, decided to run for state attorney general. The RBA and its auxiliary, non-political, couldn't back him. But they could and did watch at the polls.

The mob was as incredibly arrogant as ever. In one pre-election speech, Hilda Coulter heard a henchman address a street-corner crowd in Romanesque burlesque: "My fellow racketeers, thugs, whores and prostitutes," he greeted his listeners. At her election-day watching post in the sheriff's office, Hilda noted among the election officials kingpin gambler Hoyt Shepherd's bodyguard, a penitentiary parolee who wasn't supposed to vote, much less officiate; and the wife of the County Judge. Chief Deputy Albert Fuller was there, busily marking ballots. "Albert," Hilda protested, "stop marking those ballots. It's illegal." Replied Mr. Fuller: "You gonna make me?" "No, Albert," said Hilda, "you're wearing a gun. But you will hear from us later."

Albert did hear later.

Despite vote switches and what-have-you, Patterson won the state vote, though by such a slim margin that a runoff in June was necessary. Tension mounted in Phenix City until the very air seemed sick and heavy. Mr. Patterson, never unaware of his extreme danger, privately told his friends that if he survived the runoff he'd be surprised. He did, though, and won it. "Well, Bernice," he remarked then to Mrs. Bentley, "they bombed you out of your house and they bombed me into the attorney general's office."

Patterson was far from safe, however, and he knew it. In a public meeting a short while later, after discussing his plans for ridding the town of hoodlum control when he took office in the fall, he added with a small grin, "Of course, the odds are against me. I have only a hundred-to-one chance of ever being sworn into office."

A stranger to Phenix City, listening to Patterson that night, might have been pardoned for laughing that prophecy off as outlandish melodrama. But the stranger would have been wrong. Within twenty-four hours a murderer stuck his gun in Albert Patterson's face as he sat in his car outside his law office and pulled the trigger three times.

"That was the mob's giant error," says Hilda Coulter. "Now people who hadn't believed our lurid facts saw the light. It's a sad thing to say, but Mr. Patterson's murder probably hastened the triumph of good over evil by many years."

NYHOLM-SCHERCK

IT'S HANDY

coffee traveling kit

As long as there's an electric outlet handy, you can make and serve coffee with this kit. Water-repellent case holds automatic 2-to-5-cup percolator, cups, spoons and containers for coffee and sugar. By West Bend

Now all of Alabama was outraged. Now the whole state was behind the Phenix City reformers. Governor Persons moved fast to accomplish what he'd considered impossible a few short years before. Martial law was declared in Phenix "and for the first night in more than three years we could sleep without fear." Padlocks went on the gambling joints. Thousands of slot machines were piled in the courthouse yard and smashed to bits. Harlots and B-girls hitchhiked out of town in dazed streams. The local police force was demobilized.

The women of RBA instantly went furiously to work gathering evidence to break down alibis of those suspected of Patterson's murder. Hilda Coulter was one of several auxiliary members who later appeared in court as character witnesses against the defense.

In July, one month after the murder, came a singular break for the racket-busters. A "Mr. X," whose identity is secret to this day, telephoned Hugh Bentley to inform him that an interesting package awaited him in a downtown telephone booth. The package, first of several, contained records of a wire tap put on Hoyt Shepherd's telephone. In all there were 180 recordings, unfolding tales of murders, jury fixes, public-official–gambler links, double-crosses, payoffs, narcotics, abortions, black-market babies—everything, including the secret of Mrs. Shepherd's platinum hair dye. It took the men and women of RBA a solid month to make transcripts. Midway on the job Hilda Coulter remarked that it almost seemed as if "everybody in Phenix over forty ought to be tried."

But now "all of our work has been worth it," she declares, a smile breaking out like sunshine as she ticks off what's happened to the mob. Albert Fuller, of the splendid marksmanship, is no longer deputy sheriff. Fuller drew a life sentence for the murder of Patterson. Si Garrett, erstwhile attorney general, also under indictment for the murder, has yet to come up for trial. He remains in a Texas hospital to which he went for "mental treatment" after a ten-hour grilling by a Birmingham grand jury. Ma Beechie is no longer an operating madam. Mrs. Floyd, of the babies-for-sale racket, was fined and run out of town. Mayor Reese and Sheriff Matthews have resigned. The old police force is no more.

"We've still got a ways to go, though," Hilda Coulter says, looking angelic and helpless. "We've got our sights set on quite a few people who don't know how much we know about them."

While some of the danger of their work has passed, plenty remains. The shelter of martial law was lifted last January. Hoyt Shepherd, who got off with only a three months' sentence for leasing property to gamblers, is on the loose. It will be to him that the scores of fugitive gamblers will look for leadership should they return to try to recapture the multi-million-dollar business that once was easy pickings for the vice ring of Phenix City. Arch Ferrell, former county solicitor, also indicted for Patterson's murder, was acquitted by a Birmingham jury "with no apologies to anyone" in May of 1955.

THE questions haunting the women of Phenix City today are: Can the known gangster element presently at liberty be kept impotent? Can young John Patterson, who was overwhelmingly elected to the attorney generalship after his father's death, keep his campaign promise to "get the gangs that killed my father"?

Certainly on the surface Phenix City is serene, with few noticeable differences in the way of life of its good citizens from those of other communities. The churches are crowded. Garden clubs are active. Placid tea parties go on.

The differences, however, must be painful to any sensitive fellow American. The Bentleys, for instance, still keep a mailbox across the Chattahoochee in Columbus, a trick the late Albert Patterson widely urged when it was discovered that even the United States mails weren't safe from looting in Phenix City. The protective floodlights that were installed on top of the house built after the bombing still burn nights. And the phone is unlisted. As Bernice explains, "We finally got tired of being waked up all hours of the night to hear predictions of our own doom."

Yet great are the hopes! Hilda Coulter, gladly quoting the familiar signature of the onetime auxiliary radio program— "Here's to a better tomorrow"—says, "It has become our slogan. It's about the first time decent people in Phenix City have ever spoken of tomorrow."

THE END

"One of the best buys we ever made is our Deepfreeze Freezer"

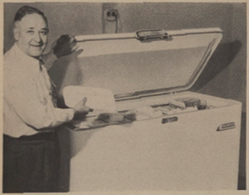
—say *Mr. and Mrs. Hector Reynaert*

1791 Oxford Road, Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.

1 "Our Deepfreeze Freezer helps us eat better than we ever did, and save money, too. We buy in quantity when the price is right, always have lots of delicious food on hand. We bake ahead, too—pies, cakes, biscuits—eat them months later, whenever I need them."

2 "We buy a whole flank of beef at once and not only save money, but many trips to the butcher shop, too," says Mrs. Reynaert. "Our meat is much more tender and tastes better. The saving is wonderful, but it's the convenience we love in our Deepfreeze Freezer."

3 "My husband loves to hunt, and we enjoy wild duck and pheasant through the year. And thanks to our Deepfreeze Home Freezer, I have no problems with leftovers. I simply freeze them and use them later on, when we are in the mood for the same dish."



4 "Every family needs a freezer," asserts Mr. Reynaert. "We looked at all the makes before we decided on *Deepfreeze*. We think it's best by a mile. Do as we did—let your Deepfreeze Dealer show you how a *genuine Deepfreeze Freezer* can help you!"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Whatever your space or budget requirements, there is a Deepfreeze Home Freezer suited for you. Four chest-type models, 7.67 cu. ft. to 23.71 cu. ft. capacity. Styled in handsome copper, coral and cream.

You pay just a few dollars a month, with small down payment. Four upright models, beautifully styled in copper, coral and cream. 12 cu. ft. to 18.90 cu. ft. capacity. For full information, be sure to mail coupon today!

PROVED AND WARRANTED. Every genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezer carries a 5-year warranty. Look for the Seal of "Certified Proof of Performance"—your assurance that your Deepfreeze has passed an actual operation test before leaving the factory.

DEEPFREEZE FOOD PLAN. Let your Deepfreeze Dealer tell you about the DEEPFREEZE FOOD PLAN, which can help you enjoy the benefits of freezer living within your present food budget.

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Please send full information, without obligation, on genuine Deepfreeze Home Freezers, including your booklet on freezer benefits and convenience, "Invitation to Better Living."

Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing.

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Fast as lightning! Brillo® Soap Pads make the scorchiest, crustiest pan shine like new!

Nothing shines Aluminum like BRILLO Soap Pads

No soaking, no hard scrubbing! Brillo Soap Pads *whisk off* scorch and crust. No need for messy scouring powders, brushes, dishrags . . . Brillo *polishes* as it cleans. Every metal-fiber pad is plump with special-formula soap containing *jeweler's polish.* That's why nothing shines aluminum like Brillo Soap Pads! And Brillo is wonderful for cleaning sticky stovetops, burners and ovens. Grand for casseroles!

Brillo Soap Pads *(red box)* Soap-filled pads
Brillo Cleanser *(green box)* Pads plus cake soap

Faucets, counter tops come glossy clean with Brillo Soap Pads. Sturdy metal-fiber pads polish away food stains and sticky spills.

Aluminum storm windows and door frames stay new-looking with Brillo! Paint specks, weather stains and streaks disappear—*fast!*

Aluminum canisters, cake covers, ice buckets — so smart, and so easy to keep bright and spotless with thrifty Brillo Soap Pads!

THERE'S POLISHING SOAP IN EVERY BRILLO SOAP PAD
BRILLO
soap pads
Greater Value
12 PADS
Shines Aluminum Fast

THRIFTIER! 5 and 12 pad boxes

Dinners that wait

Continued from page 49

of tarragon, arrange in serving dish, cover with saran wrapping and store in refrigerator. Empty 2 cans of consommé in saucepan so it's ready to heat at last minute. Slice avocado and wrap in saran. Set table. Put coffee and water in pot. Cook noodles just before serving and you're all set to announce dinner.

*PUNGENT POT ROAST

1 small onion
1 green pepper
2 cloves garlic
1 teaspoon monosodium gultamate
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
3 tablespoons vinegar
3½-lb boneless pot roast
4 medium tomatoes or 1 can (15½-oz size)

Chop onion, green pepper and garlic very fine. Mix with monosodium glutamate, cinnamon, cloves and vinegar. Spread the mixture over entire pot roast and let stand in refrigerator for several hours—overnight if possible.

Peel and chop fresh tomatoes fine or open canned tomatoes. Put the nicely flavored beef in a heavy kettle with a tight-fitting cover and dump tomatoes over it. Cook very slowly (covered tightly) for about 3 hours or until meat is tender. Serve with the sauce that cooks out of meat. Plenty for 8.

*BLUEBERRY ICE

1 cup blueberries, fresh or frozen
1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
4 cups milk

Wash and drain fresh berries; thaw and drain the frozen ones. Work berries through sieve or food mill thoroughly. Then mix berry purée with sugar, salt and milk. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays, set freezer control at coldest point and freeze until mushy. Transfer to a bowl and beat with a rotary or electric beater until reasonably smooth. Refill refrigerator trays and freeze again until firm. Serves 8.

ONE-DISH DINNER
Cocktail Appetizers
Moussaka   Green Salad*
*Fruit-Cup Punch**
Coffee

Your time schedule: Start preparing the Moussaka in the early afternoon, assemble it completely (including sauce on top) and keep casserole on the back of the range until ready to bake. Make up the Fruit-Cup Punch and store in refrigerator along with washed salad greens. Prepare the Cocktail Appetizers you plan to serve, and keep in refrigerator. Set table; put water and coffee in pot and relax. An hour before dinner bake Moussaka.

*MOUSSAKA

1 small eggplant
½ cup shortening
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 medium onions
3 cloves garlic
1 lb ground lamb, beef or veal
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon oregano
½ cup canned tomatoes
½ cup white wine
2 egg whites
½ cup bread crumbs

SAUCE:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons flour
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Wash eggplant (don't peel) and cut into lengthwise slices. Melt shortening in a skillet and fry eggplant slices until brown on both sides. Transfer to platter until needed. Melt butter or margarine in skillet, toss in sliced onions and finely chopped garlic and cook a minute or two until limp. Now add ground meat, salt, thyme, oregano, tomatoes, wine and stir well. Cover and cook slowly for about 30 minutes. Cool, mix in unbeaten egg whites and half the crumbs.

While the meat mixture cools, make up the sauce: Melt butter or margarine in a saucepan. Stir in flour smoothly, add milk and salt and cook over a low heat, stirring constantly, until sauce is smooth and thick. Beat egg yolks slightly, add a little of the hot sauce gradually, stir well and dump egg mixture into remaining sauce. Season with nutmeg.

Grease a large casserole or baking dish. Cover bottom of dish with remaining crumbs, arrange a layer of eggplant and a layer of meat mixture over crumbs. Repeat with layers of eggplant and meat, pour sauce on top.

Start your oven at 350F or moderate 1 hour before dinner and bake Moussaka. Makes 8 servings.

*FRUIT-CUP PUNCH

1 medium pineapple
3 oranges
1 pint fresh or 1 pkg (10 oz) frozen strawberries
½ cup sugar
½ cup white wine
¼ cup brandy

Remove skin and hard core from pineapple and cut fruit into chunks. Peel oranges and cut into sections. Wash strawberries carefully, cut in half and mix with ¼ cup sugar. If frozen ones are used, thaw, drain off most of the liquid but don't add sugar. Combine fruits in a bowl, add wine and brandy and remaining ¼ cup sugar if you like your fruit on the sweet side. Chill in refrigerator for several hours or all day if you wish. Makes 8 servings.

(More menus and recipes on page 70)

* Cook and be cool

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Split four English muffins in half and toast in broiler. On each toasted half, make layers of the following:

A slice of cheese (Mozzarella is the real "pizza cheese" but you may use brick, Swiss or any good "melting" cheese)
One tbsp. Hunt's Tomato Sauce
One tbsp. salad oil
Salt and pepper (garlic salt optional)
A sprinkle of oregano (optional)
Sprinkle with grated cheese (Parmesan preferred)

Place on a cookie sheet in 450° oven for 5-10 minutes—till ingredients are hot and cheese melted. Makes 8 little Pizzas.

For variety, top with bits of Italian sausage, anchovies or sliced stuffed olives.

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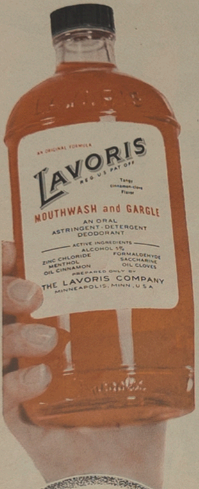

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clean mouth
and a
fresh
pleasant
breath

Tangy with
Oils of Cinnamon
and Cloves

sparkling red
the mouthwash that
tastes good and does good

(Continued from page 68)

MEATBALL DINNER

Cocktail Appetizers
*Magnificent Meatballs**
Baked Potatoes Buttered Peas
Lettuce Salad
*Jelly Tarts**
Coffee

Your time schedule: Make up Jelly Tarts early in the day. Prepare meatballs for baking, store in a cold oven until time to bake. Prepare Cocktail Appetizers and store in refrigerator. Wash lettuce and cut in wedges. Make sure you have enough salad dressing. Scrub potatoes, store in cold oven with meatballs. Set table and put water and coffee in pot. An hour before dinner turn on oven to 350° or moderate and bake potatoes and meatballs for same time, at same temperature. Cook peas several minutes before you serve dinner.

*MAGNIFICENT MEATBALLS

2 lb ground beef
2 cups canned tomatoes (15½-oz size can)
1 cup fine bread crumbs
1 egg
1¼ teaspoons salt
1 small onion
12 slices bacon
½ cup sour cream

Mix beef, 1 cup tomatoes, crumbs, egg, salt and grated onion together. Shape into 12 meatballs and wrap a strip of bacon around the middle of each. Arrange in a large shallow baking dish.

An hour before dinner bake meatballs in a 350F or moderate oven for 15 minutes. Then drain off any bacon fat that cooks out, mix remaining tomatoes with sour cream and pour over meatballs. Bake 25 to 30 minutes longer. Serves 6.

*JELLY TARTS

1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
1 pkg (3 oz) cream cheese
½ cup currant, guava, or quince jelly

Sift flour and salt together. Cut or work in butter or margarine and cream cheese with 2 knives or a pastry blender until mixture looks like coarse corn meal. Now use your hands and press the pastry together to form a ball. Chill in refrigerator for 1 hour.

Start your oven at 450F or hot and get out 2 cookie sheets. Roll dough about ⅛ inch thick on a lightly floured board and cut into neat 2-inch squares. Put a teaspoon of jelly in center of each square, fold edges together to form a triangle and press edges with tines of fork to seal securely. Bake 10 to 12 minutes or until golden. Makes about 24.

SMORGASBORD SUPPER FOR 20

*Crabmeat Salad**
Herring in Sour Cream Smoked Salmon
*Assorted Cheeses Liver Paté**
Radishes, Tomatoes, Celery, Olives
*Hot Smoked Sausage Hash Pies**
Assorted Breads
Frozen Fruit Compote
Coffee

Your time schedule: Prepare Liver Paté several days prior to party and store in refrigerator.

Party-day morning make up Crabmeat Salad, cover tightly, keep in refrigerator.

Make up Hash Pies, complete with pastry toppings, and keep in cold oven until your guests begin to arrive.

Get all fruits ready for dessert compote. Combine in serving bowl just before serving. Trim radishes and celery and arrange in bowl along with olives. Store in refrigerator. Slice tomatoes and add to relish dish at the last moment.

All other foods for buffet can be bought already prepared. Cut sausage in easy eating lengths and slip under broiler just before serving. Bake Hash Pies 30 to 35 minutes pre-dinner.

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*CRABMEAT SALAD

2 cans (6½-oz size) crabmeat
2 stalks celery
2 medium cucumbers
Few sprigs parsley
1 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
2 tablespoons catsup
1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
1 tablespoon lemon juice, fresh, frozen or canned
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 avocado

Flake crabmeat; remove and discard all membrane. Chop celery, unpeeled cucumbers and parsley fine and mix with crabmeat.

Stir mayonnaise or salad dressing, catsup, horseradish, lemon juice, salt and mustard together in a bowl. Pour over crabmeat mixture and toss well. Decorate with avocado slices on top.

*LIVER PATÉ

1 lb liverwurst
⅛ teaspoon thyme
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
⅛ teaspoon mace
1 teaspoon ground cloves
1½ tablespoons sherry
1 tablespoon grated onion
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ cup butter or margarine

Peel casing from liverwurst and mash the meat with a fork until smooth and light. Add all spices, herbs, seasonings and mix again. Now work or cream butter or margarine until soft, stir into seasoned meat thoroughly, cover tightly and store in the refrigerator until ready to use.

*HASH PIES

CRUST:
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon soda
¼ cup shortening
½ cup buttermilk or sour milk

FILLING:
4 medium potatoes
4 medium onions
1 green pepper
3 tablespoons bacon fat or shortening
3 lb ground beef
2 teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons catsup
½ cup sherry
3 bouillon cubes
3 cups boiling water

To make crust: Sift flour, salt, baking powder and soda together. Cut in shortening with 2 knives or pastry blender until mixture looks like coarse corn meal. Stir in buttermilk or sour milk and shape into a ball. Keep in refrigerator until ready to cover pies.

To make filling: Chop pared potatoes, peeled onions and de-seeded green pepper very fine. Melt fat in skillet, toss in ground beef and cook over a low heat until nicely browned. Add chopped vegetables and continue cooking until onions are tender. Season with salt, catsup, sherry and simmer 5 minutes more. Dissolve bouillon cubes in boiling water and stir into meat mixture. Cover and cook slowly for 15 to 20 minutes.

Get out 2 baking dishes, 1½-quart size. Spoon meat filling into dishes. Divide pastry in half, roll each half on a lightly floured board and arrange over the meat filling. Slash pastry several places so steam can escape and pinch edges to rim of dish to seal securely. Bake pies 30 to 35 minutes in a 350F or moderate oven after guests arrive. Serve hot.

ONE-DISH DINNER

Cocktail Appetizers
*Lamb Pilaf**
Green Salad With Black Olives
Crackers Salt Sticks
*Lemon Meringue Tarts**
Coffee

Your time schedule: Start lamb shanks cooking in the morning. While they simmer prepare Lemon Meringue Tarts. During the middle of the afternoon fix Cocktail Appetizers, wash and crisp salad greens, check on French dressing and shell peas if you're using fresh ones in the Pilaf.

Store all these foods in refrigerator. Next prepare Tomato Sauce and set aside to serve with Pilaf. Set table; put water and coffee in pot. Thirty minutes before dinner assemble the Pilaf and cook as directed. Heat Tomato Sauce and dinner is served.

*LAMB PILAF

- 2 lamb shanks
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1½ cups rice
- 1 lb fresh or 1 pkg frozen peas

TOMATO SAUCE:

- 1 can (7 oz) tomato paste
- 1 can (10½ oz) condensed tomato soup
- 1 bouillon cube
- 1 cup water
- ¼ teaspoon oregano
- ¼ cup sherry

Cover lamb shanks with water, add salt and cook until tender. Lift meat out of the broth, strip meat from the bones and cut into chunks. Measure out 4½ cups broth.

Thirty minutes before serving melt butter or margarine in a saucepan. Dump in rice and stir until the grains are well coated with fat. Now add lamb, lamb broth, peas and cook to a boil. Reduce heat and cook slowly for 20 to 25 minutes.

To make Tomato Sauce: Mix all Tomato Sauce ingredients together in a saucepan and heat until bouillon cube dissolves.

Serve Pilaf with Tomato Sauce over the top and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 6 servings.

*LEMON MERINGUE TARTS

- 6 baked tart shells
- 5 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 cups water
- 3 eggs
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ⅓ cup lemon juice (about 1½ lemons)
- Rind of 1 lemon
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' or granulated sugar

Prepare and bake 6 tart shells. You'll need 1½ cups of prepared pastry mix or pastry made from your own favorite recipe.

For the filling: Mix cornstarch, sugar, salt together in top of double boiler. Add water gradually and stir until smooth. Cook over direct but low heat until mixture boils (stir constantly), then cook over boiling water, covered, for 10 minutes. Separate egg yolks from whites and beat yolks well. Mix a little of the hot cornstarch mixture into yolks slowly, then mix with remaining hot cornstarch filling. Place over boiling water again and cook about 5 to 7 minutes or until smooth and thick. Remove from heat, stir in butter or margarine, lemon juice and grated rind. Cool and pour into baked tart shells.

Start your oven at 300F or slow. Beat egg whites until they hold a soft point. Now add the 2 tablespoons of sugar gradually and beat until meringue holds a stiff point. Pile on lemon filling and bake 15 to 20 minutes or until golden. THE END

So help me God

Continued from page 44

"Is Larry in? It's very important for me to speak to him."

Her laugh was unpleasant. "He's here, all right. Sleeping off a drunk. But I'll try to rouse him."

There was a long time of waiting, and then came Larry's gravelly voice: "Hello, Spence."

"Hello, Larry. Sorry to wake you, but I have to know—did you see the *Star Journal* today?"

"I haven't seen a damn' thing," Larry said. "I can't even open my eyes."

"Well, get the *Star Journal* and read Walt Fowler's column—it's on page three."

Larry repeated, "Walt Fowler's column on page three." He was yawning. "Okay, chum."

AT THE Sutherlands', Spencer had a moment alone with Jean. She was tender and solicitous, and honestly indignant about the Fowler article.

His future father-in-law waited for him in the living room. Over a highball Spencer explained to Mr. Sutherland why Arbutt and Miles would not act as counsel for him in a libel suit against Fowler.

"That's a lot of nonsense. They've got to represent you. I'll call John myself."

"Please don't," Spencer said. "I think Mr. Arbutt's right. As my former partners—"

"All right, all right," Mr. Sutherland cut him off. "Then I'll get hold of O'Neill—he's head of my legal department. And Ginsberg should be in on this—he's our principal investigator. We'll set up a meeting for late tomorrow in my office."

"That's fine," Spencer said. "And thank you very much."

Jean went with him to the door. "I've been invited to a party tonight. Will you take me?"

"I'm afraid not, Jean. I've got to see Larry. I have to talk with him about what happened today—the Fowler piece."

"Oh." There was a pause. "Does Louise know?"

"I don't think so. I haven't told her."

Jean was busily straightening the seam of her stocking. "Do you want me to go to the party without you?" she asked.

"I want you to do what you want. I'm sorry I can't take you, but . . ."

She straightened then, and looked at him without smiling. "I love you, Spence, but sometimes I don't like loving you. It isn't easy to love, is it?"

"No," he said gently. "It isn't easy."

At the Savoy-Plaza Louise opened the apartment door. She took his hand and pulled him inside. Then she came into his arms, holding on to him tightly. He felt the warm softness of her body. "What is it, Louise?"

"It's everything," she said. "I'm so glad you're here."

He asked, "Where's Larry?"

"He'll be back."

He pulled her arms down gently and took her hands. She looked at him with red and swollen eyes. Her face was very pale. "I'm going to divorce Larry."

"No," Spencer said.

"I'm going to divorce him. I don't love him any more. He killed it. He killed everything."

"I don't believe that."

"I know you don't," Louise said, and suddenly her voice grew hard. "He is your hero; he has always been your hero. And your hero can do no wrong. And if your hero sneaked up behind your back and took your girl away from you, you'd worship him even for that."

"Stop it, Louise," Spencer said fiercely. "That isn't the way it was. You know it. You fell in love with him."

She shook her hair out of her face. "I was your girl, wasn't I, Spence? Before he ever entered our lives, I was your girl. Did you forget that?"

"That was long ago."

"Yes, that was long ago. But I was your girl until he came—your great friend, Larry Hunt. And he was after me right from the start; you know

(Continued on page 72)

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Pastry for 9-inch 2-crust pie
5 tart apples, peeled and sliced
½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons flour
⅓ cup Meadow Gold Whipping Cream
¼ cup honey
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons Meadow Gold Butter

Line pie pan with half of pastry, leaving ½ inch extending over edge. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon each of sugar and flour in bottom of pastry shell. Combine remaining sugar and flour, whipping cream and honey. Pour over apples and mix lightly. Arrange apple mixture in pastry shell. Sprinkle cinnamon and nutmeg over apples; dot with butter. Cut strips ½ inch wide from remaining pastry. Make lattice top; flute edges. Bake at 400° for 40-45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

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(Continued from page 71)

that, and you saw it happen, but he was your hero and I wasn't worth fighting for."

"Louise—"

"He made me fall in love with him, Spence, and you watched him do it. I was eighteen. Do you know how to make a girl of eighteen love you? You seduce her. It's as simple as that."

He grabbed her shoulders and shook her, but he couldn't silence her.

"A blind man could have seen what was happening, but it never occurred to you. You poor loyal idealist with your big, brown, adoring eyes, you knight-errant, relic of the Middle Ages!"

His voice hoarse and choking, he said, "If what Larry did was so awful—what about you?"

She was crying now, but without a sound. "Yes, what about me? I made a mistake and I paid for it. I fell for the wrong guy."

"And you are still in love with him," Spencer said.

She shook her head violently. She whispered, "Help me, Spence. Please help me!"

"I can't."

"He has another woman."

"How do you know?"

"He called her today. He was still drunk. I came in while he was talking to her, and he—he said that I was spying on him." Suddenly she stretched her hands out, reaching for Spencer, and collapsed in his arms, sobbing wildly.

The door to the apartment opened. "This is generally considered an inopportune moment for a husband to enter the room."

At the sound of Larry's voice Louise stiffened and raised her head. Slowly disengaging himself from her, Spencer began to guide her carefully to the couch, keeping his arm around her shoulders. "She's upset," he said.

"So I see." Larry didn't move.

Louise sat down and covered her face with her hands.

After a moment Larry asked, "What's all the fuss about?"

She shook her head. "Never mind." Her voice was hardly audible.

"Well . . ." began Larry.

Spencer said, "I came here to talk to you. Did you read the *Star Journal?*"

"Yeah," Larry said. "I read it. I meant to bring it home, but I forgot." He took off his coat and began to loosen his tie. "Who the hell is going to take that stuff seriously?" he asked, and walked past the couch into the bedroom.

Spencer followed him. "I have to take it seriously. Fowler is important. His column is syndicated all over the country."

Sitting on the bed, Larry bent down to untie his shoelaces. Spencer couldn't see his face. Larry said, "Either you're a Communist or you're not. If you're not, you have nothing to worry about. Sue him and get rich."

Suddenly Spencer felt a stabbing pain in his stomach. He had to pause before he was able to speak again. He said, "It isn't that I'm worried, Larry. That isn't the point. You know what caused this attack. You are the only one who knows. From now on you and I have to calculate every move I make."

Larry had continued to undress. He now got up. "Excuse me while I take a shower."

Spencer stepped forward. "Larry, sit down. I've got to talk to you."

Larry looked at him, and his sullen face broke into a smile. "Sorry, chum. I've been a little rattled lately, and I had quite a night." He sat down again, reached for a cigarette and struck a match. The light of the match fell upon Louise's picture on the night table, and both men looked at it for a moment.

Larry asked, "How do you know there's a connection between your letter and Fowler's article?"

"Well, it's a pretty safe assumption. Why would he write it just now? Why would he mention the FBI?"

Larry nodded. "Maybe." He thought about it. "Actually it's what you want, isn't it? The more you get of this, the better for your purpose."

"Yes," Spencer said. "But you see, only you and I know that. Everybody else expects me to be outraged, to fly to Washington to see J. Edgar Hoover. I have to do something of the kind or the people who believe in me are going to get suspicious. On the other hand, I can't be too successful in my defense—not yet. I'll have to keep this thing going in order to bring it to a head."

Larry grinned at him. "You're in a hell of a fix, aren't you?"

"I knew I would be."

"Yeah. And it's going to be worse and worse. And good old Larry is the only one who can get you out of it. Good old Larry on a white horse." He began to laugh.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1:30 A.M.

Spencer was sitting at his desk when the phone rang. "Is this Mr. Donovan?"

"Who is this?"

Suddenly the voice began to scream: "Get the hell out of this country, you filthy traitor! Get out before something happens to you. We want no Commies in our country. We—"

Spencer put down the receiver. His hand was shaking. After a moment the phone began to ring again. He didn't pick it up.

Gordon Beckwood had told him about calls like this—hundreds of them, until he had finally had his phone disconnected. Then the telegrams had begun to come, and the letters, and nightly visitors ringing the doorbell.

Will I be able to take it? Spencer thought. Will I be strong enough?

Clearly before him now he saw the face of the man who had just called him—the open mouth, the narrow eyes—and then suddenly it wasn't the face of a stranger; it was Larry's face. He shook his head, frowning at his fancy. Louise's hysterical outburst must have affected him badly. Of course, back in those years he hadn't known about her and Larry; he had never suspected. Why brood over it now? It was a thing of the past. And yet, if he had known about it, it might have changed everything. ("A blind man could have seen what was happening," Louise had said, "but it never occurred to you.")

Poor, loyal idealist—gentle, harmless Spencer, knight-errant, relic of the Middle Ages.

It was nearly three when Spencer went into his bedroom. He was turning out the light when the phone rang. It was Jean.

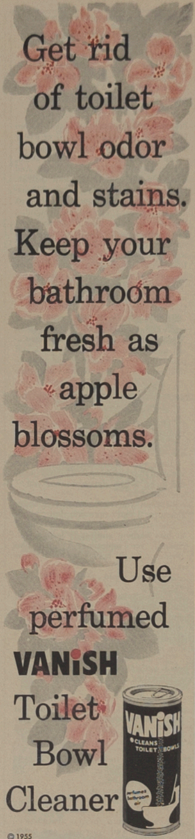
"Darling," she said very softly, "I only wanted to say I went to the party but I didn't have a good time. I missed you."

Some of the tension went out of him. "I'm sorry you didn't have a good time but I'm glad you missed me. Let's have dinner tomorrow night."

"Yes," she said contentedly. "Darling, am I a nuisance? I'm practically throwing myself at you."

"No," he said with a smile, "you're not a nuisance. You're—you're wonderful."

(Continued on page 74)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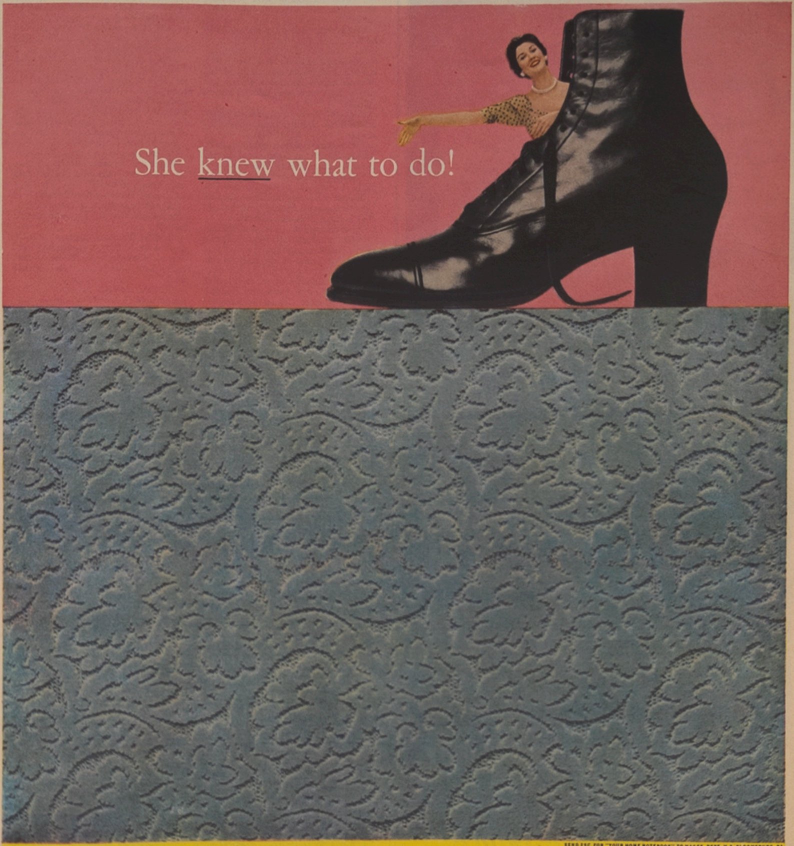

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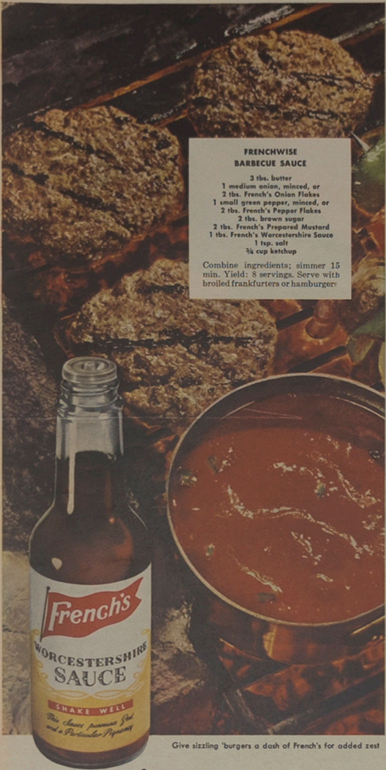

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3 tbs. butter
1 medium onion, minced, or
2 tbs. French's Onion Flakes
1 small green pepper, minced, or
2 tbs. French's Pepper Flakes
2 tbs. brown sugar
2 tbs. French's Prepared Mustard
1 tbs. French's Worcestershire Sauce
1 tsp. salt
¾ cup ketchup

Combine ingredients; simmer 15 min. Yield: 8 servings. Serve with broiled frankfurters or hamburgers

Give sizzling 'burgers a dash of French's for added zest

FRENCH'S Worcestershire
does something wonderful
for Barbecue Sauce!

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- ✓ Aged and mellowed for richer, more distinctive flavor.
- ✓ Now in an exclusive non-drip bottle. Costs less, yet no finer Worcestershire at any price!

(Continued from page 72)

"I wish I could be with you right now," Jean said. "Next to you. Now."

"Yes."

He lay very still after that. At last he fell asleep.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 7:30 A.M. Spencer was shaving when Myron Wagner called him from Washington for a statement on Walt Fowler's column.

"I'm not making any statement at this time," Spencer said. "I'm not ready."

"Why not?" Myron asked angrily. "What about the New York sheets? Haven't you talked to them?"

"Nobody's contacted me," Spencer said.

Myron's voice sounded puzzled. "That's queer. I should have thought they'd jump at a case like this."

"You mean I'm already a case?"

"Hell, what do you think?" Myron cried. "Remember, I'm the one who tipped you off. If anybody is entitled—"

At this moment the doorbell rang in Spencer's apartment and Spencer interrupted him. "Hold the line, will you? Somebody's at the door."

Spencer put the receiver down and went to the entrance door, still wiping lather from his face. He called out, "Who is it?"

A man's voice answered. "Message for Mr. Donovan."

Spencer opened the door, and the man moved in swiftly. "My name's Pete Harding," he said. He was tall, with a lean, clean-shaven face, and was dressed in a light gray suit. He walked past Spencer into the living room. "I'm a reporter, Mr. Donovan."

Spencer went after him. "Look, I have nothing to tell you. I'm in the middle of a long-distance call, and—"

The man turned with a pleasant smile. "Please finish your call, Mr. Donovan. I can wait."

Spencer looked at him for a moment, then, deciding that there was nothing else to do, went back into the bedroom and picked up the phone. "Well," he said, "they seem to have caught up with me. A reporter just walked in."

"I'll be damned. What paper?"

"I didn't ask," said Spencer. "He took me by surprise."

"Don't open your trap," Myron said. "Ask him what sheet he's from and get rid of him. Meantime, give me some kind of statement—any kind—and don't disgrace me, my boy. Everybody here knows I'm your friend. The least you can do is to answer a couple of questions. Number one: Are you going to sue Fowler?"

"I don't know."

There was a pause. Myron went on. "Number two: Are you going to answer him, and how?"

"I don't know," Spencer said.

Myron was getting very angry. "Now look, that's no way to treat a friend!"

"Listen, Myron," Spencer said, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, and I know you're my friend, but I can't make any statement now. That's final."

After a moment Myron said in a changed voice, "Well, my boy, if that's the way you want to play it—"

"I'm sorry, Myron."

"Promise me at least that I'll be the first to get a statement."

"If there is one," Spencer said, "you'll get it first."

"Okay," said Myron. "Now scram and throw the bum out."

SPENCER put on a robe and went into the living room. The reporter had opened the terrace door and was standing outside, looking down at the river. Spencer stopped in the door, and the reporter came back into the room.

"What paper are you from, Mr. Harding?" Spencer asked abruptly.

The man said, watching his face, "I'm from the *Daily Worker*." Seeing Spencer stiffen, he added. "It's just another newspaper, Mr. Donovan. Naturally we're interested in your case

How to make ▶ Grape-y

This is a grape jelly that tastes as good as a bowl of Concord grapes smells. And a child can make it

by Margrit Lutz

MARTIN BRUEHL

1
Wash firm but ripe Concord grapes. Pull grapes off stems and measure out 6 level cupfuls. We do not recommend increasing the recipe

2
Dump grapes in a medium-size kettle. Cover. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently, until grapes burst and juice is formed

—from the newspoint only. No political implications."

"To the best of my knowledge there is no case," Spencer said stiffly. "I have nothing to say."

"Does that answer apply to the capitalist papers too, or just to us?" the reporter asked.

"I'm not giving out statements to anybody."

The reporter looked at him calmly. "That's a mistake, Mr. Donovan. Let me explain to you why—"

"Please, Mr. Harding. I'm on my way to my office. I'm in a hurry."

The reporter, paying no attention to Spencer's agitation, said, "You have been called a Communist in one of the bourgeois scandal sheets, Mr. Donovan. That's a label a man in your position can't afford these days. Whether Mr. Fowler is correct or not, you'll have to do something about it. You're a member of a capitalistic society, Mr. Donovan—"

Spencer cut him off. "I'm not interested."

"Well, you should be."

Spencer, his patience exhausted, started out of the room. The reporter followed. "During the next months you're going to need help. You're going to need every ally you can find. Even Mr. Churchill didn't hesitate to accept the support of the Communist armies when he needed it."

Spencer was holding the entrance door open. "I'm sorry to be rude, Mr. Harding—"

The reporter's voice was cutting. "I guess I should consider this interview ended, shouldn't I?"

"There has been no interview," Spencer said. "You tricked your way into my apartment, and I'm throwing you out!"

An hour later, Bruce the elevator boy, asked Spencer, "I hope I didn't do anything wrong, Mr. Donovan?" They were riding down. "The guy who came to see you earlier—he walked right in and gave me your apartment number. I didn't have a chance to call you. I hope it was all right."

"Sure."

The elevator came to a halt, and the door to the main floor slid open. Spencer got out and stepped aside to let the Pekingese, followed by Mrs. Lawrence, enter the elevator. Mrs. Lawrence didn't return his greeting. But as the elevator door closed, he caught her staring at him with cold, almost hostile eyes.

Mary Sheppard and Art Daniels were in the office when he arrived. Usually they didn't work on Saturday unless Spencer made a specific request, but today they had come to work without being asked.

"Well," said Spencer, looking at them affectionately, "business is going strong, is it? Come into my office, Art. I want to talk to you."

Art followed him and said in a half-confidential tone, "I think Mary has something to tell you, Mr. Donovan."

The fan was going full speed and the windows were open. It was nice and cool. "All right," Spencer said. "Have her come in; but please stick around for a while, Art, if you don't mind."

"I kept the day open, sir," Art said.

"I appreciate that."

Mary came in and closed the door. She chose the chair she usually sat in when she took dictation.

She took a deep breath. "Mr. Donovan, last night when I came home there were two men waiting for me—" she swallowed— "from the FBI."

"Oh," Spencer said.

"Yes. They were sitting in the living room, talking to Mother. They were very polite, but I knew immediately something was wrong because Mother looked white as a sheet."

She paused. "As I said, they were very polite. They showed me their credentials and introduced themselves—"

"Do you remember their names?" Spencer asked.

"Yes," said Mary. "One was Kessler, and the other one Rabendahl or Ravendahl, I'm not sure. They want-

(Continued at bottom of page 76)

Grape Jelly

This recipe is one that good cooks from the Middle West have passed down from generation to generation. Like most fine jellies the recipe works best when small amounts of ingredients are used. Our proportion of six cups of Concord grapes to three cups of sugar makes a good balance and you'll end with four glasses of jelly, six-ounce size. The jelly must be stone-cold before it really jells.

3

Pour the grape mash through a large sieve lined with cheesecloth into a bowl. Drain until all the juice goes through the cheesecloth

4

Heat juice in a saucepan to a rolling boil. Remove from heat and stir in 3 cups of sugar until dissolved. Pour into jelly glasses. Seal

P.S. Add French's to canned beans for country-kitchen goodness

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Made right to fit tight over back and nose of MET-L-TOP, and all standard ironing tables Sanforized cover Strong elastic edge.

(Continued from page 75)

ed to talk to me alone, so Mother went in the kitchen, and they began to ask me questions—" she raised her head and looked full at Spencer— "about you."

"I see," Spencer said.

"They wanted to know if you were advocating radical ideas—Communism, of course—and if you were a Party member. Well, I just laughed at them. Then they wanted to know about the people you associate with, and I told them I knew very little about your private life but that you were engaged to James F. Sutherland's daughter and that you were a close friend of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hunt. Then when it came to my personal opinion I really let go and told them what I thought of you and what everybody in the office thought of you, and in fact everybody I know. And I also told them how we felt about this stinking column of Mr. Fowler's that's causing all the trouble." She added as an afterthought. "They do work fast, don't they?"

"I'm sorry you had to put up with this," Spencer said.

She shook her head. "It isn't that at all. I know how things are, with everybody scared to death of Russia, and I know you well enough, for heaven's sake." She was fumbling a little now. "It's just that it's difficult with Mother, with these two guys driving all the way out to New Jersey to see me, and Mother's having read Fowler's column, and everything."

"I'm sorry. I should have warned you," Spencer said. "Some other people have been interrogated by the FBI on my account."

"You mean *before* the column appeared?" Mary asked, frowning.

Spencer nodded.

"They must be crazy," Mary said, getting up and starting to pace the floor. "They're ganging up on you because you defended Gordon Beckwood."

"That's possible. Let's have Art in," Spencer said, rising from behind his desk. "I have something to say to you both."

THE phone on Spencer's desk kept buzzing softly, but they paid no attention to it. Spencer, leaning against the window sill, his hands in his pockets, spoke to them calmly. "You two know what happened. Mary has already had her visitors from the FBI. They will contact you, Art, without a doubt. They might interrogate both of you again and again. Fowler's attack will not be the only one. I'm suspect, largely due to the fact that I defended Gordon Beckwood. I'm not apologizing to you for that. I'm proud of it. But it seems that I will have to pay the price for my convictions. You are my coworkers, and people will assume that you share my convictions. You will most likely be under attack too, and I want you to face squarely what might happen to you. They're calling me a Communist and a traitor. Therefore—in their opinion—you will be working for a Communist and a traitor. Together with me, you will be judged guilty until proved innocent. Under these circumstances, I want you to feel free to quit this office any time you should decide to do so. I won't ask questions. I won't resent any step you may take. Think it over. Don't answer me now." He moved away from the window and went back to his desk.

There were heavy footsteps in the outer office and the shrill whistling of a popular tune. The office boy, Red, shouldered his six-foot frame into the door and, seeing Spencer, suddenly stood still, the whistle frozen. "Excuse me, sir. I didn't know you were in."

As Spencer smiled at him he moved awkwardly forward, holding a bundle of letters in his large red hands. "The mail, sir."

Mary got up and took the letters from him.

"This is Saturday," Spencer said. "Aren't you off today?"

Red blushed. "I thought I'd be needed today, sir."

"That's very considerate of you," Spencer said. "I just talked to Miss Sheppard and Mr. Daniels about the problems we might have to put up with in the office. It might affect you too, Red. I suppose you read Mr. Fowler's column."

Red nodded. "Yes, sir." He paused and added, "Dad said to tell you he's on your team, sir. Any time you say, he's willing to beat the heck out of Mr. Fowler."

Spencer asked, "Is your dad as big as you are?"

"He's six feet four," Red said.

"Thank you, Red," Spencer said cheerfully.

Mary opened the mail and gave it to him. One of the letters was from Brandbitt and Stoakes. It was a short letter, terminating the agreement under which Spencer Donovan was retained as counsel for the corporation. No reason was given. A check for the month of August was included. Spencer handed the letter to Mary. She looked at him questioningly, and he nodded. "There'll be more," he said.

The phone rang, and Mary took the call. "It's Mr. Adams from the Associated Press—Paul Adams. Do you know him?"

"No." He sat for a moment, thinking, then took the receiver at his desk, motioning Mary to listen in on the conversation from hers.

"Hello, Mr. Donovan," the man on the phone said. "My name is Paul Adams. I'm with the AP. I'm calling about Fowler's column in last night's *Star Journal*. I wonder if I could get a statement from you."

"I'm sorry, but I have nothing to say."

Paul Adams cleared his throat. "Look here, Mr. Donovan, I don't think—in all fairness to yourself—I don't think that's the attitude to take. The man calls you a Communist, a traitor. Well, now—are you a Communist? Are you a traitor?"

"Mr. Fowler has called the Secretary of State a Communist," Spencer said. "Do you believe the Secretary is a Communist?"

"Never mind what *I* believe." Mr. Adams' voice became increasingly impatient. "If you don't contradict Fowler, people will believe his statements are true."

"I realize that," Spencer said, "and I assure you I will have a statement in due time."

There was a pause. Then Paul Adams' voice came back. "Okay, Mr. Donovan." He cut the connection abruptly.

Spencer was dialing Larry's number when Mary came in, her notebook in her hand. She said, "I took down the phone conversation. You want me to transcribe it?" Spencer nodded.

Larry answered the phone. "When can I see you?" Spencer asked.

"I don't know," said Larry. He sounded distant and strange. "I'm busy right now. Why don't you call me back this afternoon?"

Spencer began, "There are several things—"

"I understand," Larry said, raising his voice. "Not now, chum. Call me later." Then he cut off.

Spencer looked at Mary. She said reluctantly, "It's none of my business, Mr. Donovan, but don't you think you could have given some kind of statement to the AP guy? Why antagonize the newspapers in a situation like this?"

"I can't make a statement now," Spencer said. "I have my reasons."

Her expression changed and somehow her features seemed to sharpen. She lowered her head and left.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 5:00 P.M.

The meeting with Mr. Sutherland's legal advisers took place at five o'clock in the afternoon. It lasted twenty minutes past six and was attended by Mr. Sutherland; Percy O'Neill, head of Fraternity Life's legal department and a former judge; Tom Ginsberg, the company's chief investigator; and Bernard H. Miles, who had asked to be included, much to Spencer's surprise. However, Miles had emphasized that he was there as a private observer only, not as a member of the law firm of Arbutt and Miles.

Percy O'Neill strongly recommended that Spencer bring action against Fowler and release a statement to the press to that effect. His arguments were sound. He thought John Ar[illegible] approach was overcautious and didn't take into account the urgency of Spencer's situation. He felt that to move now was more important than to weigh the final outcome of the suit or its duration.

When Spencer finally decided to accept Percy O'Neill's recommendation, Miles nodded approval with an almost imperceptible movement of his head.

After the meeting Spencer and Miles rode down in the elevator together. Miles had his eyes closed and looked very tired.

As the two men walked slowly toward the wide entrance door, Spencer said warmly, "I'm very glad you came to this meeting."

"That's all right. Are you going to get in touch with Mark Hellridge?"

"I'll try," Spencer said. "It won't be easy over the weekend. He's probably at his summer place in Connecticut."

By consensus Mark Hellridge was the lawyer best equipped to handle Spencer's libel suit. He was known as a liberal but, because of his fine reputation, was far removed from any political controversies. And according to Percy O'Neill he had been favorably impressed by Spencer's support of Gordon Beckwood's cause.

"If you need me, don't hesitate to call," Miles said.

"Yes," Spencer said. "Thanks very much, Mr. Miles."

SPENCER got home shortly before seven. He checked his answering service but there was only a call from Jean. Four times he had tried and failed to reach Larry. He tried again now and let the phone ring a long time. Then he called the desk at the Savoy-Plaza and left an urgent message for Larry to phone him.

After that he called Jean and they arranged to meet at a restaurant in the Fifties. She arrived a few minutes after he did, looking radiant in a new blue dress. They ordered dinner and she chatted about the party she had been to the night before. Spencer tried to listen but under Jean's voice he kept hearing Larry's during their last conversation.

"I'm busy . . . Why don't you call me back? . . . Not now, chum." Why not now? Obviously Larry had not been alone in the room. Someone besides Louise must have been with him, someone in whose presence he couldn't talk to Spencer.

And then he had it. The FBI! Of course—that was the only explanation—well, not the only one, but it made sense. Mary Sheppard had mentioned Larry's name to them.

Jean's voice recalled him to the present. "What's the matter with you, Spencer?" she said sharply. "You're not listening to a word I say."

"I'm sorry, darling. But I've something on my mind—"

"Lately there's always something on your mind that seems to get between us. You get that faraway look in your eyes and you don't see me at all." She was really angry now. "If you'd prefer to be alone or maybe with your precious Louise and Larry, then I'll just go on home."

Spencer thought: Larry. I've got to get hold of him.

Then he was aware that Jean had risen and was hurrying toward the exit. He threw some bills on the table and hurried after her.

She was getting into a taxi. When she saw him she said, "Good *night!*" and slammed the door. The cab drove off.

For a moment he felt tempted to run after it. But he didn't move. He had a sudden sense of finality. But there was no feeling, either of sadness or of relief, connected with it.

He went into a drugstore and phoned Larry again. There was no answer.

At his apartment Carl, the elevator boy, took him up. "What's this Fowler guy got against you, Mr. Donovan?" he asked. "Can't you sue him?"

"Yes, I think I might."

As the door opened at the sixteenth floor, Carl shook his head. "I can't figure it out. People get away with murder these days."

In his apartment Spencer opened the terrace door and stood outside looking at the river.

If FBI agents had been with Larry when Spencer phoned, why hadn't Larry called him back to inform him of the visit? Larry must have known how vital it was for him to learn about every move against him. Instead Larry had disappeared.

What had happened to Larry? He had never been like this. Easygoing yes, and always gay—that was what had attracted Spencer to him first, over twelve years ago. And underneath the charm there had been a driving energy. Spencer had used to feel dull and slow compared to him. That was why he had never really blamed Louise; he had always understood her choice.

Again he became conscious of a dull stomach ache. He hadn't finished dinner; maybe he was hungry. He went into the kitchen and opened the

(Continued on page 78)

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Toast bread slices (crusts trimmed) on one side. Spread the untoasted side with Kraft Mayonnaise. Top with a slice of peeled tomato and a golden Kraft De Luxe Slice of mellow pasteurized process American cheese. These are the slices that always melt perfectly. And they *taste extra good*. That's because these slices are never cut from a loaf. Instead, each perfect slice is formed as the fine process cheese comes from the pasteurizers—*sealing in* the flavor. Top the cheese slice with two crisscrossed strips of partially broiled bacon and place under broiler heat until the bacon is crisp and the cheese melted. Serve hot.

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(Continued from page 77)

refrigerator. There was plenty of ham, cheese and eggs. He looked at it for a moment, but couldn't bring himself to take anything out.

He lit a cigarette and went back to the terrace. Larry, his hero, his friend, the man he had trusted implicitly. The man he had to continue to trust . . .

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 9:00 A.M.
Sunday was gray and rainy. Spencer had had his breakfast early. It was still too early to call Mark Hellridge in Connecticut. He was scanning the *Herald Tribune.* An item on page five was headlined SENATOR ATTACKS NEW YORK ATTORNEY and read as follows:

> *Washington, July 21 (UP).* Senator Aaron Coop said today that he was increasingly worried about the steadily growing influence of Communists and fellow travelers on the private and public affairs of the United States. He cited as an example a prominent New York attorney known for his allegedly left leanings, who was now said to be up for an important judicial appointment in New York State. The senator was obviously referring to a syndicated newspaper column which appeared on Friday in a New York paper and in which this attorney, who prominently figured in the defense of the late Gordon Beckwood, was summarily assailed as a Red sympathizer. Gordon Beckwood, at one time State Department adviser on Near Eastern affairs, was charged with being a Soviet agent and committed suicide late in February, while a Senate subcommittee was investigating his record and his activities. His guilt was never established.

Spencer reached for the other papers. The *Times* had the same UP report, almost buried among other Washington items. He couldn't find it in the *Mirror*—maybe they hadn't printed it because of the age-old feud between Walt Fowler and the *Mirror* columnist. The *News* carried the story on page seven, adding Spencer's and Fowler's names, headlining it: RED ATTORNEY EXPOSED BY SENATOR.

Then, with considerable apprehension, Spencer unfolded the *Star Journal.* The first thing he saw was his own picture on page three. It had been taken in the first week of the Beckwood hearings and showed him during a heated argument with Senator Coop. He was standing up, his right hand raised, his mouth grotesquely distorted. The caption read: "Spencer Donovan, New York attorney, recently accused of membership in the Communist Party. (Story on page 5.)" He was turning to page five when the phone rang.

"Hello," said Myron Wagner in Washington. "Spencer, my boy. I don't have to tell you you're in a mess."

"I know. I'm just reading the papers."

"Well, of all the insane things to do," Myron said heatedly. "The *Daily Worker*—"

"The what?" Spencer asked him, shocked.

"The *Daily Worker* this morning—exclusive interview. How could you be so idiotic?"

"Will you please tell me what this is all about and stop shouting?" Spencer was trying to speak very calmly, but his hand was shaking. He took a deep breath. "Now, if the *Daily Worker* has an exclusive interview with me, it's fabricated. I gave the guy no statement of any kind. I threw him out."

"Why the heck did you let him in?"

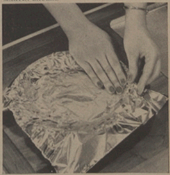
"Myron, listen to me," Spencer said. "Remember when you called

How to make a chocolate

This revolutionary idea in pie shells is one everybody loves. It's simple, adaptable and very, very delicious

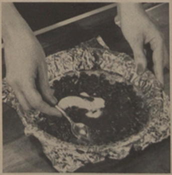
by Mimi Atwater

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Press 12-inch square of foil into 9-inch piepan to form shape of pan. Lift foil shape onto ungreased cookie sheet very carefully. Start your oven at 350F or moderate



2

Dump in a 6-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate pieces and 2 tablespoons vegetable shortening. Bake 2 to 3 minutes. Return foil to pan and smooth mixture over bottom me yesterday morning? I told you a reporter had just walked in. I was too busy talking to you to ask him what paper he was from—remember, we talked about that? As soon as I found out who he was I threw him out."

"Why in God's name didn't you call me back?"

"It never occurred to me," Spencer said. "I didn't think it was important."

"Not important?" Myron Wagner was shouting again. "Boy, you refuse to give me a statement, you high-hat the whole press of the United States, but you give the Commies an opportunity—"

Spencer said, "You might at least listen to what I'm saying."

"I do," Myron said, "but what I think doesn't make a damn bit of difference. It seems you talked to Paul Adams from the AP yesterday. You turned him down, and not too tactfully at that. Well, he's up in arms—called his Washington office this morning about the *Daily Worker* story. You'll have every newspaper against you from now on!"

Spencer was attempting to rally his thoughts. He asked, "What's your advice?"

"You've got to make some kind of statement."

"I will. I'm just waiting to get in touch with Mark Hellridge."

"Mark Hellridge, the lawyer? Is he representing you?"

"I hope so," Spencer said. "I'm going to bring action against Fowler at the same time—"

"Wait a minute. Can I use that?"

"Yes, I guess so." Spencer hesitated. "Although it might be better if I talked to Hellridge first and called you back."

"For Lord's sake, don't stick to protocol. It's much too late for that. All I need are the facts."

"All right," Spencer said resignedly, "you've got the facts."

There was a pause. "Boy," said Myron in a changed voice, "I'm sorry about this mess. I really am. With your favorite senator chiming in, you've got a fight on your hands."

"I know."

"Well, then—good luck. I'm for you, boy. Call me if you need me."

THINGS were moving almost too fast now. He had yet to read the *Star Journal* on Senator Coop's speech, and already another matter, the so-called "interview" with the *Daily Worker*, was exploding in his face. He didn't even know what was said in the "interview." As soon as possible he must get hold of a copy. How? He couldn't just call downstairs and ask whoever was on duty, "Please get me today's *Daily Worker*." How would that sound? More than suspicious, in view of everything that had been published. Well, then, he could probably go himself. But where? He was sure that the stands in his neighborhood didn't carry Communist papers. Maybe he could find a simple way of securing a copy tomorrow. Now the most important thing was to get in touch with Mark Hellridge.

He put a call through to Connecticut and reached the lawyer without any difficulty. Percy O'Neill had already talked with Hellridge and given him the essential facts. Hellridge would be only too glad to consult with Spencer; he would call Spencer at his office tomorrow morning and arrange a convenient time. He was thoroughly familiar with Walt Fowler's article, but he had not had a chance as yet to read the morning papers.

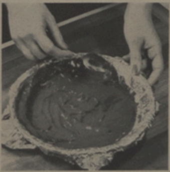
Spencer mentioned the *Daily Worker* incident.

(Continued at bottom of page 80)

candy pie shell

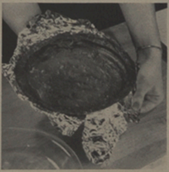
Our Chocolate Candy Pie Shell is perfect with **Peppermint Chiffon Filling:** Soften a package of unflavored gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Cook over boiling water until dissolved. Cool. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff; then beat in ¼ cup sugar gradually until firm peaks form. Mix in gelatine gently. Beat 1 cup heavy cream stiff and fold into gelatine mixture. Add ½ teaspoon peppermint extract and ½ cup crushed peppermint candy. Spoon into finished Chocolate Pie Shell and chill in refrigerator until firm.

Chocolate Pie Shell can be used with any chiffon filling or ice cream.



3

Refrigerate 4 to 5 minutes or until cool enough to spread on sides of pan. Smooth up to inside edge of pan with back of spoon. Coat entire piepan carefully and evenly



4

Refrigerate 25 minutes. Lift foil from pan and set on table. Peel foil from sides. Hold in palm of hand and peel away rest of foil quickly. Replace shell in piepan. Keep cold

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canned
BlueLake
VARIETY
GREEN BEANS

(Continued from page 79)

At that Mark Hellridge was silent for a moment, and his tone when he spoke again was somewhat sharper. "Percy didn't tell me about that."

"He didn't know about it."

"I see." Hellridge paused and added, "You realize, of course, that this might change the whole complexion of the case."

"I can't see why," Spencer said, a trace of impatience in his voice. "The man forced his way in under false pretenses. I didn't tell him anything—"

Mark Hellridge interrupted. "Well, you're a lawyer yourself. People are not supposed to force their way into other people's houses. Why didn't you call the police?"

"It didn't come to that. The man left voluntarily when I asked him to go."

"I see."

After that the conversation began to drag, and Mark Hellridge sounded increasingly tired and unhappy.

Spencer hung up and dialed Larry's number again and listened to the now familiar empty ringing. Growing more and more restless, he felt the urge to talk to somebody, but to whom? The only one who would make any sense was Larry, because he was the only one who knew. Maybe he'd got drunk last night and had a fight with Louise, and now he was sleeping it off and couldn't hear the ringing of the phone. Spencer decided to go to Larry's apartment and make sure. That would be better than sitting around and waiting.

As he was dressing, the phone rang. It was Miles, who had just read the morning papers. The old man's voice was forceful and fresh. He wanted to know whether Spencer had reached Mark Hellridge, and Spencer told him about his talk with the lawyer and also about the *Daily Worker* interview.

Miles asked, "Have you read it?"

"No," Spencer said. "Frankly, I have no idea where I could get a copy, and if I knew I'd think twice before I'd go and ask for one."

Miles chuckled. "That sounds strange, coming from you, Donovan. It's a free country, isn't it?" Then he added unexpectedly, "Your phone isn't tapped, is it?"

"It—it hasn't occurred to me," Spencer said.

"It might happen. You are being followed—you know that, don't you?"

"How do you know?"

"I observed it yesterday," Miles said. "A man was reading a newspaper in the lobby when we were leaving the Fraternity Life Building. I'm surprised you didn't see him—he looked so inconspicuous you couldn't help noticing him. He kept on reading his paper until you and I finished talking, then he folded the newspaper and started after you. It was done too casually to be accidental. I've seen those guys in action before."

After a moment Spencer said, "That's one more reason for me not to go and get the *Daily Worker*."

"Wrong again, Donovan," Miles said firmly. "As long as you do everything openly and freely, you can't lose. Nothing is gained if you yourself succumb to the psychology of fear and suspicion." He paused and asked, "You know what? You need a lawyer." Miles broke the connection.

SPENCER was about to dial Larry's number again when his doorbell rang. He went to the hall to open the door, and stopped. "Who is it?"

There was no answer.

He asked again, "Who is it."

A woman's voice said, "Please."

He opened the door. Louise came in. She wore a trench coat and a black beret and carried an overnight bag. Water was running down the length of her coat, dripping from her sleeves. She looked at him with eyes enormous and dark in a gray face, her body shaking. He moved toward her, but she walked past him into the bedroom and closed the door.

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 11:00 A.M.

She had taken off her dress and come back into the living room in bare feet, clad in Spencer's white terry-cloth robe. Standing in the middle of the room, the rolled-up sleeves sliding down on her raised arms, she was combing her hair.

"What is this all about?" Spencer asked. "Where is Larry?"

"I don't know." There was no life in her voice. "We had a fight last night and he left. I waited until two o'clock in the morning, then packed my bag and took a room at the Sherry-Netherland."

Spencer said, "I've been trying to reach him. It's terribly important."

Louise shook her hair; it fell down to her shoulders, light and fluffy as if the rain had never touched it. "I think he's in some kind of trouble. Two men from the FBI came to see him yesterday afternoon. He was alone with them for almost an hour."

Spencer said, "I can set your mind at ease. They came to see him about me."

She frowned at him. "You? Why should they investigate you?"

"It's a long story," said Spencer.

"Larry did something to you, didn't he? That's why you want to talk to him. Is he the reason for this FBI business? He told them some crazy lies about you. He—"

He said sharply, "Stop that nonsense, Louise! You don't know what you're saying."

"I don't?" She took a few steps toward him. "He's so jealous of you he can't even see straight."

Spencer said, "He has no reason to be jealous."

"Yes, he has," Louise said, holding her head high. "I'm tired now, Spence, tired inside, deep inside. It seems I'm always tired or hysterical with you, when I want to be calm and—and soft, a real woman. I love you, Spence. I've always loved you. And I want to stay with you till the end of my days." She turned abruptly toward the terrace and stood looking out into the rain.

"Louise—" His voice was hoarse. . . . *Stay with you till the end of my days*, she had said, but it wasn't true. It couldn't be true.

He moved toward her, and then she was in his arms and he was kissing her. He didn't want to let go of her, ever. Holding her, he kissed his youth and a thousand memories and all the nights that had never been. He forced himself to pull away. She looked at him without speaking, then turned and walked slowly to the couch. He saw that she was crying.

"Louise," he said gently, "listen to me. What you said about yourself is true for me. I love you. I have never stopped loving you. But that isn't true for you—it just isn't. Be honest. You may have loved me once in a very young way, but then you fell in love with Larry. That's a fact, darling, no matter what you say, no matter how it began. You loved him and you married him. You still love him."

She lay back quietly while he talked, her eyes full of tears. Trying to be calm, she said, "I know you don't believe me. That's because you haven't seen your Louise in many years. You've only seen Larry's wife, and Larry's wife is a hysterical, desperate mess. All right, I'll be honest with you. I did fall in love with Larry. He got under my skin, and there he still is; but I don't love him any more. You see, I never really liked him. And I never trusted him—not for a single moment." She made a sudden violent gesture. "I married the wrong guy. I made a mistake! Do I have to pay all my life for one mistake?"

She closed her eyes, her breath came quietly, and only a slight quivering at the corners of her mouth betrayed the aftermath of her despair.

Spencer looked down at her, seeing how small she was and childlike. All the passion had drained out of him. Walking softly, he went to his desk and sat down, unfolded the morning edition of the *Star Journal*, and read:

> U. S. SENATOR SUPPORTS
> COLUMNIST IN CRUSADE
> AGAINST REDS
>
> *Washington, July 21.* Senator Aaron Coop, who figured prominently in the exposure of the late Red sympathizer Gordon Beckwood, onetime State Department adviser on foreign affairs, came out strongly today in support of an article by the noted columnist Walt Fowler in Friday's edition of the New York *Star Journal.*
>
> Asked for a direct comment on Mr. Fowler's column exposing a New York attorney notorious for his left leanings, Senator Coop said that anybody who hurried to the rescue of a traitor was most likely a traitor himself, referring to the fact that the attorney had been Gordon Beckwood's counsel during the latter's Senate investigation. Gordon Beckwood, whose influence helped to shape the disastrous Near Eastern policy of the United States during the Roosevelt administration, killed himself as the hearings in Washington were approaching a climax. After his client's suicide New York attorney Spencer Donovan issued a statement eulogizing Beckwood as a martyr and innocent victim of political persecution.

The telephone rang, and Spencer picked it up fast.

James F. Sutherland's voice boomed at him. "Spencer! You've read the papers?"

"Yes," Spencer said. "I've read the papers."

"Have you talked to Hellridge? He's the only one— You've got to do something! A United States senator— It's outrageous!" He stopped abruptly, without explaining what he thought was outrageous.

Spencer said, "I'll see Hellridge tomorrow morning."

"Good, good. It's terribly upsetting; it really is, Spencer. You should never have got mixed up in all this Red stuff. It's—it's terribly upsetting!"

Spencer felt his temper rising, but he managed to remain calm. "I'm sorry you see it that way."

"Of course, of course. Well, it's too late now. I suppose you want to talk to Jean." He didn't wait for a reply, and Spencer heard him call, "Jean, Jean!"

After a moment he said, "Seems she went to some kind of breakfast party—she'll probably call you."

"Yes," Spencer said. He put the phone down and then turned to Louise. "I woke you, didn't I?" he said.

"No, you didn't. I wasn't asleep." She spoke very slowly, as if weighing every word and listening to its echo. "Why do you love me, Spence? Why?"

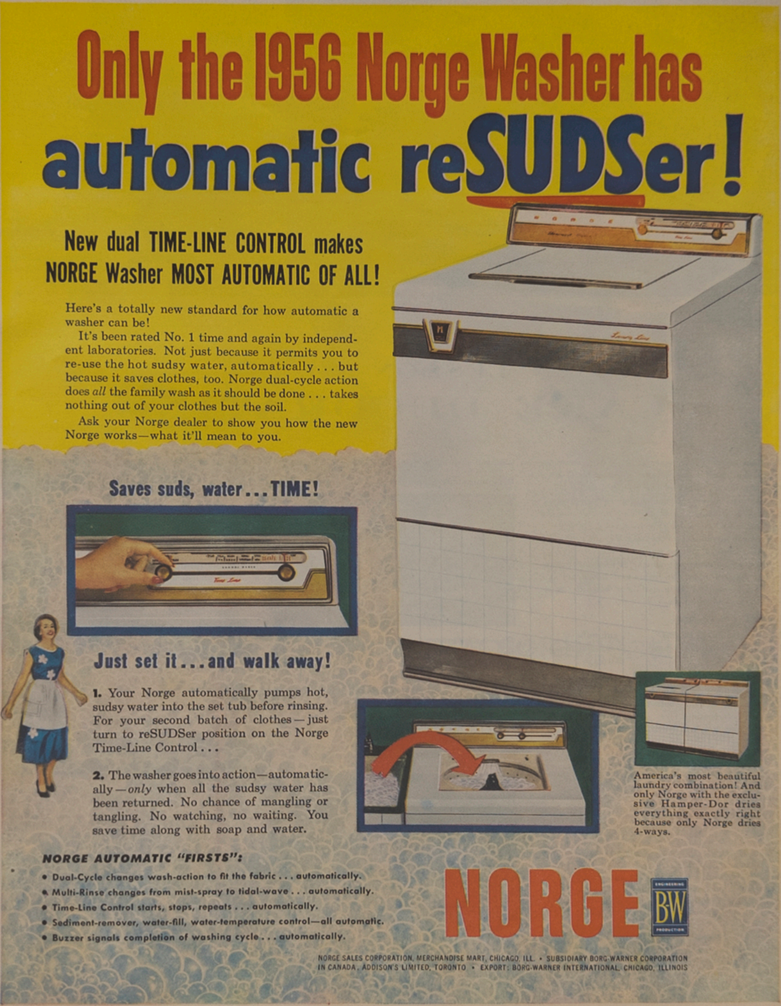
He got up. It was a question he had asked himself many times, and he had never been able to answer it. He went to the terrace door and looked outside, feeling tense and miserable and very lonely. The rain had ceased.

She broke the silence. "Don't you ever need anybody, Spence?"

He turned. "Why do you ask that?"

She raised her head to look at him. "It seems that I have been forever coming to you with my confessions and troubles, but you have never come to me with anything—not once since we've known each other. Maybe it's just that you don't need *me*. But who else is there in your life?" She paused.

(Continued on page 84)



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New dual TIME-LINE CONTROL makes NORGE Washer MOST AUTOMATIC OF ALL!

Here's a totally new standard for how automatic a washer can be!

It's been rated No. 1 time and again by independent laboratories. Not just because it permits you to re-use the hot sudsy water, automatically . . . but because it saves clothes, too. Norge dual-cycle action does *all* the family wash as it should be done . . . takes nothing out of your clothes but the soil.

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Saves suds, water . . . TIME!

Just set it . . . and walk away!

1. Your Norge automatically pumps hot, sudsy water into the set tub before rinsing. For your second batch of clothes—just turn to reSUDSer position on the Norge Time-Line Control . . .

2. The washer goes into action—automatically—*only* when all the sudsy water has been returned. No chance of mangling or tangling. No watching, no waiting. You save time along with soap and water.

America's most beautiful laundry combination! And only Norge with the exclusive Hamper-Dor dries everything exactly right because only Norge dries 4-ways.

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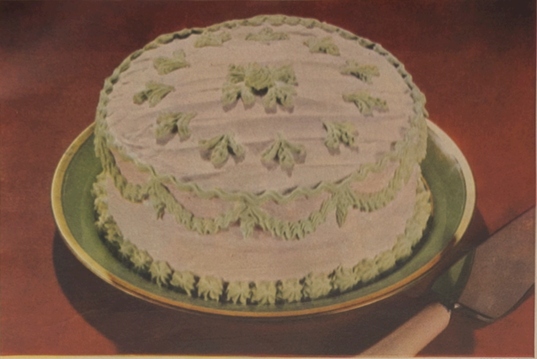


MARTIN BRUEHL

Here is a finished cake decorated with
the few basic exercises
illustrated in this first lesson.
Use any color scheme you prefer

by NORMAN WILTON

Co-author and publisher of *The Homemaker's Pictorial Encyclopedia of Modern Cake Decorating*

LESSON NO. 1
CAKE DECORATING

To frost cake: The all-over frosting for your cake provides a base for decorations; it also helps to keep the cake moist. Either of the recipes printed below can be used as your basic frosting as well as your decorating frosting. Keep in mind that decorating frosting must be stiff for effective results. However, a portion can be thinned for the basic frosting by mixing in a few drops of milk or water.

Brush off all crumbs from cake and spread frosting between layers. Assemble layers and frost sides and top of cake smoothly. Dip spatula in hot water occasionally for smooth finish.

Butter Cream Frosting:

1 cup vegetable shortening*
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon almond extract

Put all ingredients in large bowl of electric mixer and beat for 5 minutes at high speed. Frosting can be stored in an airtight container in refrigerator and rebeaten before using.

*If you like, use half butter or margarine and half shortening.

Royal Frosting:

3 egg whites (at room temperature)
4 cups (1 lb) confectioners' sugar
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ teaspoon almond extract

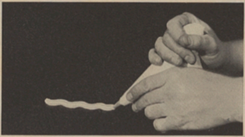
Place all ingredients in large bowl of electric mixer and beat 7 to 10 minutes. This is a hard-drying frosting so *keep covered with a damp cloth all the time.*

To tint frosting: For decorations of several colors, spoon small portions of frosting into bowls, add a few drops of different food colorings and mix well. Keep colors delicate and results will be prettier.

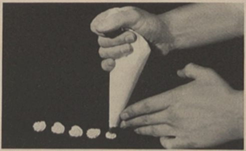
To start decorating: Drop decorating tube or point into plastic decorating cone. Fill cone with frosting (use either of the two recipes we give). Get out a cookie sheet or tray to serve as a practice base (you'll need lots of practice before you start on the actual cake) and follow picture steps carefully.

Clip and save each lesson in this decorating series.

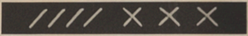
Beginning steps will not be repeated in future lessons



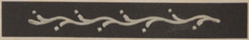
Exercise in pressure control No. 1: Hold the very top of the cone in right hand. This hand provides all the necessary pressure. Use first two fingers of the left hand to guide or steady the cone. Hold cone at a 45-degree angle, touch the pan with tube and press cone with an even, steady pressure, gliding the tube in a gentle side-to-side motion. If frosting breaks, it means you have relaxed pressure; if frosting builds up or pushes from side to side, it means you are using too much pressure. Pressure control demands practice.



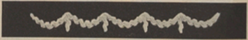
Exercise in pressure control No. 2: Hold cone in an upright or perpendicular fashion. Again hold at the very top. Use left hand as a guide. Press a series of neat little dots or rosettes on practice base. Simple borders and flowers will be made with the tube held in this manner. Again, correct pressure is important.



Exercise in simple line drawing: Use No. 16 star tube (number is printed inside tube) in these exercises. Hold at 45-degree angle and touch pan. Press with right hand, draw a 2-inch diagonal line, release pressure and lift up to stop. Now cross the first line with another diagonal line to make an X. Lift tube slightly as you move over the first line. Try to establish a rhythm as you work—it will keep the design more even.



Exercise in curved line drawing: Use the same side-to-side movement and same cone angle as in Picture 1 but make curves farther apart. Work in small curls as illustrated and place a dot or rosette at end of each curl. Nice design for the sides of a cake.



Exercise in side-to-side motion: Move tube in a slight or shallow side-to-side motion, same angle, following a curved pattern. Where each curve is attached, place tube in center, apply pressure, move tube side to side and draw down as you relax pressure.

Exercise in built-up designs: Apply pressure and move tube slowly in a side-to-side motion, same angle. As frosting builds up, relax pressure slightly, then diminish pressure and draw frosting out to a point. Try this several times, then work in smaller curves at the thin end of pattern as shown in photograph.

Watch for Lesson No. 2 coming next month: How to decorate a Chrysanthemum Cake

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Here's news...

Crisco-fried foods are so digestible you can eat them 7 days a week!

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Crisco is so different from ordinary frying fats. It's pure, entirely vegetable—comes to you fresher, stays fresher than any other shortening. Crisco has no grease taste to make fried foods heavy. So stop worrying! Just use Crisco and fry delicious, digestible fried foods as often as you like!

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DINNERWARE
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Designed for living
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152 Monroe Ave., Rochester 2, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c. Please rush me my box of 21 Christmas cards plus FREE samples of personal cards, notes and stationery and full color catalog.

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. . short paragraphs!

You don't have to be a trained author to make money writing. Hundreds now making money every day on short paragraphs. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply big list of editors who buy from beginners. Lots of small checks in a hurry bring cash that adds up quickly. No tedious study. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. **BENSON BARRETT, 1751 Morse Ave., Dept. 7-J, Chicago 26, Ill.**

FREE To Your Club
60 ABSENTEE POST CARDS

These clever Post Cards are guaranteed to increase attendance at club meetings when sent to absent members.

This free gift will introduce you to the Holiday Fund Raising Plan featuring a full line of greeting cards and stationery with and without Bible Text. Organizations can sell on Six Weeks Credit and make up to 50c profit per box.

Send your name, address and name of organization today for free gift and samples on approval.

Holiday Company Dept. H-3/9 Bedford, Va.

They're NEW! SELL *Graceline* NAPKINS

You, your club, or any group will earn easy, extra money *fast* when you show this beautiful new assortment of colorful table napkins — each with a well-known "grace" prayer. Wrapped in cellophane, 50 per pkg. *Wonderful repeat item!*

Easy to handle — Easy to sell!

Send for FREE samples TODAY...
and get started on your own profitable business.

The Grace Line Co. 801 LaSalle Av.—Dept. MC95
Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Please send me FREE SAMPLES of new *Graceline* napkins and complete money-making details.

NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________ZONE_____STATE_____

(Continued from page 80)

There was somebody in his life, they both knew that—a girl he was engaged to, who was going to be his wife. But, facing Louise at this moment of truth, their eyes searching each other in quest of their fruitless love, he could not say Jean's name. There was, in truth, nobody else in his life.

When he didn't speak, Louise let her head fall back on the couch. She said, "I think you'd better take me home, Spence."

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1:00 P.M.
When they entered the apartment at the Savoy-Plaza they found Larry sitting on the living-room couch, his shirt unbuttoned, his shoes and tie strewn on the floor. He was facing the door, talking softly into the telephone. His head didn't move when he saw them, but his eyes widened and a hard smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

Immediately the picture Larry saw became painfully clear to Spencer, and he watched with a husband's eyes his wife come home, rumpled and disheveled, carrying an overnight bag, accompanied by the close friend of the family. It was the perfect triangle and needed no commentary; it only needed somebody willing to identify it.

The first words Larry said left no doubt about that. Putting the receiver down, he said, "I hope you two had fun."

Anger rose in Spencer, but he held himself back while a stab of pain shot through his stomach.

"Don't answer, Spence," Louise said. "Please don't."

She started to walk past her husband. Larry reached out and grabbed her shoulder savagely, almost spinning her around. Spencer moved forward, but Larry shouted at him, "Stay where you are! This concerns Louise and me. I'll get to you later." His face was unshaven, his voice hoarse.

"Stop these insane dramatics and try to make sense!" Spencer said furiously. "Do you really think Louise and I spent the night together?"

She cried, "Spence! Please—don't talk to him!" She stared steadily at Larry. When his grip relaxed, she pulled away and walked wordlessly into the bedroom, closing the door behind her.

There was a long silence. Then Spencer said, "She came to my apartment a couple of hours ago."

Larry sat down wearily. "All right."

"She left here when you didn't come home and took a room at the Sherry-Netherland. Then this morning—"

"I said it's all right," Larry said. He covered his face with his hands.

Spencer looked at him. "I've been trying to get hold of you since early yesterday. Why didn't you call me after the FBI left?"

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes."

"It's none of her business, none of her damn' business."

"Well, it's my business, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," Larry said. He got up slowly and for the first time looked straight at Spencer. "I need a drink. So do you." He touched Spencer's arm in a gesture of apology and reconciliation and went into the kitchen.

Spencer felt relieved. Some of the tension had gone out of him—only his stomach ache wouldn't disappear. He wondered if he should see a doctor. He couldn't afford to be sick, not now. He saw a newspaper on the table in front of the couch. He didn't know what paper it was; somehow it looked unfamiliar. He suddenly remembered that after his talk with Myron Wagner he had intended to call Paul Adams. He was looking up the number of the Associated Press when Larry came back with bottles, ice cubes and glasses.

"Just one call," Spencer said.

"Go ahead, chum," said Larry, putting the tray on the table. He picked up the newspaper and threw it on the couch. It partly unfolded where it fell. Spencer saw with a start that it was a copy of the *Daily Worker*. He looked at Larry, who met his eyes with an embarrassed grin.

"Make your call, chum," Larry said. "I'll explain it to you in a minute."

Spencer dialed the Associated Press, but Paul Adams' extension didn't answer. Spencer left word that he had phoned and that he'd try to get in touch with Adams early on Monday.

He had had his back to Larry while he was talking. Now he turned. "Will you please tell me—"

Larry interrupted: "Look, chum, there's no secret here. The boys told me about it, and I got curious and bought a copy. That's all."

"The boys?" Spencer asked. "You mean the FBI?"

"Yeah, sure. What's the matter? Didn't you think they'd catch on? They're sharp." He was gulping his drink in big, greedy swallows.

"And you didn't call me," Spencer said.

Larry put his glass down. "What's the difference? What could you have done?"

"Probably nothing," Spencer said, "but that isn't the point. You're supposed to be my ally in this. You are the only one who's in on it—"

"Am I?" Larry asked sharply, looking at him.

"What do you mean? I didn't tell Louise, if that's what you—"

Larry cut in. "I know damn' well you wouldn't talk to her about this. But that's not what I mean. I mean, am I really in on it, or am I just a dupe you're using to cover up?"

"To cover up what?" Spencer asked. The sick, dizzy feeling began to come over him again.

"The truth," Larry said.

Spencer lifted his drink with a conscious effort. He saw Larry's eyes on him, watchful and cold. "Larry," he said slowly, "I hope to God you are joking."

There was a pause. Larry nodded toward the paper. "What about that?"

"I didn't even know about it until this morning," Spencer said. "Myron Wagner called me about it from Washington. I've no idea what's in it."

Larry was staring at him. "You've never talked to the guy who wrote this?"

"I didn't say that, Larry," Spencer said.

Larry raised his hands and let them fall noisily on his knees. "Well, chum . . ." He got up, went to the French windows and stood with his back to Spencer.

"Larry," Spencer said, "you've got to tell me what's on your mind. Lately your attitude in this whole thing has been—more than strange. What's happened to you?" Suddenly he gasped. The pains were increasing rapidly. Bending forward, he clutched his stomach with both hands. "You saw me type the letter to the committee—you read it. I gave you a copy of it. How is it possible—" He groped for a chair nearby.

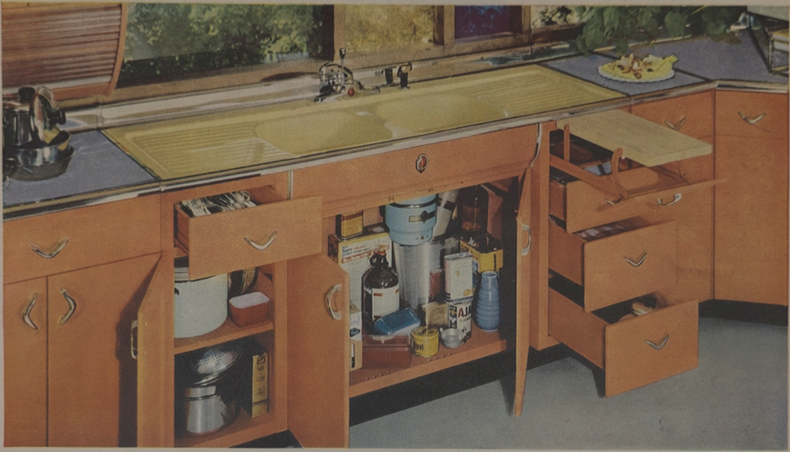
Larry turned around fast. "What's the matter?" He grabbed Spencer under the shoulders and let him down carefully on the chair. "You sick?"

Spencer was staring at him. "I've been having these spells. It'll pass." He leaned his head back and stretched his legs out until he felt his muscles beginning to relax; his breath began

(Continued on page 86)

YOUR DREAM KITCHEN BEGINS HERE!

Start with a Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink in your choice of four gorgeous colors!



Here's a 66" Diana Cabinet Sink in inspired Sunset Copper—practically a kitchen in itself!

66" Diana Cabinet Sink

54" Diana Cabinet Sink

48" Diana Cabinet Sink

No money down*... no extra cost for color!

It's the *heart* of your dream kitchen . . . for it's a sink—and much, much more!

First, it's a sink! – with a one-piece steel top that's completely leakproof – easy to clean – equipped with every feature to save you time and work!

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And third, it's a beauty! –in thrilling, new colors—Star White, Dawn Yellow, Meridian Blue, or Sunset Copper.

They're at your dealer's now! – 30 models in all! See them. And if building, be sure to specify a Youngstown Kitchen. You'll be glad you did.

Look for colorful Youngstown Kitchens in model homes during National Home Week—Sept. 10-18!

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Do up to 200 pieces, including pots and pans, in a brand-new Youngstown Kitchens Jet-Tower** Dishwasher. They load easily—wash, rinse, and dry *without pre-rinsing!* Revolutionary Work-Level model (shown here); built-in Undercounter model; or 48" Sink-Dishwasher Combination. They get dishes *hygienically* clean—and there's no extra cost for color!

*F.H.A. terms.
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So simple to make coffee the MIRRO-MATIC way

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Aluminum Cooking Utensils

(Continued from page 84)

to come easier then. Gradually the pain subsided.

He spoke slowly. "You don't trust me at all, Larry, and you obviously don't trust Louise. Why not?"

Larry's mouth was hard-set, his eyes cold. He turned away from Spencer and went to the table to pour himself another drink.

Spencer rose. "Go easy on her, Larry. She's mixed up right now. Louise and I—"

"Yes," Larry said, cutting in sharply, "Louise and you—that's all I hear, that's all I've been hearing for years! Spencer the Great, kind-hearted Spencer, the comfort of misunderstood wives. I'm sick of it!"

SUDDENLY Spencer was very calm. So Louise had been right and Larry was jealous of him.

He said, "We should have talked about this long ago."

Larry set his glass down hard. "I'm not going to discuss my wife with you. I know the score. She's been running to you at every opportunity, telling you how miserable she is, how badly I've been treating her."

"She thinks you have another woman, I know that."

Larry was looking at him defiantly. "Well, if I have, who's to blame? I haven't got much of a wife. Behind my back she and you—"

"You know the truth about Louise and me," Spencer said, raising his voice. "I was in love with her when we were very young. But then she fell in love with you. These are the facts; you've always known them." But while he was saying this, his voice so firm, his words so righteous, he remembered how she had been in his arms just a few hours ago and how he had kissed her; and what he said began to sour in his mouth.

Larry looked at him sharply. "You're not fooling me, chum. She's got the idea she's married the wrong guy and you're the one who should have got her. Well, if that's so, why the hell don't you take her?"

Glass in hand, he advanced toward Spencer. "The FBI boys wanted to talk to her, question her about you—"

Spencer froze. "You didn't talk about this to the FBI agents, did you?"

Larry began to rock on his heels, his eyes half-closed. A self-satisfied smile spread slowly over his face. He said, "Didn't I?"

"You're drunk," Spencer said. "I—I can't believe you talked to them about Louise and me. If you told those agents that I'm in love with your wife or—or worse, do you realize what this could mean to me? You must know how important moral issues are in a case like mine. Larry, you're—you're joking. You couldn't have told them!"

"I didn't have to tell them. They've known all about you from way back. They're sharp." He turned and went back to the table to refill his glass.

Spencer followed him. "Don't drink any more, Larry. I want you to—"

Larry poked his elbow viciously into Spencer's stomach. "We're not going to play rough, are we?" Splashing Scotch in his glass, he said, "You're smart, chum, I got to give you that—figuring out that letter deal, using me, Lawrence Hunt, Junior, as a dupe. Thinking I'd come to testify how you've never been a Red when the whole damn' country knows the truth."

Spencer stood motionless, his face white. "Do you really believe that?"

Suddenly Larry's expression changed. His mouth collapsed; there were tears in his eyes. "Why the hell did you do it?" he asked softly. "Why the hell did you do it, chum?"

Spencer looked at this human structure, swaying, unshaven, with bloodshot eyes. It did not resemble Larry any more; it hardly resembled a man. It was no longer friendly; it was dangerous and out to kill. And still, for reasons unknown to himself, Spencer did not hate it. He looked at it dispassionately, searching for an explanation of why this could happen to a man, why somebody he had admired and trusted could turn into something so pitiful and weak. The danger to him was not uppermost in his mind at this moment. He wanted desperately to know what had caused the change—or had there been no change, and had this always been part of Larry?

Stepping up close to him, Spencer touched Larry's arm. "Come to my office first thing in the morning, will you? We're going to straighten this out."

"Yes," Larry said. "Very early in the morning. Not now, chum. I'm so damn' tired."

MONDAY, JULY 23, 7:00 A.M.

Spencer woke up with a strong headache. He had slept fitfully, floating in and out of frenzied nightmares. And though he could not remember the dreams that had frightened him, the sense of imminent calamity stayed with him far into the day.

He had trouble collecting his thoughts; there were too many of them, and they sprang at him all at once the minute he got up.

He cut himself shaving, which he rarely did. He began to make breakfast, but somehow that seemed to be a waste of time, so he started for the phone instead; but his mind went blank as he touched the receiver, and he didn't know whom he had wanted to call.

Then Emma, his cleaning woman, came in, and she was upset. Preoccupied as he was, Spencer couldn't help noticing that her "Good morning" was anything but cheerful, and after she had taken off her hat and coat in silence, which was highly unusual, she went straight into the kitchen, closing the door behind her.

When Spencer entered his office Mary followed him in with the mail. "Congratulations, boss." She pointed at the morning paper on his desk. "That's real good news. I'm so glad you got Mark Hellridge."

"I don't know whether I've got him," Spencer said. Still standing, he read the headline: NEW YORK ATTORNEY SUES COLUMNIST, and underneath: MARK HELLRIDGE TO REPRESENT DONOVAN. It was a Washington dispatch, reiterating the gist of Spencer's phone conversation with Myron Wagner, written as a firm announcement without any qualifications, and Spencer silently cursed Myron and himself. "This won't help things," he said. "If Hellridge has any doubts about taking my case, this won't help at all."

He had Mary put in a call for Hellridge, but he wasn't in his office and his secretary didn't know how he could be reached. Spencer decided to send him a wire, and while he and Mary were drafting it Art Daniels came in, looking rather pale.

Art said, "Excuse me, sir. Have you seen this?" He dropped a newspaper on the desk in front of Spencer.

"I haven't seen it," Spencer said, unfolding the copy of the *Daily Worker*, "but I've certainly heard a lot about it."

With Mary looking over his shoulder, Spencer read:

A WALL STREET LIBERAL UNDER FIRE

July 21st (Exclusive). This morning your PH reporter visited the latest victim of the capitalistic con-

(Continued on page 92)

Buy and Hold
U.S. Savings Bonds

KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Add a chef's touch with . . .
KEYSTONE MUSHROOMS
"—it's the Quality Pack"
FREE! Big Recipe Booklet. Write to Keystone Mushroom Co., Coatesville, Pa. Insist on Keystone Fancy Mushrooms at your food store. Fancy Quality . . . Regular Price.

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Also NAME IMPRINTED CARDS—25 for $1.00
TALL Christmas cards are the BIG sellers! Complete Gifts and Greetings line—over 500 popular items to sell! Up to 100% cash profit. Nine big lines Personal Christmas cards, low as 25 for $1.00! CASH BONUS. Extra profits with thrifty super-size Wrappings, Parchments, Everyday Cards, Stationery. NEW: 24-Karat gold Lilac Scented Ladies Pen. FREE SAMPLE Personal Cards; other samples on approval. ORGANIZATIONS: Sell now, pay later. Write today.
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New Hotpoint EYE-HI Roll-Out

REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER

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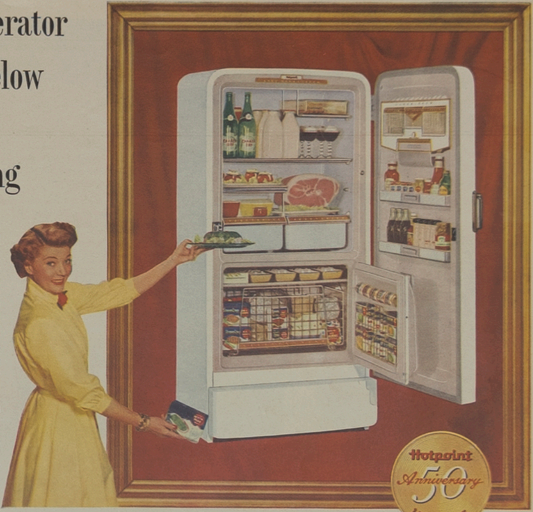


THIS IS FOR *YOU*—the most practical, most convenient refrigerator-freezer ever built!

All-new design. Entirely different from conventional refrigerator-freezers, the Hotpoint EYE-HI has a big automatic-defrosting refrigerator *at the top*, where the foods you use most are always within easy reach. Never again must you constantly bend and stoop.

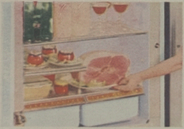
Two separate cold systems. Again unlike many conventional combinations, the Hotpoint EYE-HI brings you a *true* food freezer—with its own separate cold system, heavy six-side insulation and its own separate door with special *cold-seal* latch. And it's so large you can freeze and conveniently store 123 lbs. of food at one time!

Exclusive roll-out feature. Just release brake and your Hotpoint EYE-HI rolls out—for cleaning, waxing floor, decorating. Compare the EYE-HI with any other combination and discover *a new high in convenience!**

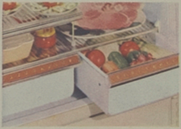
**Dealers are listed in most classified phone directories.*

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Harriet Nelson—co-star of Hotpoint's famous **OZZIE & HARRIET** TV program—back on the air Sept. 23rd!



Hotpoint Split Shelf—special slide-away feature quickly and easily converts from full-width shelf to provide extra height for large, bulky items such as hams, turkeys, etc.



Twin Crispers—provide ideal humidity, keep vegetables crisp, fresh. Extra large, porcelain finished. Rounded corners make cleaning extra easy. De luxe Spice Gold trim.

Hotpoint Dairy-Stor—includes egg shelf, thermostatically controlled Butter Bin, two Cheese Keepers and handy Ready-Foil Dispenser for wrapping foods for freezing.

True Food Freezer—has own separate cold system. Handy juice dispenser rack and frozen food rack in door plus convenient glide-out basket put all foods *out front*.

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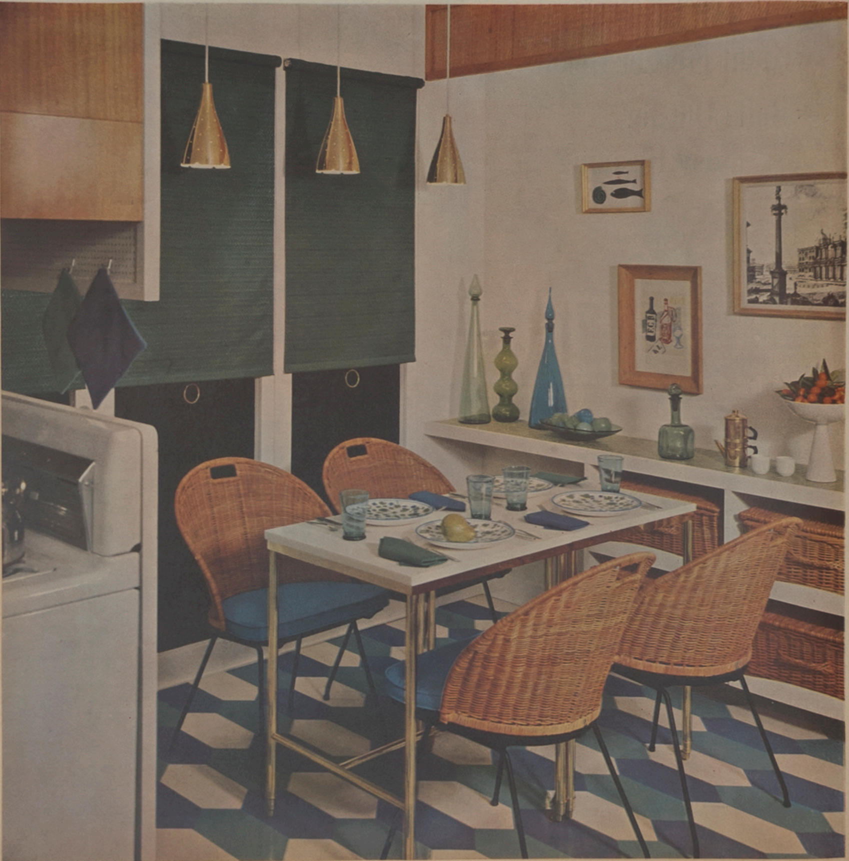
McCALL'S KITCHEN LAUNDRY CONTEST

Would you like your kitchen



Enter McCall's Kitchen and Laundry Contest . . . Plan the room you've dreamed about; you may win it, installed in your own home, with every last detail exactly as you imagined it!

or laundry remodeled . . . free?

It could be yours, that kitchen or laundry you see in your mind — bright, colorful, convenient, with all the imaginative use of space, all the beautiful modern equipment that can make it a place for the whole family to enjoy every day.

McCall's big contest offers 214 prizes! If you are one of the four top-prize winners, your kitchen or laundry will be completely remodeled and equipped by McCall's, exactly to your specifications. The equipment you named in your prize-winning entry will be there. And you'll have it all without spending a penny! Ten second-prize winners will receive their choice of major kitchen or laundry equipment. And 100 third prizes of smaller equipment, plus 100 merit prizes of housewares, will be awarded.

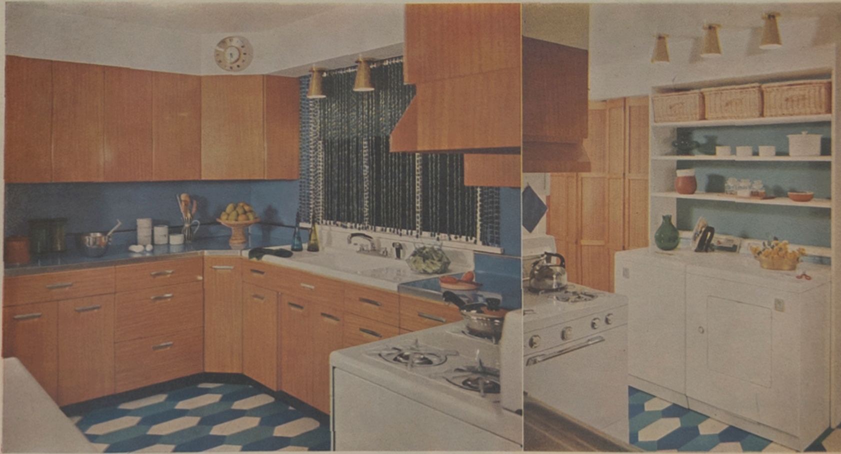
How would you like a kitchen that's easy to work in, and so attractive that it turns routine into fun? Would you like to see your old equipment replaced by the last word in refrigerator, range, freezer, automatic sink? Do you dream of modern colored cabinet units, new floor coverings, unusual lighting fixtures? And does your ideal kitchen include breakfast bar, dining space, laundry section, hobby or play area, or a family loafing space?

Or is it a smart modern laundry you hanker for, with all the latest automatic equipment — washer and dryer, ironer, built-in cabinets for hamper, linen storage, laundry supplies? Would you cheerfully trade rubies for a laundry plus sewing center, workshop or play room?

New ideas in kitchen design, decoration, equipment and color are shown here and on the following pages. They may help you decide what *you* want when you come to make your own contest kitchen or laundry plan. Note the built-in features . . . the separated areas for working space, dining and laundry . . . the bold and exciting use of color . . . the variety of lighting effects . . . the accessories planned and placed for effective eye appeal.

Now you're ready. Turn the page, read all about the prizes, fill out the coupon, send for your official entry blank which shows you, step by step, how to bring your dream down out of the clouds and onto paper. You'll find it is fun to plan a kitchen or laundry that could add so much to the comfort and happiness of your family.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL WING STUDIOS



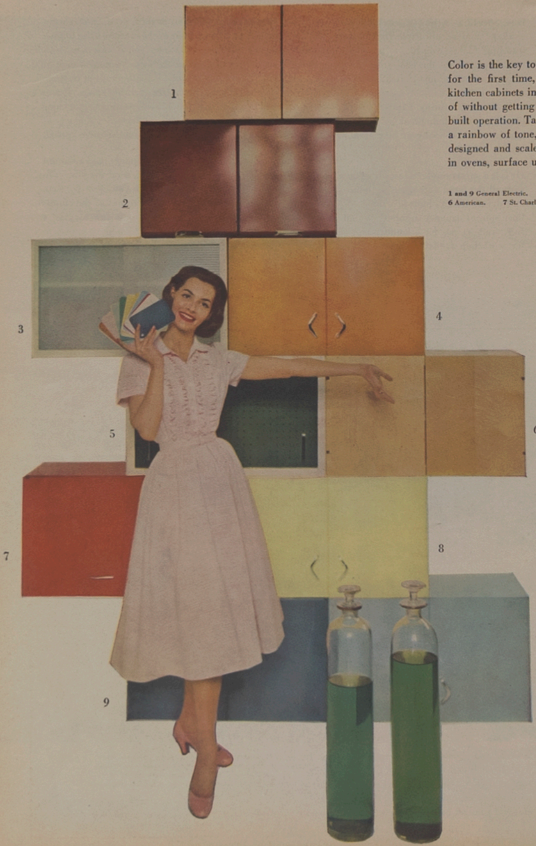
This sparkling modern kitchen may inspire your own thinking as you start to plan your contest entry. This one divides a 10-by-20-foot space into three separate areas: cooking, laundry and dining. Brilliant Mediterranean colors of walls, flooring and accessories are gentled by the soft natural wood and wicker tones. Contrasts in texture as well: marble, tile, vinyl plastic combine with woven cane, wooden bead curtains, basket storage. Pierced brass light fixtures make news

Steel cabinets: Republic. **Appliances:** Norge and Servel. **Rubber floor tiles:** Robbins. **Lighting:** Finland House and Lightolier. **Chairs:** Salterini. **Tile shelf:** Murals, Inc. **Marble table tops:** The Marble Institute of America

Now turn the page

McCALL'S KITCHEN LAUNDRY CONTEST

it's easy to enter this contest that may win you a new

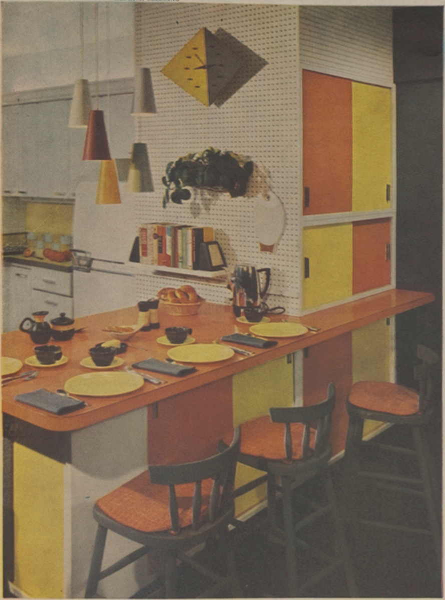


Color is the key to kitchen beauty. Now, for the first time, it's possible to have kitchen cabinets in any color you dream of without getting into a costly custom-built operation. Take these, for example: a rainbow of tone, trim and surface, all designed and scaled to work with built-in ovens, surface units and refrigerators

1 and 9 General Electric. 2 Crosley. 3 and 5 Tracy. 6 American. 7 St. Charles. 4, 8 and 10 Youngstown

kitchen or laundry

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEDRICH-BLESSING



The sunny appearance of this kitchen could defy the gloomiest day. Lemon, gray and persimmon, accented by dazzling white and charcoal, do the trick. And see how this 14-by-16-foot space has been organized for comfort and convenience, with preparation and dining areas combined, and cooking and laundry equipment lined up on the opposite wall. Trim cabinets, clustered drop lights, perforated wallboard for accessories give the space warmth and character. New waist-high oven and flip-back cooking units release counter space. Today's kitchens are flexible, responding to demands of hospitality and family fun. They are rooms to work in, rooms to enjoy

Steel cabinets: Tracy. **Appliances:** Frigidaire. **Linoleum:** Sloane Delaware. **Counter tops and sliding doors:** Formica

Kitchen and Laundry Planning Headquarters:
In New York City, Macy's
In other cities, your public utility company

18 dream-kitchen ranges, starting on page 94

McCall's *will remodel 2 kitchens, 2 laundries for the top winners... and 210 other prizes are offered*

First, fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it in. We will then send you the official contest entry blank which contains all the rules. All entries must be made on this blank. When you get it, be sure to fill in all the information asked for. Then, in the space provided on the blank, draw a floor plan of your kitchen or laundry as it now appears. After that, redraw the plan to show how you would like it remodeled, right down to the last detail — color scheme, decorating ideas and a list of the new equipment you would like to have.

You don't have to be an artist — entries will be judged for their ideas, not artistic skill. You can attach pictures from magazines or catalogues showing the kind of things you like.

Entries must be postmarked no later than December 31, 1955; and the kitchen or laundry you design must be in a home, owned or rented, where you now live or will be living by February 1, 1956.

So . . . send for your entry blank, and start your planning now! It's great fun to do, and the reward could be a big one.

214 Prizes

4 first prizes: 2 kitchens*, 2 laundries**: Prize winners' plans will be duplicated *free* in their own homes.

*May include laundry as part of kitchen, or may be any other kitchen-combination room.

**May include utility area, sewing area, hobby area or any other laundry-combination room *except* kitchen-laundry.

10 second prizes: Winners will receive one of these major appliances. Winner will choose appliance and model.

- Range
- Refrigerator
- Freezer
- Dishwasher
- Electric sink
- Washer
- Dryer
- Washer-dryer
- Ironer
- Incinerator
- Water heater
- Sewing machine

100 third prizes: Winners will receive one of these pieces of small equipment. Winner will choose item and model.

- Automatic coffee maker
- Electric skillet
- Steam-dry iron
- Broiler-rotisserie
- Automatic fryer-cooker
- Electric hand mixer
- Standard mixer
- Blender
- Automatic toaster
- Waffle baker
- Set of kitchen cutlery
- Set of pots and pans
- Vacuum cleaner
- Floor polisher-scrubber

Also, 100 merit prizes

McCall's
Kitchen and Laundry Contest
P. O. Box 20A, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Please send me the official contest entry blank and rules for McCall's Kitchen and Laundry Contest.

Name ____________________
(*Please print clearly*)

Street or R.F.D. ____________________ Apt. ________

City ____________________ Zone ____ State ________

THIS CONTEST CLOSES DECEMBER 31, 1955

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for absorbency
they're the most!"

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Wash Easier — Their open weave means quick-cleaning ease in Ivory Flakes or Ivory Snow.

Dry Faster — Indoors or out, Curity Diapers dry faster, smoother and softer.

Wear Better — Curity Diapers are made of full-weight quality gauze for longer wear, lasting good shape, easier care.

You'll find Curity Diapers at your favorite infant's department . . . leading diaper laundries also have them. Don't forget — Curity has wonderful gift diapers, too.

Now — NEW COMPANION TO CURITY DIAPERS —

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LINERS

Send 25c (coins only) for a sample Curity Diaper with Curity Diaper Liners to: Kendall Mills — Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass., Dept. M-95. (Only one set of samples to a family.)

(Continued from page 86)

spiracy, the well-known attorney Spencer Donovan, in his swank apartment on Manhattan's East River. Mr. Donovan, who showed courage when he took on the defense of the late Gordon Beckwood, and who after his client's so-called "suicide" came out with a sharply realistic statement denouncing the reactionary elements in government and press responsible for Beckwood's "murder" (to quote Mr. Donovan), is now under fire himself. Your reporter found him ready to leave for his office and in a frightfully nervous and excited state of mind; therefore the conversation could only be brief.

During the interview Mr. Donovan confirmed the fact that he had been called a Communist and traitor by Walt Fowler, a hack writer paid by the Wall Street powers and widely read in bourgeois circles. When your reporter asked Mr. Donovan for a specific statement, the lawyer took the stand that he could not single out one of the metropolitan newspapers at this time. Your reporter had the impression that Mr. Donovan was highly apprehensive, if not outright scared. And for good reasons. Nothing is more obnoxious to the capitalist overlords than the apostasy of one of their gang. In this connection the contrast between Mr. Donovan's expensive surroundings and the police-state atmosphere pervading every corner of the apartment seemed most significant to your reporter. The noble representatives of our ruling classes, the Walt Fowlers, the Aaron Coops who "murdered" Gordon Beckwood (to quote Mr. D.) will do their shameful best to bag the man who accused them. They are moving in for the kill. We are not for Mr. Donovan, we are for the American people, and Mr. Donovan has yet to decide where his allegiance lies. But every new victim of the Wall Street-Pluto-Democracy has our sympathy. If Mr. Donovan turns his back on his luxurious apartment and from his terrace looks beyond the river, he can see in the distance the homes of the working classes of New York. He will have to make his choice.

Spencer looked up. The only thing that could hurt him in this absurd concoction was the repeated quoted reference to murder. He had used that word in his press conference after Gordon's death; he had used it on purpose, trying to force Senator Coop out in the open, leaving himself exposed to a libel suit. Quoted here in the *Daily Worker*, it gave the impression that he had used the word in his so-called "interview" with Mr. Harding.

Art Daniels stood stiffly at the desk, his head down; Mary had moved away from Spencer toward the window. They were both silent.

"Any comment?" Spencer asked.

"Well, sir," Art said, raising his eyes, "I would call it unfortunate, wouldn't you?"

"But it doesn't really say anything," said Mary. She turned suddenly and faced Spencer, her fists clenched. "Can't you do something? Can't we finish this thing—kill it, I mean?"

"I'm afraid we'll have to live with it for a while," Spencer said quietly.

Mr. Sutherland called. Contrary to Spencer's expectations, he was very calm. He knew about the *Daily Worker*; Leo Billinger had called him about it yesterday afternoon. He added how pleased he was to learn that Spencer had secured Mark Hellridge's services. He couldn't do better. Of course, said Mr. Sutherland, he would have preferred to hear the news directly from Spencer; it was a little awkward to read it in the paper, cold. But as long as Mark Hellridge had agreed to represent him—at this moment Mary Sheppard re-entered the office and put a telegram in front of Spencer—that was the main thing, said James F. Sutherland, and he was very pleased about it indeed. While listening to him, Spencer picked up the wire and read:

HAVE JUST RELEASED FOLLOWING STATEMENT TO PRESS: QUOTE. REGARDING TODAY'S REPORTS MARK HELLRIDGE TO REPRESENT SPENCER DONOVAN I HAD ONLY ONE BRIEF TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH MR. DONOVAN IN WHICH HE DISCUSSED WITH ME THE POSSIBILITY OF MY BEING COUNSEL FOR HIM IN SOME FUTURE LITIGATION CONTEMPLATED BY HIM. I HAVE IN NO WAY INDICATED MY WILLINGNESS TO ACT FOR MR. DONOVAN NOR WILL I BE ABLE TO ACT IN HIS BEHALF IN VIEW OF PREVIOUS COMMITMENTS. SIGNED MARK HELLRIDGE. END OF QUOTE. I REGRET THE NECESSITY OF THIS MOVE WHICH WAS DICTATED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A NEWS ITEM COMING FROM SOME IRRESPONSIBLE SOURCE UNDOUBTEDLY CLOSE TO YOUR OFFICE. YOU AS A LAWYER WILL UNDERSTAND THAT I CANNOT SUBMIT TO THIS TYPE OF HIGHLY UNPROFESSIONAL PRESSURE. REGARDS MARK HELLRIDGE.

BEST BUYS IN FOOD FOR SEPTEMBER

According to the U. S. Department of Agriculture and based on normal, seasonal availabilities

VEGETABLES

- Beets
- Cabbage
- Cauliflower
- Corn
- Corn*
- Eggplant
- Lima beans
- Peas*
- Peppers
- Green beans
- Green beans*
- Sweet potatoes
- Spinach*
- Tomatoes

MEATS

- Beef
- Broilers-fryers
- Canned meats
- Cold cuts
- Veal

FRUITS

- Apples*
- Applesauce*
- Avocados
- Grapes
- Honeydews
- Peaches
- Peaches*
- Pears
- Pineapple juice*
- Plums
- Red tart cherries*

FISH

- Lake trout
- Salmon
- Shrimp
- Swordfish
- Tuna*

DAIRY

- All milk products

*Canned

"I'm afraid I have bad news, Mr. Sutherland," Spencer said, and he read the wire to his prospective father-in-law.

After that he sat alone for a while. Mr. Sutherland had not seemed too upset about the telegram; in fact, he had hardly commented on it. That wasn't like him at all, thought Spencer, and he wondered why Mr. Sutherland had been so subdued. Mark Hellridge's statement would make the afternoon papers. It would be greatly exploited by the *Star Journal*; it was another feather in the cap of the Walt Fowlers and Aaron Coops . . . He noticed he had begun to sound just like the *Daily Worker*. Actually, Mark Hellridge's refusal to represent him hadn't changed anything. He didn't want to go through with the libel suit anyway; he had approached Hellridge only to comply with his friends and advisers. I must keep that in mind, thought Spencer. I am not an innocent bystander hit by a truck; I placed myself squarely in front of the truck. The trouble is that the moment the truck gets close to you, you want to jump aside, regardless. It's the age-old instinct of self-preservation. Picturing the scene, he didn't care too much for the comparison.

Then the door opened, and Mary announced Larry.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 9:50 A.M.

Larry walked through the office casually, went to the window and looked down. He said. "You can't even see the street. Which floor is this?"

"The thirty-first."

"Quite a jump, isn't it?" He turned, and their eyes met and held.

After a moment Spencer said, "Larry, please, I've got to ask you some questions. You said to me yesterday—"

Larry cut in immediately. "I said many things yesterday. I meant some of them, not all of them. I don't even remember all I said."

"I do."

"Of course," Larry said. "You were sober and I was drunk. You were sober and proved once again your moral superiority."

"All right," Spencer said. "Nevertheless—" he had to pause for a moment to control himself—"in the beginning you were quite rational and, in an odd way, logical. You frightened me. You implied that I had double-crossed you, that I was using you as a dupe, and that I was a Communist. Do you really think that is true?"

"Let's say the possibility occurred to me."

"How could it?" Spencer rose. "You were right here in my office. You watched me type my letter to the committee. I explained my purpose to you—"

"I know all that. You mentioned it yesterday." He looked at Spencer with a ragged smile. "You see, there are some things I do remember." And then the smile vanished and his eyes were cold. "Suppose you were a Communist—I say 'suppose,' nothing else. I'm not accusing you of anything. Suppose you were a Red and you knew they were after you. Wouldn't it be a damn' smart thing to do—to write the letter, call me in on it? I'm an idiot politically, you know that. You produce your scheme—I'm a madman too, just the type to go for this kind of lunacy. That's where you're so shrewd; there isn't another guy in the world who'd fall for it. Well, if they should ever catch up with you, you have the letter written by yourself. I'm your witness. The rest is simple."

"Wouldn't it be simpler to trust me?" asked Spencer. His voice was choking; he felt nothing but an overpowering sadness at this moment. "I'm not complaining, Larry. I brought this on myself. I know what I'm doing, and I know why I'm doing it. You might call my way of thinking primitive, but I believe that right is right and wrong is wrong, and that the two are not interchangeable."

Spencer saw Larry squirm, obviously unimpressed and bored, but he didn't care. The moment had come when he had to justify to himself

(Continued at bottom of page 100)

Hunt's
Hunt's
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
TOMATO PASTE
SALSA DI POMIDORO

Oh, Mamma Mia!..wait till you taste RAVIOLI...made with Hunt's Tomato Paste

"Mamma Mia! My whole family agrees—ravioli sauce made with Hunt's Tomato Paste is simply wonderful!"

The secret is—Hunt's has a special, knowing way with tomatoes. A way of choosing the juiciest, red-ripe best. A way of slowly cooking them down...till the color's bright and the flavor's right...and the paste is rich and smooth.

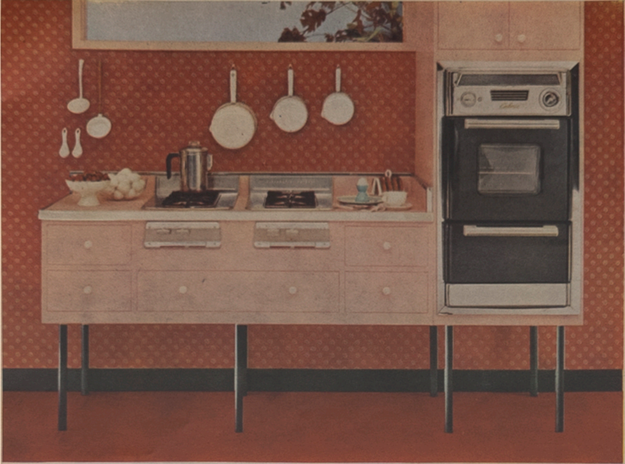
All this sunny goodness tastes simply wonderful in your Italian recipes. With Hunt's Tomato Paste there really is a difference...and it's *delicious.* Treat your family very, very soon!

FREE! *Send for folder of best-loved Italian recipes.*
Hunt Foods, Inc., Dept. M, Fullerton, California.

Hunt-for the best

...the paste with the Sunny Italian Flavor

Copr. 1955 Hunt Foods, Inc.



An illustration of the wonderful flexibility of the built-in range, whose units can be combined or separated to go anywhere in the kitchen the housekeeper chooses to put them. This one offers a look-in oven window, automatic clock control and signal light, oven doors in bright or satin metal, black or pastels, top burners in groups of two. Caloric

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK

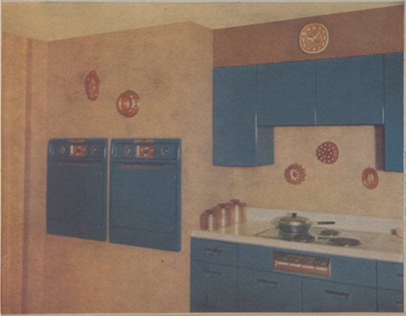
McCALL'S KITCHEN LAUNDRY CONTEST

by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

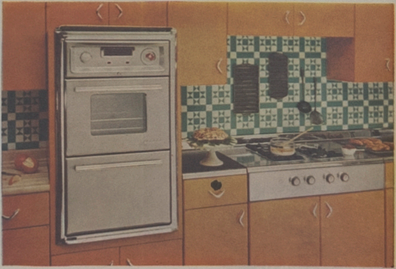
the new ranges

Maybe your contest kitchen includes a magnificent built-in

Two ovens in tandem: double baking, roasting, broiling capacity. Arrangement of surface units permits installation in standard 36-inch cabinet. Oven and cooking surface come in a choice of six colors. General Electric



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DeWALD



Stack-on arrangement of oven makes for easy installation. Oven framing matches kitchen cabinet color. Oven controls are at eye level, broiler can be adjusted to desired height without removing rack. Surface units come in groups of two. Tappan

Space a problem? Then investigate these 30-inch space-savers

A big 24-inch oven in a wall installation is a major feature of this built-in combination. The oven is placed in convenient relationship to the work-high counter which contains the cooking surface. The four easily removed, plug-in surface units are housed in stainless steel. Another attractive asset is the slanted cooking control panel which is visible from across the room, saving pot-watching steps. Lighted, colored buttons identify cooking speeds. Westinghouse

Fold-away, 30-inch cooking sections are installed right on the counter top and flip back to the wall when not in use, thus clearing work space on the counter. Twin oven doors open together and swing back out of the way. Oven interior is 17 inches wide. Fully automatic. Frigidaire

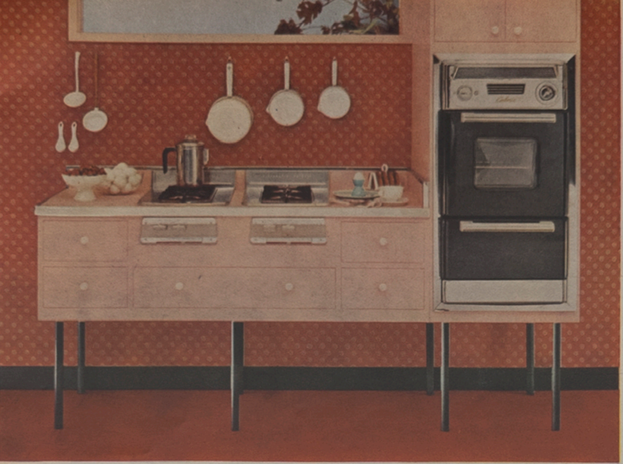
This pastel green range has its broiler at the top of the generously sized 24-inch-wide oven. All cooking is done at a comfortable working level. Roper

Broiler with porcelain pan and chrome grill rolls way out for turning or removing food. Entire broiler assembly can be removed for cleaning. Hardwick

Standard-width oven in this range shares honors with rotary grill which automatically turns meat for even browning, also does small-scale broiling. Hotpoint

Besides good cooking capacity, this space-saver has an especially roomy drawer for convenient storage of pots, pans, baking utensils, even appliances. Norge

Continued on next page



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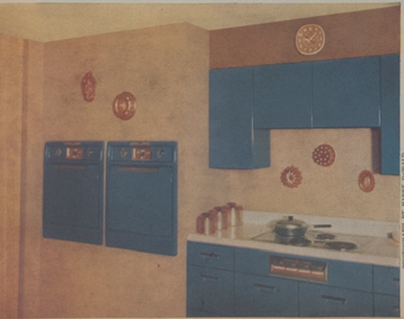
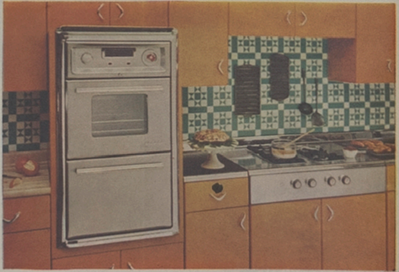


PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY DeWALD



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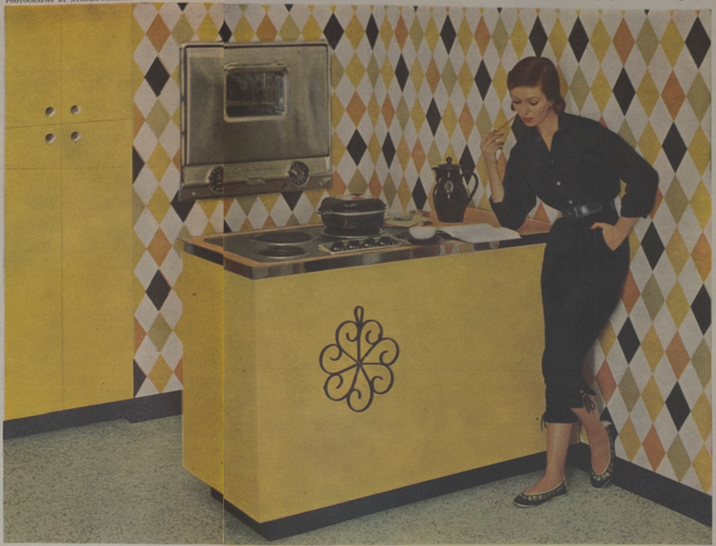
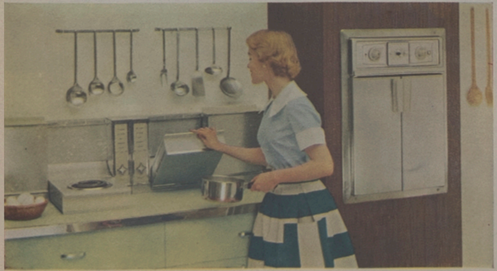
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK





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Continued on next page

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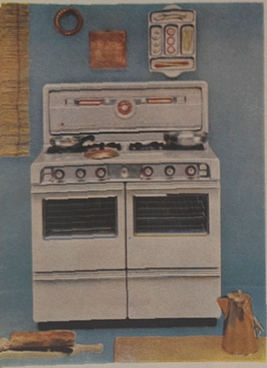
Standard-width oven in this range shares honors with rotary grill which automatically turns meat for even browning, also does small-scale broiling. Hotpoint

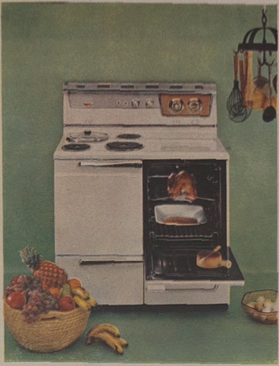
Besides good cooking capacity, this space-saver has an especially roomy drawer for convenient storage of pots, pans, baking utensils, even appliances. Norge

new ranges continued

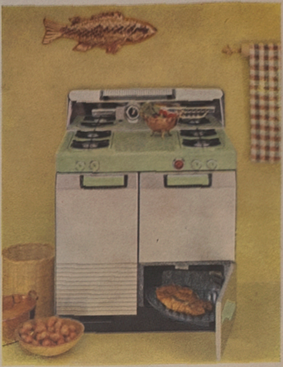
Kitchen-contest entrants will like the many extras these big new ranges boast



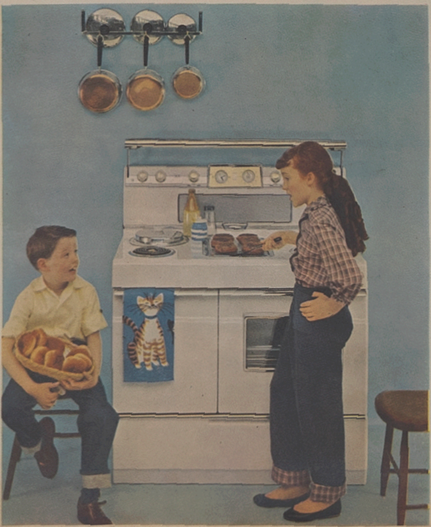
Four cooking units are placed far back, freeing front of range for work surface. In separate waist-high broiler, pan adjusts up or down; snack broiler under oven. Tappan

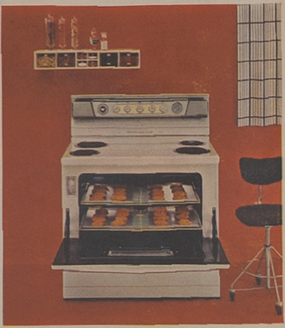


A two-oven range with a sensible point of view; small "thrift" oven handles limited-quantity cooking; full-size one has extra-capacity rotating spit for barbecue. Hotpoint



Bright metal and pastel green combine to bring new style to the kitchen. Thirty-six-inch range has a regular oven, handy swing-out broiler, generous storage. Magic Chef

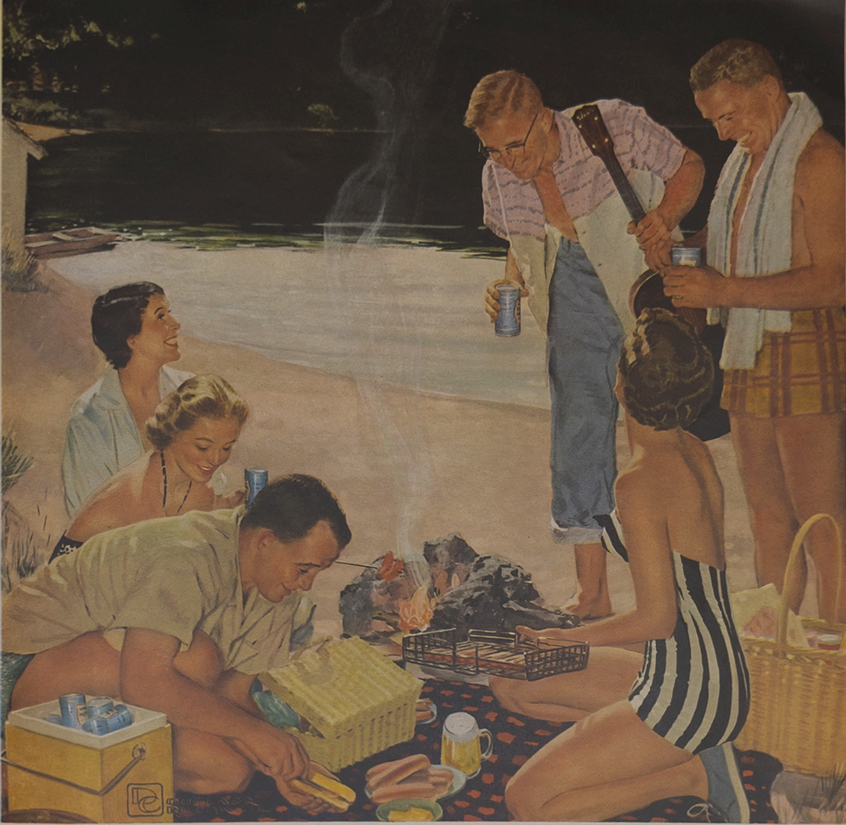




A 30-inch oven extends across 40-inch range. Twin broiler units simultaneously provide rare meat for some, well-done for others. Full-width storage drawer. Westinghouse

A convenience-packed 40 inches: center griddle, covered when not in use; lamp that swings to focus light; the twin ovens have quickly cleaned near-white interiors. Norge

Continued on page 98



"SUPPER ON THE SAND" by Douglass Crockwell. *Number 111 in the Series "Home Life in America"*

After a day in the sun–

What makes a glass of beer taste so good?

Malted barley and other grains are carefully selected from our country's choicest crops. The tangy hops that give beer its distinctive taste are harvested only when their flavor is at its best.

Pure, clear water—as pure as finest spring water—and brewing equipment kept absolutely spotless to maintain that purity.

Important minerals—including certain basic elements our bodies use up every day—are among the natural ingredients of beer.

The way it "goes with everything." Beer fits right in with the friendly informal kind of social gathering that's so typically American. That's why beer and ale are traditionally considered *America's Beverages of Moderation.*

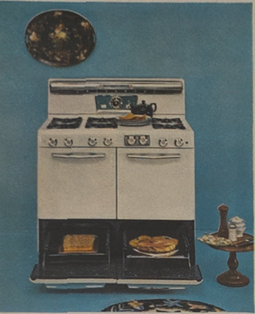
Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

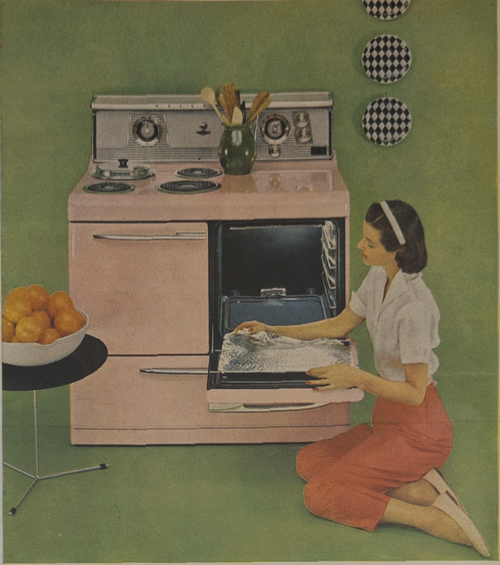
McCALL'S
KITCHEN
LAUNDRY
CONTEST

new ranges

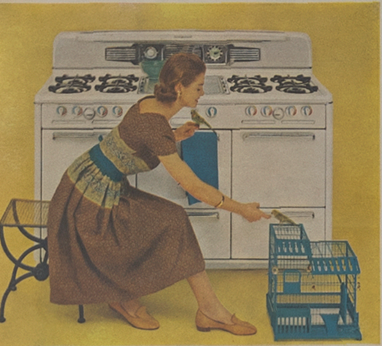
continued



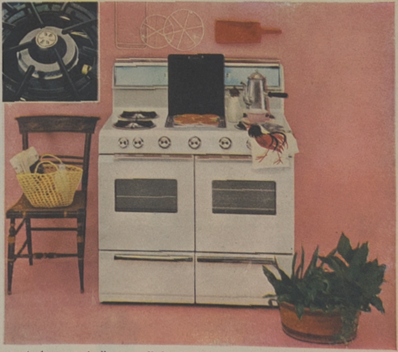
Two ovens, two broilers and six top burners provide lavish cooking area and make it possible to bake and broil at the same time or even use all four ovens at once! Universal



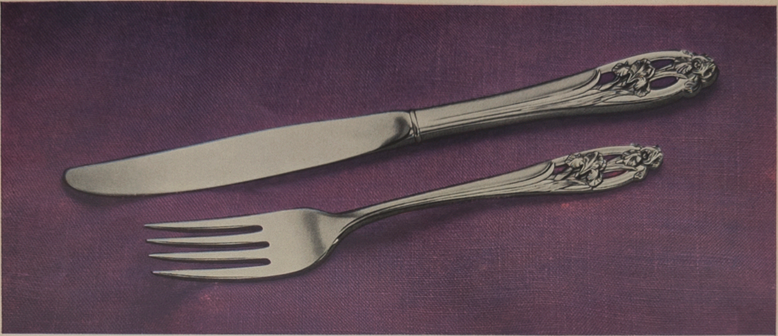
Disposable aluminum foil oven-liners do away with cleaning chore. Cut-to-size sheets come with range, fit under removable oven-rack guides. Range is available in seven pastels besides pictured pink. Kelvinator



A superdreadnought of a range, designed for the family that demands real scope in cooking convenience. It's just about 59 inches across and boasts eight top burners and a griddle (practical work space when not in use for cooking) plus two ovens and three broilers. Roper



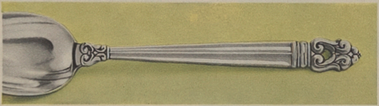
A thermostatically controlled griddle converts into giant extra burner (see insert). Temperature is regulated by means of a heat-sensitive "eye" which touches the bottom of griddle or cooking utensil and adjusts heat automatically. This means a happy end to pot-watching. Two look-in ovens. Estate



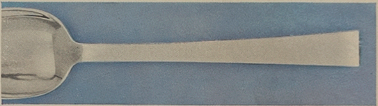
SILVER IRIS . . . $37.50*

The new deep-sculptured *Silver Iris* takes its place among the best-loved sterling patterns

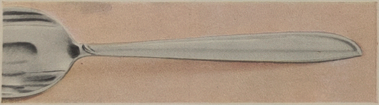
ALL PATTERNS MADE IN U. S. A.



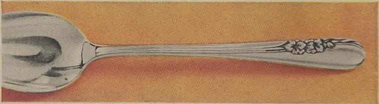
ROYAL DANISH . . . distinctive, timeless beauty . . . $37.50*



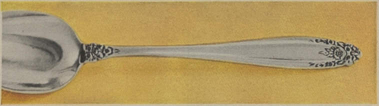
CONTINENTAL . . . a masterpiece of modern design . . . $37.50*



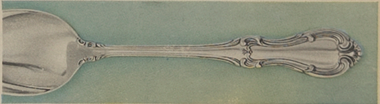
SILVER RHYTHM . . . to form a "balanced setting" . . . $32.50*



BLOSSOM TIME . . . a new idea in sterling design . . . $29.75*



PRELUDE . . . delicate, youthful, romantic . . . $29.75*



JOAN OF ARC . . . with charming grace and dignity . . . $29.75*

SILVER IRIS is a pattern of exquisite beauty, deep-sculptured in solid silver. You can *see* and *feel* its luxurious weight. Unusual carving and openwork round out the full iris flowers. From every angle—front, back and sides—the magnificent detail is deep and clear.

Silver Iris is obviously the work of master silversmiths and could be created *only* in sterling. The intricate beauty of the design—the soft, glowing color of the solid silver—cannot be duplicated in a lesser metal. And sterling is, of course, the only silverware traditionally found, generation after generation, in the loveliest homes.

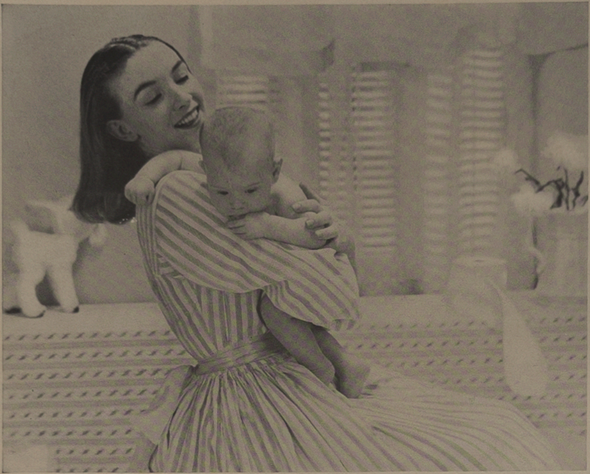
All of the patterns shown have International holloware to match or harmonize, so you can set your table with gleaming serving dishes, candelabra and tea and coffee service in your own precious sterling pattern.

Ask your silverware dealer to show you Silver Iris in International Sterling. If you wish, you may get your complete service for eight—in a handsome, solid mahogany drawer chest—and pay for it while you enjoy it—as little as $3.75 a week. The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

*Prices shown are for one 6-piece place setting with hollow-handle butter spreader. Fed. tax included.

International Sterling

The solid silver with beauty that lives forever.



His skin really is thinner than yours—give it gentle care

Keeping baby Comfortable helps to keep him happy

ONE DAILY COMFORT YOU CAN GIVE HIM IS THIS SOFTER TISSUE

You clip his tiny nails frequently. Soft as they are they might scratch and "hurt" his tender skin. Be sure to guard his skin comfort at changing time, too, with the New ScotTissue. It is always gentle yet firm to prevent tearing and shredding.

From the time he's a minute old, he depends on you for every smallest need. Your loving attention to his baby comfort helps him to enjoy his big new world.

One simple but rewarding comfort you can give him is a bathroom tissue that is "tender skin" soft. The New ScotTissue is even gentler than before. Yet its strength and absorbency make for neat, thorough cleanups.

"ScotTissue," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

1000 sheets—over ½ more than the 650 sheets you get from most other tissues

NEW!
Softer than ever
ScotTissue
soft·absorbent·white
1000 SHEETS

You'll find the New ScotTissue not only comfier for baby but your best choice for the whole family, too. The big 1000-sheet roll goes further, lasts longer - doesn't need to be replaced so often. Get the New ScotTissue. It's another great Scott value.

2 rolls of ScotTissue equal more than 3 rolls of most other tissues

(Continued from page 92)

once more what he had done. His thoughts were drifting back to the days after Gordon Beckwood's death, when he had succumbed to an overwhelming sense of failure, when he had locked himself in, unable to face people. He was a lawyer, and the function of the law was to uphold right and to condemn wrong, and he had stood there helplessly and let right be murdered and wrong win out. And then slowly his spirit had begun to rise again because he came to realize that there was a message in this for him, and the message was unmistakable. It told him to see to it that what had been done to his friend would not be done again to others. He needed something dramatic that would prove to people that what had happened to Gordon could happen to anybody as innocent as Gordon had been. And he had thought of himself, and how it could happen to him, and then he had known what he had to do.

He was hardly aware that he had been speaking out loud. Now that he had stopped he became conscious of the silence.

Larry's back was turned; his legs were dangling over the arm of his chair. He asked, "What makes you so sure Beckwood was innocent?"

"You don't have to take my word for it," Spencer said. "Ask the FBI. The FBI is a fact-finding agency; they never deal with anything but facts. They investigated Gordon for two years, and they found nothing."

"What are they going to find in your case?"

"Nothing."

"Well, what are you worried about?" Larry asked. He swung his legs around and got up slowly.

"There were no facts against Gordon, and look what happened to him."

Larry had walked over to the window again. He turned to Spencer. "Let me out of this, chum. I don't want to play any more."

Spencer shook his head. "I can't now, Larry. It's too late. You're the only person who knows the truth."

"You've got the letter."

"That may not be enough. You watched me type it; you'll probably have to testify to that. The typewriter—well, it'll be the final piece of evidence." He looked at Larry. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But it wasn't my typewriter. I borrowed it."

"You didn't tell me that."

"What's the difference?" Larry said quickly. "I know where it is. I just wish you'd never started the thing. It's my own fault. I should have talked you out of it."

"You couldn't have."

Suddenly Larry's face went red. He said savagely, "I didn't have to be a part of it, did I? If you want to be a hero, why take me for the ride? Why didn't you go to Louise? She'd have adored it. Or to that dame who wants to marry you? Why me?" He was standing close to Spencer; his hands were shaking. "All the highfalutin stuff about improving the world—who the hell wants it? But you've always been like that—always!" He spat the words out viciously.

"Larry," Spencer said, "you have never been my friend, have you?"

"Well, chum, you certainly picked a hell of a time to come to that conclusion. But now let me ask you a question. Are you in love with Louise?"

Spencer looked at him fully. "I was in love with her years ago, Larry, you know that. I guess, somehow, I never grew out of it. But when she turned to you I accepted it. It was never again mentioned between Louise and me—until very recently."

Larry said in a soft voice, slowly, "That's interesting. What happened 'very recently'?"

"Louise is unhappy. She's come to me with her problems—she's always done that—and, well, mixed up as she is, she's been misjudging her feelings for me. We talked about that."

Larry shook his head in mock admiration. "You talked. Nothing but talk. I'd have loved to be there when you talked. You really want me to believe—"

"Larry," Spencer said, "at this point I don't give a damn what you believe. I've given up. I've always considered you my friend. Louise is your wife—"

"And now," Larry said with a broad grin, "now I'm not your friend any more. That makes it quite convenient, doesn't it?"

"She is still your wife," Spencer said.

"Yes, and marriages are sacred, and other men's wives are taboo. I know all that, and I humbly apologize for the fact that in a weak moment I made the contemptible mistake of thinking you were human."

Spencer lowered his head in an effort to stay calm. He had to try once more to settle the most important question. "Larry, forgetting everything else between us, will you stick with me until this thing is finished? Will you be my witness?"

Larry stood facing him, his hands in his pockets, and began to sway lightly from one foot to the other. He didn't speak.

Spencer continued: "I'm not appealing to friendship or to—well, let's say long years of companionship. This is—impersonal. I'd like to call it a business proposition, only a business proposition should include some kind of tangible reward, and I'm afraid there isn't anything in it for you or me, except maybe—" he smiled— "a good deal of publicity, not necessarily favorable." He added, "Don't answer me now. Think it over. Give me your answer by tomorrow afternoon."

Larry's expression changed. His face relaxed, the coldness left his eyes. "Okay, chum," he said, and turned to leave.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 2:40 P.M. Mark Hellridge's statement was carried in the afternoon papers. The *Star Journal* featured it, boxed in, on page one, with a short editorial comment reiterating Walt Fowler's accusations. Underneath the article: "Tune in tonight at 7:15, Channel 3, when Walt Fowler edits the news with his special guest, Senator Aaron Coop."

Spencer was having a sandwich at his desk; it was almost three o'clock. He had been working with Art on a brief involving the merger of two chemical firms. Suddenly his stomach began to hurt again. He shoved the sandwich aside and reached for his glass of milk, but the pains became agonizing and he almost blacked out. Then he rallied with an effort and groped for the phone. He dialed his doctor's office and made an appointment for five o'clock.

After that he began to feel better, and regretted having called. His pains were psychosomatic, most likely; he'd only waste his and the doctor's time. He was about to phone Dr. Stroll's office again when the buzzer on his desk sounded.

Miles was calling him. The old man was upset about Mark Hellridge's statement; he thought it was damaging and grossly unfair. Spencer had to explain to him in detail what had happened.

"Well," Miles said, "it's most unfortunate." His voice was heavy.

Following an impulse, Spencer said, "Mr. Miles, I hope you trust me."

"What makes you say that?" Miles sounded surprised.

Spencer felt guilty and upset at the old man's genuine concern. It seemed he always felt guilty when he talked to Miles, but now, of course, he couldn't explain. He just said, "You've been so very helpful to me. You've done so much."

Miles chuckled. "My, you are an emotional fellow, aren't you?" There was a pause. "I'll tell you something," Miles went on, "just to clear the deck." He stopped. Spencer was waiting, suddenly tense.

"There are some things in this I don't understand. Your behavior in some instances has puzzled me, I must admit. At odd moments it has seemed to me as if you're holding back something." Miles hesitated and continued very deliberately: "I'm not questioning your character—I never have—nor your professional ability. But sometimes I have my doubts—and please don't take offense at this—my severe doubts as to the soundness of your judgment. You're quite emotional, Donovan, as I said before, and maybe too emotional for your own good."

Spencer's heartbeat was so loud he was afraid Miles could hear it at the other end of the phone.

"Accept this from an old man who is very fond of you and who believes in you," Miles said, "and think about it, if you will. We'll have occasion to thrash it out together."

At five o'clock Spencer was sitting in Dr. Stroll's waiting room, glancing through a six-month-old magazine. He had just made it in time. Paul Adams of the Associated Press had called after Spencer had already left the office, and Mary had had to run out to the corridor to fetch him.

The conversation with Adams had been short.

"I wanted to explain to you," Spencer said, "this so-called interview in the *Daily Worker* is nothing but a fake. I never made any kind of statement. I hardly talked to the man."

"So I understand."

Spencer said, "I didn't want you to think I'd changed my mind without informing you."

Nothing from Adams. Spencer took a breath. "I'm in a difficult position, Mr. Adams, and the reporter caught me by surprise." That wasn't at all what he had intended to say. Why didn't the man speak?

"I appreciate your calling me, Mr. Donovan," Paul Adams said. That had been the whole conversation.

Doctor Stroll's nurse came in. She eyed Spencer with unusual curiosity, it seemed to him, and said the doctor would see him now.

Doctor Stroll was a man in his early sixties, lean and clean-shaven, with cool eyes behind heavy glasses. His hands were delicate-looking and very white, but his handshake was almost like an athlete's grip.

After he had examined Spencer he asked, "What makes you think your pains are psychosomatic?"

"Well," Spencer said, "I've never had any stomach trouble. But I've

(Continued on page 104)

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Place 1 slice pre-cooked smoked ham, approx. 1½ lbs., in 10″ x 6″ baking dish. Sprinkle with 2 Tbs. chopped onion. Dot with 1 Tbs. butter. Bake in moderately hot (400°F.) oven 15 min. Lower heat to 375°F. Slice 2 hard-cooked eggs over top of ham. Pour 1 cup Heinz Tomato Ketchup over eggs. Sprinkle with ½ tsp. anise seed, 2 Tbs. grated process American Cheese. Bake 20 min., until cheese melts and ham is cooked. Serves 4.

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Combine ¾ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. salt and 2 cups soft bread crumbs. Mix 1½ cups of this mixture with 3 cups of unpeeled rhubarb, cut in 1 in. pieces, in greased 1½ qt. casserole. Add 1 banana, 1 tart peeled apple, both thinly sliced. Combine ½ cup of Heinz Tomato Ketchup, 1 Tbs. lemon rind, 1 Tbs. lemon juice. Pour over fruit. Sprinkle with remaining bread crumb mixture. Dot with 3 Tbs. butter. Cover; bake at 350° F. 1¼ hours. Serve warm or cold. Garnish with whipped cream or cottage cheese. Serves 8.

$1,500 3rd GRAND PRIZE WINNER

Mrs. Joe Zimmerman
429 Wood Street
Mansfield, Ohio

ALMOND CHICK-UP

Shake cut-up chicken fryer (3 lbs.) in paper bag containing ½ cup flour, 1 Tbs. salt, ¼ tsp. pepper, 1 Tbs. paprika. Brown chicken in ½ cup melted shortening. Place in 2-qt. casserole. Sauté ½ cup slivered almonds. Blend in flour mixture remaining in bag. Gradually stir in 2 bouillon cubes dissolved in 2 cups boiling water. When mixture thickens, stir in 1 bottle Heinz Tomato Ketchup, ½ cup dairy sour cream. Pour over chicken in casserole. Cover. Bake 50 minutes at 375° F. Sprinkle with ½ cup grated process American Cheese. Return to oven for 10 minutes. Serves 6.

THE WINNERS

"Cook With Ketchup" Contest

These nine women take top honors with their inspired recipes for dishes made with thick, spicy Heinz Ketchup

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EGGS AMPLE
Mrs. Evelyn Rose Peterson
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$1,000 Winner—Class 4
BELL RINGER SALAD DRESSING
Mrs. Buford F. Heidbrink
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$1,000 Winner—Class 5
PIQUANT CHILI NESTS
Clarice J. Coleman
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CORAL RICE ISLAND CASSEROLE
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$5,000 GRAND PRIZE WINNER

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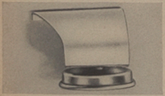

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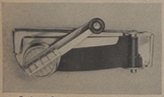

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(Continued from page 101)

been very upset lately, and I'm always getting these pains in critical moments when I get overexcited."

The doctor nodded. "'Psychosomatic,' the way the word has been used lately—frequently misused, I might say—is a loose term. Even if your pains were psychosomatic—and I can tell you more about that after I get the results of today's examination—it wouldn't exclude the possibility of a concrete physical source for your pains. Your mental condition might just be an additional factor." He pulled out a prescription pad. "All I can do today is give you something to calm your nerves—tablets to take three times a day. They're harmless but effective. In the meantime I will get my reports and call you as soon as I know the result."

They rose and Doctor Stroll put his hand on Spencer's shoulder. "Mr. Donovan, I read the papers, like everybody else. I'd be sick too if I had your kind of trouble."

"Yes," Spencer said.

"Something very disturbing has entered our public life. It's poisonous and vicious, like a disease. Everybody realizes it, but nobody does anything about it. Why not, I wonder?"

"I'm wondering too," Spencer said.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 6:30 P.M. Spencer found Emma's note on the dining table, together with an unusually large number of letters. The note said:

> Mr. Donovan, with my husband sick I'm afraid you better look for somebody else. Was nice working for you and I am sorry. You owe me 2 dollar, I deduct 25 cts. for broken glass, which makes it 1 dollar 75 cts. God bless you, Emma.

Why hadn't she called him, and why couldn't she continue to work for him after her husband's recovery? Then he remembered her strange behavior that morning and he understood. She had been working for him for more than five years. They had been getting along very well, but that didn't seem to mean very much these days, did it? Five years of a personal relationship were easily outweighed by forty-eight hours of newspaper smear.

He picked up his letters, about twenty of them. He never got that number of letters at his home address. Some of the envelopes showed the same rather childish handwriting. He opened the first one and pulled out a piece of coarse stationery—and then, before he began to read, he knew what all these letters were about. Vulgar words jumped at him, printed in pencil, obscene phrases monotonously repeated over several pages. A letter from a women's picnic club in New Jersey offered him a one-way ticket to Russia (no sender's address given); patriotic outbursts called him a rotten Jew; and a letter from a minister—this one signed, written meticulously in a fine old hand—asked him to repent and turn away from the devil's temptations and back to God.

All the letters were spread out on Spencer's desk now, some of them still unopened. A cloud of venom rose from them, thickening the air and choking him. The onslaught of evil—he had seen it before, but now it was directed against him, and the impact was totally unexpected. Gordon Beckwood had sat like this in front of his desk, near the window from which he later jumped. Gordon had been through this, through more of it, much more.

This is just the beginning—it's laughable, thought Spencer. It isn't really meant for me; it's meant for someone of my own creation. I did it; I brought it on myself. He looked up; the clock on his desk showed seven-ten. There was something he wanted to do at seven-fifteen; he wondered what it was. Then he remembered—seven-fifteen—Walt Fowler on Channel 3 with Senator Coop.

He moved to the television set and turned the dial. The screen lit up, and after a succession of swiftly changing patterns a face appeared, and Spencer realized with a shock that it was Walt Fowler's face, large and imposing, right here in his living room.

Fowler began to report the news in his husky voice. Spencer remembered that a woman he had once met had called Fowler's voice exciting and sexy. He must be about forty-five, thought Spencer. Quite objectively, he has a handsome face, an impressive forehead—well, now, maybe it just seems impressive because of his receding hairline.

His mouth was large and well formed, maybe a trifle weak, and under bushy eyebrows the eyes were small. Raising his voice—He shouldn't raise his voice, thought Spencer; it suddenly assumes a squeaky quality—he gave some news he called "exclusive," minor items about a rumored switch of ambassadors and a contemplated change in a key administration job, gathered from a "usually reliable source."

"And now, folks," Fowler said, "one of the most distinguished members of the United States Senate is paying us a visit tonight. His statesmanlike opinions on foreign and domestic affairs, forcefully expressed, are a matter of record. He has frequently been called a controversial figure, but only by those who for some sinister reasons of their own have disagreed with his uncompromising stand against the Red menace. Folks, here is your friend, that great American, Senator Aaron Coop."

The senator's round face was beaming, his little mouth half-open. "Thank you, Walt," he said. "Thank you for

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a most generous and undeserved introduction. Glad to be here tonight, always glad to have a chat with you."

"Now, then, Senator," Fowler said, "you made a statement the other day—on Saturday, I think. You were commenting on the recent case of a New York attorney who has been exposed as a Red sympathizer."

The senator raised his left hand. "Well, now, my remarks were more or less directed at the general condition in our country, not so much at a specific case. By the way, you were the one—I'd like to bring that up, if you'll excuse me, Walt—you were the one who had a major share in this—uh—recent development."

"Thank you, Senator." Fowler turned his face back to the audience. "Folks, I want to make it clear that a man in Senator Coop's position, a man of his high integrity, is naturally reluctant to mention names in public."

"I just like to be fair," came the senator's disembodied voice.

"However," Fowler continued, "I'm a newspaperman. I think it is my duty to single out certain individuals whom I consider potentially dangerous to you and me. How do you feel about that, Senator?"

Aaron Coop looked down and said carefully, undoubtedly reading from prepared notes, "I feel that any individual dangerous to the interests of the United States—which would include, I may add, his being in a *position* to hurt the interests of the United States—such individual, I feel, should be subject to federal investigation and subsequently, if the result of the investigation warrants it, subject to prosecution."

"Wouldn't you say, Senator, that a prominent attorney who gained his reputation through counseling politically important persons, and whose speeches and public utterances have been publicized on a nationwide if not a world-wide scale, is in a position to hurt the interests of this country?"

"I am not equipped to answer that, Walt," Aaron Coop said. "There are too many legal questions involved."

"Well, the man I'm talking about," Fowler said, "Mr. Spencer Donovan of New York, has already announced that he will bring a libel suit against me—and I am looking forward to this suit with the greatest of interest. Therefore I feel fully entitled to use his name on this program. Mr. Donovan appeared as defense counsel for the late Gordon Beckwood before a Senate committee of which you were a member, Senator. Coming to the aid of a notorious traitor—"

Senator Coop cut in. "Mr. Beckwood's guilt has never been officially established, Walt. I beg you to keep that in mind."

"Surely. But may I quote your own words, Senator? In your interview with the United Press you said, 'Anybody who hurries to the rescue of a traitor is most likely a traitor himself.'"

"That," the senator said, "was meant to be a general comment, which I believe to be valid. It didn't necessarily refer to any specific case."

"The fact remains," Fowler said, "that Mr. Donovan appeared in Mr. Beckwood's behalf. And after Mr. Beckwood's regrettable suicide Mr. Donovan summoned a press conference and accused you, Senator Coop, of being responsible for his client's death. He called you, and I quote, 'a killer who murdered an innocent man,' and he repeated this slanderous allegation two days ago in an interview with"—he paused dramatically— "the Communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*." Fowler paused again and added in a voice trembling with emotion, "In all honesty, Senator, I couldn't think of a statement more damaging to the vital interests of this country than that one, directed against one of the most important members of the United States Senate."

Aaron Coop's head was filling the screen. There was a faint, idyllic smile on his face. His voice was very soft. "I haven't seen the *Daily Worker*, Walt, but, as to the original statement, I said then, and I'm saying now, that it was made by a person who was at the time under the influence of a great shock. I would not care to hold a statement made under such conditions against anybody. I am a United States senator, Walt, and I'm proud of that fact, but I am also—" and he lowered his head modestly— "human."

"You most certainly are." Fowler was rushing now. "But as a senator and as a human being, wouldn't you say the American people should be protected from—certain dangerous individuals?"

Aaron Coop nodded his head. "Yes, I would."

"Then what would be your recommendation in this specific instance, Senator?"

"It is not up to me to make recommendations," the senator said, consulting his notes again. "However, this case seems to have attracted nationwide attention, and in the interest of the public, as well as in the interest of the individual involved, I would like to see the issue clarified. The Un-American Activities Committee is in session now, here in Washington. I am convinced that the members of the committee would be willing to hear the testimony of any person desiring to testify as to information pertinent to the functions of that committee."

"Thank you, Senator Coop," Fowler said, but at that moment the screen went dark, and a booming voice cut in. "The opinions expressed in the preceding program are not the opinions of the Federal Broadcasting Network or of—"

Spencer turned the set off. Now, he realized, within the last few minutes, he had reached his goal. Here, in the senator's closing remark, had been the invitation to apply for a committee hearing. The public forum he had been striving for had been offered to him.

MONDAY, JULY 23, 7:40 P.M.

Larry had seen the telecast in Sheila Burnett's apartment. He had watched it alone; Sheila was not interested in politics. She had gone into the bedroom, leaving the door open.

After seeing Fowler's interview with Coop, Larry was confused, and he greatly resented his confusion. Everything seemed to happen the way Spencer had predicted it. Next Spencer would probably go to Washington and testify with flashlights and headlines and the whole hullabaloo. That would involve him, and he didn't want to be involved. It was his own fault; he should never have got into it; but at the time it had sounded like fun. It served him right.

"Turn on some music, honey," Sheila said from the other room. He didn't answer.

Of course the whole thing was crazy, unless—yes, unless Spencer really was a Red. That should have occurred to him immediately. Then it made sense. Spencer had tried to use him as a dupe and had almost got away with it—a smart scheme, typical of the way these Commies operated. Only Larry wasn't so sure any

(Continued on page 106)

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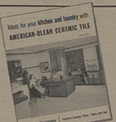
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(Continued from page 105)

more that Spencer was a Commie. He had sounded so damn' sincere.

The way he had carried on about friendship, with all the emotional teetertottering of a June bride! Nuts to that. Hell, Larry had been as good a friend to Spencer as he could be to anyone, but he hadn't mortgaged his soul to him. The "till death us do part" business was not in the deal. That was a piece of the other proposition, the man-and-woman racket. And, talking about that, how about Louise and Spencer? It seemed to be the best friend's sacred duty to take over a guy's wife. How about that?

"Didn't you hear me, honey?" Sheila asked. She walked across the room to turn the radio on. When she had found some soft dance music she straightened up. "I have to be at a clambake at the Waldorf at eight-thirty," she said.

"What kind of a clambake?"

"American Fashion and Novelty and Trimming Incorporated. You want to go?"

"Good God, no," said Larry. Sometimes she really looked her age, he thought, eyeing her as she started back toward the bedroom. But then, she was six or seven years older than Louise.

Where was Louise? Most likely with Spencer, in his apartment.

He went to the phone and angrily dialed his home.

After a moment she answered.

"Oh, you're home," he said. He felt relieved.

"Yes," said Louise.

"When did you get back?"

"A little while ago." Her voice was dull and tired.

"Where were you all night?"

She didn't speak, and he got angry. "Can't you answer me?"

She said, "I don't want to talk now, Larry. I want to go to sleep."

"All right." He tried to check his temper. "I'll be home soon." He slammed the receiver down and turned. Sheila was standing in the door to the bedroom, watching him.

"I've got to get going," Larry said.

Sheila smiled. "Sure. Wait a minute and I'll go out with you." She went back into the bedroom.

She doesn't give a damn, Larry thought.

Maybe Louise hadn't been with Spencer and Spencer hadn't lied to him. Maybe the whole thing was on the level. Spencer was such a strange guy, you never knew. Larry had been amused at him when they first met. Spencer had seemed so impressed with Larry, heaven knows why; he had followed him around like a dog. Larry hadn't cared for Spencer one way or the other, but with a dog's tenacity Spencer had made Larry like him. There was some power in the guy, coming from nowhere—you couldn't put your finger on it; it got you mad. Spencer Donovan knew all about friendship and love and right and wrong; nobody else did. Spencer Donovan was God's substitute on earth. And if the world didn't fit his conception—well, then the world had to change.

Larry went to the bedroom door. "Sheila—"

"Just a moment, honey."

"Listen, I might want to borrow your typewriter for a day or two."

"When?"

"I don't know yet."

"It's okay. I have to write a fashion article for *Harper's*, but I can do it in the office."

"That's fine." He was about to go back to his chair, and then he saw the typewriter and stopped.

He said, "That isn't the one you had, is it?"

"What isn't, honey?"

He was standing at the desk now, looking closely at the machine. "The typewriter. It isn't the one I used before."

"No," Sheila said. She came into the living room. "I gave the old one away. It was in bad shape. Why?"

"I might need it, Sheila. I might need your old typewriter." He had to clear his throat. "Who did you give it to?"

"To a friend," Sheila said. "I don't understand—"

"Who is this friend?"

She said, "A girl who got an assignment abroad. She was stony broke and needed a typewriter."

"Where is she now?"

"In Europe, as far as I know."

"Can you reach her somewhere?"

"I doubt it. I can try. But will you please explain to me—"

"I can't explain it to you, Sheila. At any rate, I can't explain it to you now." Suddenly he was both angry and frightened. "It just—it just might be damn' important to get hold of that typewriter!"

(To be concluded)

Dangerous encounter

Continued from page 50

her and that it was a simple, restful kind of happiness. They had the same tastes, the same temperaments—steady, reserved, a little inarticulate when it came to the emotions. But they understood each other without words.

A vague sense of uneasiness made him open his eyes. Something, he knew, was wrong, and as he sat up he knew what it was. The surface of the pool was calm. The girl was still underwater.

He jumped up in alarm. But at that moment her head bobbed up only a few feet away from him. Her mouth opened, sucking in air. She saw him.

"Hi," she said. "I was seeing how long I could stay under."

"I see." He felt foolish and, although he was only thirty-five, a little old. The girl looked so young and fresh and lovely. Her laughing eyes tilted upward slightly at the outer corners and the bone structure of her face was beautiful.

"Come on in," she said. "Try it. It's a different world down there. Sometimes I stay down until I think I'm going to explode."

"Why?" John said.

She laughed. "Why do people climb mountains? Or run around race tracks to break speed records?" She swam over to the pool's edge and looked up at him. "I never ask myself *why* I do things. I just do them."

John squatted on his haunches and grinned at her. "I always wanted to meet a creature of impulse," he said. "The next time you're ready to throw a rock into a plate-glass window, let me know."

"But that's just it. I won't know until I do it." She tilted her head. "What's your name?"

"John Cummings."

"Mine is Kay Baines."

"When did you arrive at the hotel?"

"Oh, I'm not staying here." She hoisted herself to the pool's rim and sat there, her legs dangling in the water. "I just rent a cabana because of the high diving board. I live down here with my father."

Something darted into John's mind. "Is your father Everett Baines, the architect?" Everett Baines had designed many of the show places in Palm Beach. He was also known for his volatile temperament, his succession of young wives and his fondness for the bottle.

"Yes." She frowned and looked away. "Are you from New York?"

"That's right."

She looked at him again. "What do you do?"

Her directness made him smile. "Do you always ask so many questions?"

"I guess I'm interested in people."

"Well, in that case—I'm a lawyer."

"Oh." She sounded disappointed.

He smiled. "I'm sorry to let you down. You would have been more interested to hear that I was an artist or an explorer or a novelist, wouldn't you?"

She smiled faintly. "I guess so. Lawyers are usually so—well—conventional and dull. A little set in their ways." She added lightly: "Present company excepted, of course. There's something about the set of your ears that reveals a reckless, uninhibited nature. Anyone can see that."

He grinned. They began to talk. He was conscious of a confusion of impressions. There were times when he knew that he had all her attention, others when she looked away into space as if her thoughts had left him. He was a little piqued. But he was interested too. She had a look of absolute assurance, and it was this, more than anything else, that struck him as unique. When she said something amusing, it was as if she didn't care if he laughed or not. At other times her face came alive as he spoke; her smile teased and beckoned. He would feel a sharp lift of expectation then, as if he were poised on the edge of something wonderful.

FINALLY she jumped to her feet. He rose, a little dazed, and saw that she was frowning and looking around her restlessly. Only a moment before he had thought he was doing fine; now he wasn't sure. She was like one of those trick pictures that change in color and perspective as you move it in your hand.

"I'm going off the high board again," she said. She looked at him. "Do you dive?"

John hesitated. He knew somehow that she would lose all interest in him if he said no. He did not want her to lose interest in him.

He smiled. "I used to be able to do a sort of dying-swan dive."

"Well, come on up with me."

He opened his mouth to laugh, because it was such a preposterous idea. But the girl had already half-turned away from him. In another moment she would be gone.

"All right," he said. He was astonished at himself. "I'll come up for the view, anyway."

He followed her up the winding ladder. At the top he held on to the railing, conscious of a sharp impact upon his senses. From this dizzy height everything looked different. He felt faintly giddy.

"I'm off," Kay said. She paused; her body arched. Then she went plummeting downward. There was a high geyser of spray far below as she hit the water.

Her head finally bobbed up again. Her voice came up thinly, shouting: "Come on!"

John stood motionless. No, he thought, no! The water, far below, blurred and wavered; he felt cold and sick. He would not jump. It was too foolish. He would turn around and go down the ladder like any sensible person.

But for a few spinning seconds he did not move.

The girl's voice came again. "What are you waiting for?"

He swallowed. Was there a taunt already in her voice? But of course there was. She saw him very clearly now for what he was—a cautious young man, deliberate in his movements, who would turn in a moment and descend safely to the ground by the ladder. Whatever passing interest she had had in him before would, in a matter of moments, be transmuted into amusement, impatience and then indifference.

Suddenly he loathed himself and his hesitation. He took a deep, shuddering breath and sprang forward into space. For an endless interval there was a wild rushing in his ears and the blurred consciousness of brilliant blue water rushing up to meet him—

He met the water with stinging impact, plunging down as cold green bubbles exploded in his ears. Then, fighting his way to the surface again, he gulped loudly at the air. The girl's face was only a few feet away and she was grinning.

"Good boy," she said. "I don't think you'll make the Olympics, but wasn't it fun?"

He didn't have the breath to answer. But his whole body, despite the cold of the water, was warm with exhilaration; he felt dizzy, almost drunk, although he wasn't sure why.

(Continued on page 108)

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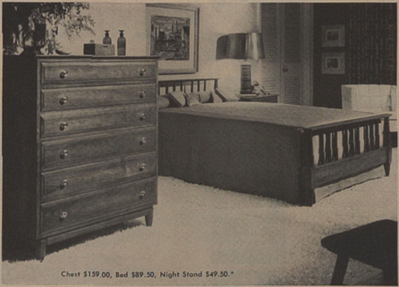

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(Continued from page 107)

That night he slept restlessly. The girl invaded his dreams. She stood before him in her bathing suit, her hand outstretched. She was flushed and laughing and beautiful. "Come on!" she said. "What are you waiting for?" And she darted away. He was filled with a painful eagerness to follow her but he moved with agonizing slowness, as if he were underwater . . .

He awoke early, strangely tired, the dream forgotten. It was another perfect day and, looking out his window at the patio below, he wondered if the girl would come again. It occurred to him that she might never come again while he was here. He might never see her again.

He stood motionless, a heaviness in his chest. He was astonished at himself. It had been a long time, he thought, since he had been so quickly attracted to a girl.

He dressed and went down. After breakfast he got into bathing trunks. At the side of the pool he found his eyes watching the long lines of white cabanas, but the girl did not appear. Finally he stretched out in a beach chair and closed his eyes.

After a while a shadow fell upon him. His eyes opened. A pretty girl stood in front of him, smiling. Her dark hair was arranged in pert bangs on her forehead; her nose had a charming tilt. When she spoke, her voice was low, a little husky. "Trick or treat?" she said.

"Beth!" He scrambled to his feet. "You're really here!"

"Well—most of me." She grinned. "I think part of my stomach is still up in a DC-4, now on its way to Bermuda. It's wonderful to see you, Johnny."

"It's wonderful to see you." But he had a tangled sense of gladness and guilt, although he didn't know why. And then he remembered that only a minute before he had been thinking of the other girl, Kay Baines. Or maybe, he thought, his confusion was based on something else. Beth brought back so much that he had forgotten—New York and his job, the little restaurants where they met for dinner, the theater, her cozy apartment high up in one of the cold gray buildings. All these things made a natural background for Beth. Now, seeing her against the hot, brilliant colors of Florida, he felt as if a familiar picture had gone out of focus.

She said admiringly: "You look as if you're bursting with vitamins and minerals." She glanced down at her white arms and shook her head. "This color was fine for Madison Avenue, but down here I look as if I'm coming down with beriberi. I've got to get sun-tanned quick." She tilted her head back and closed her eyes against the sun. "Ah-h-h, that's it. I can actually feel the freckles popping out."

He laughed. He didn't feel confused any more. He felt warm and happy because she was here and she was a wonderful girl and they would have a fine time together.

"Be careful," he said. "Florida freckles are a much more dangerous variety than the New York breed."

Her eyes flew open. "That's right. I've been warned about the tropical sun." She looked thoughtful. "They ought to sell a special kind of sun hat down here. Maybe with Venetian blinds in front."

He smiled. And then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw a blob of white moving toward him. He turned his head. His heart beat faster.

But he made his voice light. "Here comes a girl I met yesterday. We went off the high diving board together."

(Continued on page 110)

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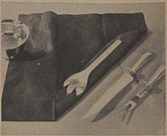

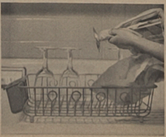

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(Continued from page 108)

"You did?" Beth said, startled. "Why?" Her head turned and her face stilled. "Oh."

Kay was walking toward them, long-limbed and brown, her molasses-colored hair glinting in the sun. When she reached them, she said, "Hi."

"Hi," John said. He introduced the two girls. To Kay he said: "Miss Travers just flew down from New York. She has an aunt who lives down here."

Kay looked at Beth. Her mouth curved. "Welcome to the land of the palm and the grapefruit," she said. "I'd offer to show you around but I'm afraid I'd be a rather unorthodox guide. I seem to gravitate to all the off-beat places."

Beth looked interested. "Such as?"

"Oh, the all-night Cuban clubs on the edge of town, for instance. They get pretty wild at three, four o'clock in the morning, but they're exciting too." Her head turned slowly; her eyes went to John. Something flickered there. "Manuel's is my favorite. I'm there almost every night—quite late."

His heart gave two slow, heavy beats and then began to race. But he kept his face smooth. "What do these places offer, exactly?"

"Well, wonderful native dancing, for one thing." She looked away from him and smiled at Beth. "And yellow rice and black beans and cold beer. Sort of a shore dinner."

"Well, thanks," Beth said drily, "but I think I'll stick to stateside."

Kay turned away to the high diving board. To John she said: "Coming up?"

"Not at the moment." His voice was careless. "Maybe a little later." He felt Beth staring at him and it made him feel good.

He was with Beth all that day. They lunched together, swam together, talked together in low voices as they lazed on the beach. As always, he enjoyed talking to her; she had a quick mind and a simple kind of logic that both amused and impressed him. Later that night, after dinner and a ride in the car he had hired, they walked down deserted Worth Avenue hand in hand, looking into the shop windows.

They did not speak, but John felt a sense of warmth and contentment. It had been a wonderful day, he thought. They had laughed and argued and shared deep, companionable silences.

They stopped in front of one of the shop windows. "Look," Beth said. "A fly swatter with green sequins on it. What a glamorous way for a fly to die." She looked up at John, her expression pensive. "When I go, I want to go like that—choking on caviar, maybe, or suffocating in Labrador mink."

John grinned, and then the grin faded as he looked down at her. He shook his head. "You're wonderful." A warmth, a sweetness seemed to emanate from her hair, her skin, her clothing. He bent and kissed her. Something soft and beautiful rushed through him; when he straightened again, he felt a little dizzy.

THEY walked back to her aunt's house on South County Road and said good night. But after he had driven away, his mood changed. He felt restless, although he didn't know why; he knew only that he didn't want to go back to his hotel room and sleep. As he drove, the balmy night air rushed past his ears, bringing with it a teasing promise of excitement. The girl Kay Baines invaded his mind and he knew that she had been at the back of his thoughts all day.

But he kept his eyes on the road ahead. Steady, Junior, steady, he warned himself. You've got a fine girl already—why complicate life? Stick to the middle of the road, where everything's safe and sure.

Safe and sure. The phrase rested sourly on his mind. Safe and sure. Tried and true. Dependable and dull.

Three blocks from the hotel, he swerved the car around. He would go to Manuel's, an off-beat place where he would find an off-beat girl, exciting and unpredictable.

He lifted his head and began to sing. An elderly couple on the sidewalk turned and smiled at him. He felt young and reckless. It was an exhilarating feeling and he was glad he had turned the car around. He had been sticking to the middle of the road too long.

NEVER, John thought in the week that followed, was a man pulled so sharply in different ways. When he was with Beth he was happy; they laughed a great deal together. She had an eagerness about everything, even the small, inconsequential things, that warmed and disarmed.

But he could not stop seeing Kay. There was something provocative about her; he never knew what mood he would find her in or what she would do next. She liked to explore the unknown, to gamble and take risks; he was never sure of what she was thinking. When she was gay he was lifted high with her; when she seemed bored or restless he felt a vague anxiety, as if he had let her down.

She had a car, a foreign roadster which she drove with breakneck speed when she was away from traffic. In that car late at night or early in the morning, John felt as if they were being propelled through the darkness in some kind of wild flight, during which neither of them exchanged a word. But afterward, slowing down, she would turn her head and smile at him like someone waking from a dream. One night she said, "Still here? I thought you'd bounced out two miles back."

He smiled back. "Still here. I wanted to see if we'd break through the sound barrier." He was glad that he had not once told her to slow down, despite his fear that they might get killed. She seemed to take it for granted that he would not apply any brakes to her movements.

His days and nights took on a queer, jerky pattern. He would spend most of his time with Beth, but after he had taken her to her aunt's at night he would drive over to Manuel's or the Casino or the harbor where Kay's father kept his sailboat. If he found Kay at Manuel's she would be with some sun-tanned young man or other, but he would know that in some way she would free herself in a little while to be with him.

When he danced with her, there was something yielding about her lithe body, a passivity that he found exciting. One night, holding her like this, he gazed down at her face, seeing the incredibly fine texture of her golden skin. Her eyes were almost closed and the lids were pale and heavy. Yes, she was beautiful.

In a low voice he said: "I know as little about you now as I did that first morning at the pool." She had never asked him to her home; she had never spoken of her father or her childhood.

Her eyes lifted; she smiled. "Oh, I'm a woman of mystery. Every morning I practice looking inscrutable in front of a mirror for five minutes."

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The music swelled, then muted. "But I'm serious," he said. "These young men you travel around with, for instance—do any of them mean anything to you?" He tensed, waiting for her answer.

"Less than nothing."

Something eased inside him.

"They're just a cover," she said. "The truth is, I'm terribly attracted at the moment to an older man."

He was instantly jealous. "An older man?"

"Yes."

"How much older?"

"Oh—" her voice was smooth—"maybe ten, eleven years."

"Ten . . . why, that would make him only—" Suddenly he realized that she was teasing. He let out his breath. He felt wonderful. "That would make him a venerable thirty-five."

"Or thereabouts."

They danced in silence. Then he said, trying to sound casual: "*Terribly* attracted?"

"Well . . . attracted."

The inward glow faded a little. He swallowed. "Attracted?"

"Well . . . drawn."

He looked down at her. Her eyes teased. But he was suddenly glum. "I'd better quit while I'm still ahead."

She tilted her head and whispered: "Terribly attracted."

He held her closer. "Well, well," he said. His voice sounded thick. "What do you know."

"Let's see," she said. "There was something else I tacked on, wasn't there?" She looked up at him. "Oh, yes. 'At the moment.' We mustn't forget that."

He was gloomy again.

The whole affair came to a head on a Saturday night at the hotel. They were giving a formal dance for charity and Beth was John's guest. The dancing took place outdoors in the large open patio beside the pool, and the balmy night was redolent of bougainvillea.

Halfway through the evening Beth, in his arms, said dreamily: "I've just decided on a new career. I'm going to stay down here and become a lady beachcomber."

John smiled and then stiffened. Through a pathway of dancers he saw Kay dancing with one of her sun-bronzed young men. Her eyes caught his across the distance and she raised her hand in greeting. John lifted his hand from Beth's back and waved in return.

THE music stopped. Without turning her head, Beth said: "I'll bet she looks beautiful tonight."

John looked down at her quickly. "Who?"

"Your little high-diving friend." Her eyes lifted and met his steadily. "The girl you see when you're not seeing me."

He stared. They began walking off the dance floor. "How did you know?"

"Oh—" her voice was light— "just call it extrasensory perception." But her lower lip trembled as she looked away. "It doesn't matter. It isn't your fault." They were in the shadows of the hotel wall now. "We never signed any papers swearing eternal devotion, you know. I came down at my own risk."

He said as they both stood still: "Are you sorry you came down?"

She looked up at him quickly and then away. "I don't know."

Something hurt inside him. "But we've had such a good time together! A wonderful time."

She said in a low voice, as if she hadn't heard him: "I'm not very exciting to be with."

For a moment he couldn't speak; then he drew in his breath. "Of course you are."

She looked at him swiftly. "No, I'm just a nice, average girl. Quiet and sensible. I—" she swallowed— "I'm not like her at all."

A tenderness flowed through him. "I wouldn't want you to be."

There were approaching footsteps, a soft laugh, and Kay was before them with her young man. "Well!" she said. "I thought it was you two lurking in the shadows. Have you met Bob Henderson?"

There were introductions, handshakes, some small talk. Kay said: "Look, this clambake is going to get duller and duller from here on in. Bob's father is giving a big party on board their boat—why don't we go there?"

IT WAS, John thought later, quite a party. There were about fifty people aboard. An orchestra played somewhere; people were dancing or chatting in small groups as white-coated waiters moved among them carrying trays of champagne and hors d'oeuvres.

Leaning against the deck railing, Beth sipped at her champagne and said thoughtfully: "This may all be a little too rich for my poor, thin city blood. I may never be able to face the subway again."

Kay emerged from a passageway and came toward them. John's jaw dropped. She was wearing a bathing suit and there was a white bathing cap in her hands.

"Well, well," Beth said. "Are we dipping into the briny? What fun."

"How about it?" Kay said to her. "There's a whole assortment of bathing suits inside. Would you like to come swimming with me?"

"But of course," Beth said. "We'll race out for a mile or so into the open sea and then, when we get back to town later, we'll all get tattooed. Just the kind of evening I enjoy most."

Kay frowned. "I gather you're not in the mood. Neither is Bob, but he's always like that." She looked at John and smiled. "How about you?"

John looked down at the water. There was no moon and it looked black and cold. A chill breeze fanned his cheek and he shivered slightly. "Well . . ." he said.

Beth chuckled. "Why, sure, he'll join you, Kay. Johnny's primed for adventure at all times; he's accustomed to encountering nature in the raw. Once I saw him fight his way out of a palm in the Plaza lobby single-handed, and you ought to see him plunge through a smoke-filled cocktail bar." She laughed.

John felt a stinging down his spine. He looked quickly at Kay. She was frowning.

He drew in his breath and made his voice casual. "I'd love to swim with you, Kay."

Her face changed. "Fine. There's a pair of trunks right inside."

Beth straightened. "Johnny, you're not serious?"

"Why not?" He looked at her.

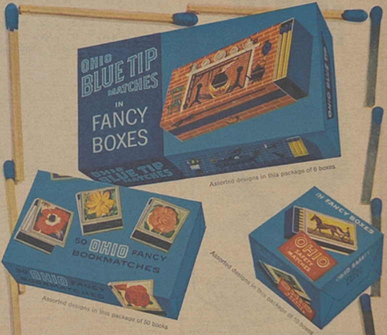
She swallowed. "We're way out. And it's dark and chilly; it's one o'clock in the morning. You told me once you weren't a very strong swimmer."

"I'm strong enough. For Pete's sake, what's a little midnight swim?" He turned swiftly to Kay. "Be right with you."

"That's my boy," she said.

The coldness of the water almost took his breath away as he pushed himself away from the rope ladder.

(Continued on page 112)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(Continued from page 111)

Above him as he started out he could hear the faint strains of dance music and the noise of the party; he swam through a rippling path of light. But after he had gone out further, the sounds became muted and it was all very black. Somewhere at his side he heard the steady plash of Kay's practiced crawl and he began to follow the beat of her stroke, calm and measured. After a while he felt warmer; and when Kay called out something, he stopped swimming and looked behind him, seeing the gaily lit yacht and the small dancing figures on deck.

"Come on!" Kay called out. "Let's lose them!"

He opened his mouth to shout, "Let's go back!" but she was already swimming ahead. He hesitated and then struck out behind her. The whole scene—the blackness around him, the white-capped head bobbing ahead, the distant starlight—took on an air of unreality; it seemed impossible that he was where he was, doing what he was doing.

Finally he stopped swimming and turned around, treading water. The boat was a long distance behind him now; it looked like a lighted toy. He felt a little frightened. Turning his head to Kay's white cap further out, he shouted: "I'm going back!"

Her voice came to him thinly. "All right! I'll be in soon!"

He struck out toward the boat. But now the wind was against him; small, choppy waves seemed to appear from nowhere, breaking sharply against his face. And it seemed colder now, so cold that his arms and legs could not recapture the measured, steady rhythm of before.

He swam on doggedly. At last he lifted his head, expecting to find that he was in the path of light from the boat. But there was only blackness ahead and the small, choppy waves. With a stab of panic he thought: The boat. Where is the boat?

His head turned sharply. And there was the boat and the lights on the water. But it was still far away—much too far away. Had he been swimming across-tide, then?

Terror smashed against him. He was alone in the middle of a dark and unfriendly sea. He would never make it back. He was already terribly tired, and he had a long way to go.

He began to swim toward the white, bobbing toy on the water. He was cold now and his legs and arms felt weighted. For a long time it seemed that he was on a treadmill, getting nowhere. And then he saw that the boat was coming nearer slowly. He could see the figures moving on deck; he was coming toward the dappling ribbon of golden water.

He choked on a mouthful of salt water, gagged, went on. His chest felt on fire and it was agony now to move his arms. But there at last was the side of the boat and the rope ladder, just beyond his reach—

He grasped for it desperately and held on, his head bent, his eyes closed, his breath coming in deep, sobbing gasps. And then a thought darted into his head. Kay? Where was Kay?

He looked behind him. The white-capped head was moving resolutely toward him. She seemed to be swimming with the same easy rhythm.

A few minutes later he stood on the deck, his thighs trembling. The deck seemed dark and deserted at this end and he was glad. but then he saw a figure emerge from the shadows. Beth came toward him, holding out a glass of something.

"Here," she said. "Drink this. It's brandy." Her voice sounded thin, almost hard.

He gulped down the drink, grateful for its accompanying trickle of heat, but he could not stop his shivering. His breath, he realized, was jagged and labored. With a monstrous effort he managed a weak grin. "Thanks," he said.

"Don't talk," Beth said almost curtly. "Go inside and get into your clothes."

HE WENT in, still shivering. Once he heard Kay's voice outside the porthole of the cabin, then it faded. When he was finally dressed again some measure of calm had come back to him, but he felt drained and weak. He went on deck again, searching for Beth. Finally he found her, standing against the railing at the bow of the ship, looking out at the water.

He went over and put his hand on her arm, trying to make his voice light. "Hi," he said. "I just got in from outer space."

She pulled away sharply. "Don't touch me!" she said.

John's mouth fell open. "I don't understand."

"You wouldn't." She faced him, breathing jerkily. "You wouldn't know what it was like for me before —waiting for you to come back, wondering if you *were* coming back." Her voice was choked and trembling. "I couldn't even see you after a while, in all that blackness. I wanted them to go after you but they were all a little drunk; they laughed at me. They said you never would have started out if you weren't a strong swimmer. But I knew better." Suddenly her eyes were wet and shining; her voice shook. "Well? Was it fun? Did you prove something to yourself?"

A wave of weakness washed over him. "Beth," he said, "I—"

"What *were* you trying to prove?" she said furiously. "That you're wild and reckless—flaming youth, a creature of the elements?"

There were light footsteps and Kay appeared. She was dressed and smiling as she came over to them. "Hi," she said. She looked at John. "How did you like it? Wasn't it fun?"

He could feel Beth's eyes fixed on him. When he spoke, his voice was heavy and tired. "No. It wasn't fun at all." A sadness drifted over him; something pinched at his heart. Looking at Kay, he thought: it's all fun and excitement for her—driving like a maniac, swimming in cold black water, dancing in a shabby dive like Manuel's. But it's not for me.

IT WAS as if the simple phrase eased something. She looked so young standing there—almost adolescent, like the pretty girls he had known at college house parties—gay, foolish, immature. But he had outgrown such girls years ago.

Kay was frowning. "Well . . . I'm going to find Bob and see what's doing. Excuse me."

He watched her move away, her steps quick and restless. His own words echoed in his ears: "Not for me, not for me, not for me."

He let out his breath slowly. How strange it was; it was as if, for a little while, he had been running a slow, sweet fever and now it was gone. He was clearheaded again.

He turned and looked at Beth. His shoulders slumped. "I don't know what's been the matter with me this past week," he said. "The crazy things I've been doing." He felt the color rising in his face. "High-diving and driving at eighty miles an hour and ocean-swimming in the middle of the night . . ." He shook his head. "And I didn't like any of it. I guess I'm just not the type for risks."

Beth, staring out at the water, said shortly: "There's nothing wrong with your type."

"Well," he said gloomily, "I guess basically I'm not a very exciting guy. Just average." He remembered something and looked at her swiftly. "Quiet and sensible." His hand went out and took hers. "You know something?"

She did not turn her head. "What?"

"We're fine together."

Her head turned slowly and she looked at him. "Are we?"

They both stood very still, as if they could not look away. She swallowed, and a queer little smile trembled at her mouth. She whispered: "You're not average."

John could not move. Something inside him was sending out little tendrils of warmth. In a low voice he said: "Neither are you." I love her, he thought suddenly. I've loved her for a long time—why didn't I see it before?

She was smiling into his eyes. "Remember," she said, "you asked me earlier tonight if I was sorry I came down? I said I wasn't sure."

He moved toward her and took her in his arms. With his cheek against her hair he said, "Are you sure now?"

She didn't answer but her lips were warm and soft against his when he kissed her. It was all the answer he wanted. There had never been any need for words between them anyway.

THE END

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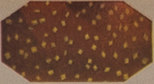

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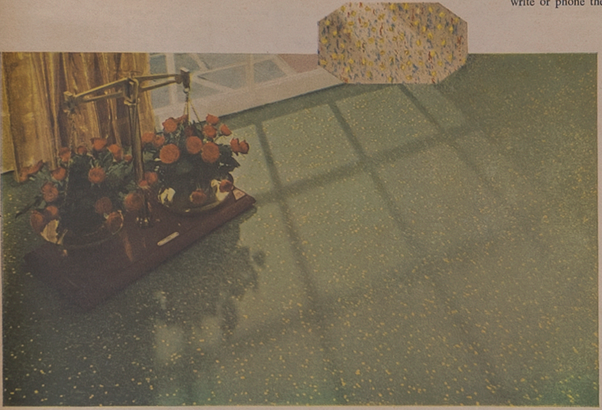

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IT GOES WITH WHAT YOU HAVE

by Mary Davis Gillies

SUCH A welcome trend . . . toward furniture that adapts easily and gracefully to any decorative scheme, traditional or modern. For example, the new Profile group, designed by John Van Koert: all five rooms on this page make use of this furniture, yet each room is entirely individual.

The smooth, sculptured lines and the soft, neutral tone of the walnut in these pieces account for their adaptability. This furniture makes a handsome, livable room, and it is just as effective added a piece at a time to other furniture and accessories, old or new—the pleasant, undemanding buying pattern most of us like to follow in changing over our rooms.

Note also the careful detailing: smoothly rounded edges, modeling of table and chair legs, eavelike overhang of chest tops, pitch-roofed high cabinets, distinctive silver-finish drawer pulls.

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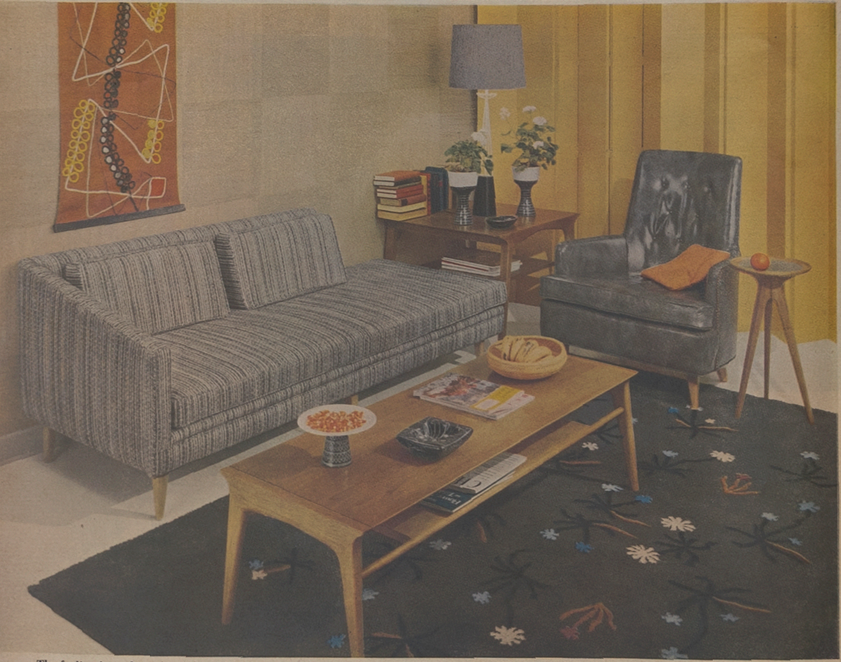
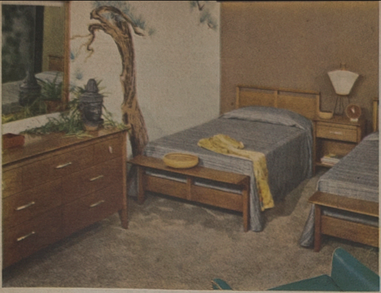
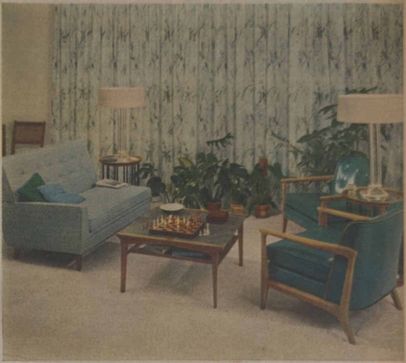


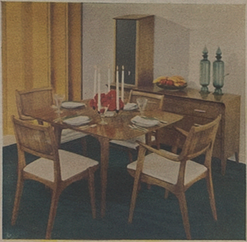
The feeling is modern: A tweed-upholstered sleeper-sofa, a generously sized coffee table with useful hideaway book-and-magazine shelf and a high-backed, leather-upholstered chair that has a bulkless look despite its comfort—all combine well with the textures and colors of modern background and accessories



Oriental air: Wallpaper mural, Japanese lantern fix the mood; footboard benches, wide-drawer chests, sturdy night table with usable space below all help make a room that's easy to live with

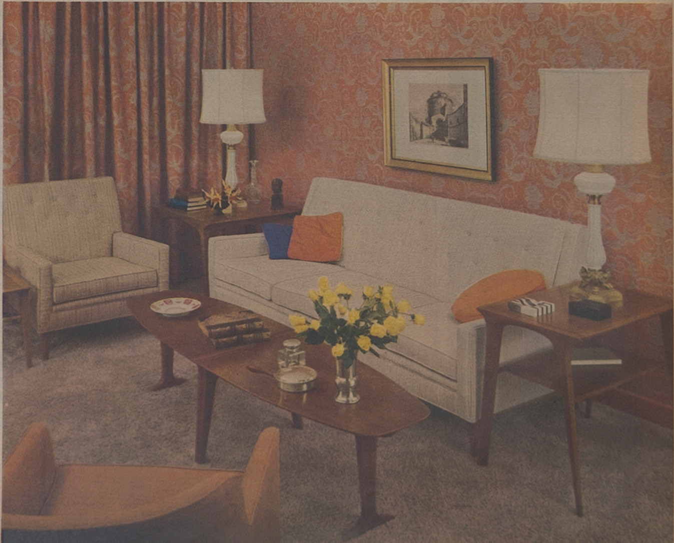


Open pattern: Today's casual, airy grouping of furniture around a picture window or fireplace is readily achieved with the Profile group—sculptured to present an interesting line when viewed from any angle



Pleasant dining: Tables come in sizes to fit either full-size room or alcove. Here, a draw-top, drop-leaf one, shown with spindle-back chairs and unusual buffet with a pier cabinet

Profile furniture can be seen at stores on page 120



Classic grouping: Traditional colors, fabrics and accessories settle down happily with this furniture. The ability to combine well with any decorating plan is a good test of enduring design in furniture, and something to bear in mind when room-planning

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Behind the laughter

Continued from page 35

She followed him into the bedroom. "Oh, Denny," she cried, "the most wonderful thing! Guess what."

He grinned. "What?"

"Muff called right after you left this morning and said she's ordered those two cocoa dresses for Elena and me. Denny, you'll love them—they're gorgeous. I can hardly wait till time for the wedding."

His eyes, smiling, caught hers in the mirror. "You won't have too long. Only a week."

She clasped her hands. "A week tomorrow. Eight days. Really, it's so wonderful," she said. "It's like something out of a book. Muff my best friend and Stoddard yours, and first she's my maid of honor and he's your best man, and now, just a year later, I'm going to be her matron of honor and you'll be best man."

While Denny was in the shower, Gail straightened the seams in her stockings, put on earrings and bracelets and gave one final look at her reflection. Then she went to stand in the bathroom doorway chatting while Denny shaved. "Do you know what Muff's grandmother told me? That Judge Alexander has been in love with Aunt Julie for twenty years but she won't marry him. Isn't that a kick? I didn't dream—"

The doorbell rang. She gave Denny a quick, stricken look. "They're here!" she cried. "Oh, and, Denny, you're not dressed yet."

At the door she asked Judge Alexander's chauffeur, "Is Miss Hamilton in the car?"

"Yes, ma'am, she is."

"I'll go down."

Gail's aunt, Julie Hamilton, sat in the back of the limousine, a cloud of veil around her hair. She looked what she was, a capable professional woman; but now, with the soft overhead light on her face, she was almost beautiful.

"We're not ready yet, Aunty Julie," Gail said. "Denny—he was late getting home."

"Well, suppose I go along," her aunt said thoughtfully. "The Judge is such a stickler for punctuality. I'll get him to give me a highball and I'll keep him calmed down. You and Denny come over just as soon as you can."

Gail ran back to the apartment.

"Swell!" Denny exclaimed blithely when she told him, and flung himself on the sofa. "Now we don't have to rush. Come here."

"Yes, we do have to rush," Gail pleaded. "Please, honey, come along and finish dressing." She pulled at him, cajoling, smiling. "I don't want to be late. Please! It isn't fair."

"Isn't fair to who? To whom?" He braced himself against her tugging; he ruffled her hair.

She walked away from him finally and went around the room, putting little things in place, picking up ashtrays, setting them down again. I wish I knew what to do, she said to herself.

Denny was always like this. Nothing mattered to him; things weren't important. She'd get worried or upset, and he'd just shrug and laugh and say, "What are you all steamed up for? It doesn't matter." He'd put his arms around her and say, "Honey, we have each other. What's an hour or two?" or, "What's a dinner date?" Or a lunch date or an appointment or a letter to be written or whatever it happened to be at the time. And that's what you like about him, she told herself for the thousandth time. You like his being casual and careless and good fun. And yet—being married to Denny made things somehow different. She wanted a husband she could look up to, depend on, not a merry, irresponsible boy. Oh, Denny, she thought. You're wonderful and I love you. If only . . .

She was going to cry. She clamped her teeth and scowled and held her breath. But the tears came anyway. She kept her back toward Denny, stooped and picked up a chair pillow, plumped it and set it back.

"Hey!" Denny called. "Turn around and look at me."

But she would not.

He sprang up, crossed the room to her, turned her around by the shoulders. "You little monkey, you're crying. What for?"

She gave in to it. She leaned her forehead against his chest and began to cry. "Why?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

"I can't help it," she protested brokenly. "I'm just nervous. It's always like this—we're late and they're annoyed and I feel apologetic and I apologize too much and then I'm embarrassed and—"

"And it's just one awful mess, isn't it?" he teased.

She raised her face to his. "Yes," she said, and felt a quick indignation, "it *is* an awful mess."

He gave her a squeeze. "You cute little sweetheart. Don't you cry." He went off to the bedroom with a jaunty step.

They were thirty-five minutes late.

"Young man—" Judge Alexander began, his round face flushed with exasperation.

Denny grinned and pumped the old judge's hand. "Certainly nice of you to have us," he declared. He looked around the room. "What a knockout of a place." He crossed unerringly to the Judge's choicest possession, the glass case of weapons, all meticulously arranged and labeled. He left his highball untouched while he asked questions and examined each article with eager thoroughness. Tompkins announced dinner twice. "Just a minute," the Judge told him irritably. "Don't rush us."

At dinner Denny and the Judge continued the conversation about weapons. Gail looked at them, Denny so good-looking and so alive, the Judge as absorbed as if Denny were the only guest at the table. That Denny, she thought. He can do whatever he wants to do, when and how it pleases him. Or he can not do anything he doesn't want to do—because no matter how upset or angry or annoyed anyone gets with him, he knows exactly how to smooth their feathers.

She turned to Aunt Julie to tell her about Muff's wedding and the two lovely dresses. Jill—Muff's sixteen-year-old sister—wanted to be bridesmaid, Gail said, "but Muff is having only the two attendants, Elena and me." They discussed Muff's no-party schedule, what with final exams all this last week. "She has only one more year to go for her degree, and she'll get that next year at Columbia when Stoddard gets his. I rather wish," Gail said reflectively, "that I'd gone on and finished. I could have, just as well, with Denny there for another year."

"That Judge is a great old fellow," Denny said heartily when he and Gail were getting ready for bed.

(Continued on page 118)

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(Continued from page 116)

"He really was mad at our being late," Gail said.

"It didn't last long, did it?"

"But I was kind of ashamed, Denny, because there wasn't any real excuse—you'd just been fooling around. And then your pretending all that interest in his collection of stuff. I don't know—it seemed sort of cheap to me."

Denny shrugged. "What do you care? He likes us." He grinned and gave her a wink. "What'll you bet he asks us again?"

"Don't be like that, Denny. I'm serious. Maybe I'm too conscientious. Maybe that's the trouble."

"What do you mean, the trouble?"

She meant the trouble between them. But how could she say it? There was nothing she could point to except just all the little things. And she knew how that would be. If she mentioned any of them, he'd just laugh and make her feel like a silly schoolgirl.

Denny was in bed before her. Gail sat on the edge. "Denny," she said solemnly, trying one more time, "I want so much for us to be nice, reliable people. I want—"

"Solid citizens, eh?"

"Oh, maybe it sounds silly when I say it, but, Denny, I mean it. We're grown up, we're married people. I want our friends to think of us as dependable, as someone they can count on."

"You're sweet," he said, and pulled her down in bed beside him. He fondled her hair, kissed her.

She returned his kiss, then she asked him, "But am I right, Denny? Do you agree?"

"Sure, I agree," he answered amiably, and reached up and switched off the light.

GAIL lay awake after Denny had gone to sleep.

It wasn't as if she hadn't had fair warning; she'd seen how Denny was the very first time she went out with him. They met at a football game, and the crowd she was with were going on to dinner and a dance, but Denny said he couldn't join them because he had a date for the weekend. Then when they got to the dance later he was there, and he stayed all evening. That was when they fell in love. And next morning he called for her early at the sorority house and took her up to visit friends of his in the mountains.

His friends greeted him with excitement and concern. "Denny, what happened to you last night? We waited dinner for hours!"

"I was certainly sorry about that," he said. "I tried to get up and something went wrong with my car. I was stuck way out, no phones or anything. I had to hike back about three miles."

Gail had thought, amazed, How can you tell such a story! She asked him later, and he shrugged and answered easily, "It made them feel better."

She had been puzzled; then she told herself, It's really nice of him to be so considerate of their feelings. Besides, he couldn't tell them he'd fallen in love! She forgave him.

But that was only the first time. Some of the others were not so easy to find excuses for. For a while she thought it was because he'd been in the army; he's tired, she'd reason, of regimentation and schedules and orders. But he had been out two years now. And besides, there was Stoddard—he had had as much army as Denny had. Odd, she thought, how Denny and Stoddard can be such good friends. They couldn't be more different—Stoddard tall and thin and solemn, Denny short and compact and never serious, with the looks and the energy of a teen-ager. And Stoddard was an excellent student, while Denny barely scraped by.

She turned over, moved closer against his back. But I love him so much. Isn't that enough?

The dress was delivered on Thursday, and after dinner Gail tried it on to show Denny. "Isn't it lovely?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it the most beautiful dress you ever saw?"

He smiled at her. "I don't know which does what to which, but you're sure beautiful in it."

She moved about the room, her face shining, the skirt swaying and swirling about her. "Somehow it's so exactly right," she said. "It makes me feel beautiful. And happy and lucky and—oh, will Saturday ever come?"

Denny said with amusement, "You sound more excited about Muff's wedding than you did about your own."

She halted for a moment, reflecting. "Maybe I am. When it's your own there are so many things to think about. And then, too, you're kind of scared."

"Scared! Were you scared?"

The question embarrassed her a little. "Yes. In a way I was."

"Why?"

"I don't know. Just that it's such a big step, and you never can be sure."

"But you're over that now, aren't you?" he asked, his eyes still smiling.

She didn't look at him. "I guess I am."

He rose and crossed to her, caught her in his arms. "You *guess* you are! You'd better *know*."

"Oh, but, Denny," she said, looking up at him, "sometimes it seems to me we're so different. I wonder sometimes . . . Well, if we didn't love each other an awful lot . . ."

He kissed her. "But we do love each other an awful lot. So that argument's no good, is it?"

"No, of course not," she replied at once, and moved closer into his embrace.

THE rehearsal for Muff's wedding was Friday night. Denny still had not done the necessary work for his exams and he would be studying at the library Friday night until it closed. Muff was upset. "Oh, Gail," she said, "do you think he—oh, if anything goes wrong, I'll just die!"

The second exam would be over by three, Gail assured her; there'd be time enough for him to dress and be coached in his part of the ceremony. Freddie, Jill's boy friend, was going to rehearse in his place. "You remember everything," Gail cautioned him, "so you can show Denny tomorrow."

She stood next to Muff and practiced taking the bouquet for the part where Stoddard put Muff's ring on her finger. Stoddard did it all so solemnly. Gail found herself gazing at him, and a phrase wandered into her mind: *Lucky Muff* . . . But she snatched back the traitorous thought at once. I didn't really mean that! Stoddard is a dear, and I'm fond of him, and he's the perfect husband for Muff, but you have to admit he's a little too serious, too meticulous. Oh, I wouldn't trade my Denny for all the Stoddards in the world!

Because of the rain that blew in gusts next morning, the girls decided to dress in the basement dressing rooms at the church. Elena and her mother called for Gail, and they carried their cocoa dresses in cellophane bags. Muff was there before them; her sister Jill darted around in jeans and plaid shirt, her hair tied back in a pony tail, directing everything.

Gail was dressed at last, feeling as beautiful as she had hoped to feel. Elena too was ready, the organist was there and Stoddard wandered around,

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solemn and pale and absent-minded. But still Denny hadn't come.

When he did arrive, he was in slacks and sports shirt, carrying his suit on a hanger and his black shoes in his hand. He gave a long, low whistle at Gail. "Honey, you—are—*gorgeous!*"

"Thanks, Denny." But she was looking at his face. He hadn't shaved yet.

"I was afraid you might begin to worry about my getting here," he explained. "I can shave here. Where's a basin?"

He had to go to the car for his small bag in which he'd brought his shirt and studs and tie and shaving things. A few early guests had already begun to filter into the church; it was too late for Freddie to coach him.

Gail stood just inside the door of the washroom while Denny spread shave cream over his face. "Denny, what happened?" she asked, keeping a tight rein on the anxiety in her voice. "Why are you so late?"

"Those exams were really hairy," he told her. "We were fagged, so we stopped for some coffee and stuff."

"But, Denny, you knew you had to rehearse—" She faltered. "Everything is worked out absolutely exactly. You can't possibly do it without rehearsing."

"Don't you worry, baby," he told her, and gave her a wink. "I'll manage."

It was the wink that did it. A picture unrolled in her mind—their own wedding, and Denny getting mixed up as he turned to go up the aisle with her. She had looked up in time to see his eyes move, laughing, over the church full of people. She had caught the conspiratorial grin on his face, and the wink. And the church smiled back at him.

It would be the same here; he'd do something wrong and— A wheel started spinning in her brain.

She turned swiftly and went to the room where Denny's suit hung and, by it, the bag with shirt and tie and studs. She hurried down the corridor with them.

Freddie could wear Denny's suit perfectly.

Jill was puzzled, but too thrilled to ask more than the first surprised question. Gail slipped out of the cocoa dress and helped Jill put it on. She didn't go back to the other room for her own clothes; she put on Jill's jeans and plaid blouse.

Swiftly Gail went in to Muff, who looked dreamy and beautiful and touched with magic. Gail kissed her. "Darling, please don't ask questions. It has to be this way. Freddie is going to be best man and Jill your maid of honor. I love you and I know it will be a lovely wedding." She smiled into Muff's questioning face. "Be happy, darling—I know you will be. And I'm happy for you."

DENNY was looking for his clothes and didn't recognize her at first in the blue jeans. She went past and around him, picking up their things. "What the devil—" he began.

She said, not looking at him, "Come on, we're going home."

"But what—"

"I'll explain later."

She knew he was following as she walked to the outside door. They crossed to their car in the parking lot; Denny got in and they drove away.

They were halfway home when he said, "Well, tell me. What's it all about? What happened? Did somebody do something to you?"

She opened her mouth to speak, to catch one of the hundred lines that had been flitting through her mind. But, instead, her hands flew to cover her face and she began to cry.

They reached home and she went in, threw herself on the bed and sobbed. She tried to stop but she couldn't. She'd have to tell him, of course. But how? Nothing she had thought of to say was adequate now.

He sat beside her, stroking her hair, urging her to stop crying and tell him what the trouble was.

That was what finally stopped her—knowing that he thought someone else had hurt her in some way.

She sat up straight but kept her face averted from him. "I did it myself," she said. "I did it because I wasn't going to let you spoil everything!"

He recoiled. *"Me?"*

"Yes, you. This is Muff's wedding, Muff's and Stoddard's. They're serious about it; they know how they want it and everyone has worked to make it that way—everyone but you." She stopped for breath, but she still couldn't look at him. "You couldn't get there on time, you didn't have to rehearse, you'd 'manage.' I know just how it would be. You'd do something wrong—you couldn't help it without rehearsing—but you'd fix it all right. You'd look out at the audience and grin and wink, and everyone would be amused. They'd say afterward how cute it was, and who was that attractive fellow."

Denny said with a semblance of his old humor, "Is that bad?"

It acted on her like a spur. She turned to face him. "Yes, that's bad! It would spoil the whole wedding. It might have been all right at our wedding, but this is not ours."

(Continued on page 122)

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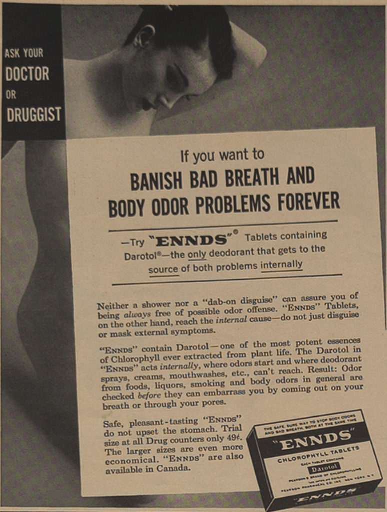
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Fall River, Mason Furniture Co.
New Bedford, Mason Furniture Co.
Springfield, Forbes & Wallace Inc.
Worcester, David Burwick

MICHIGAN
Grand Rapids, Klingman Furniture Co.
Port Huron, Vining Thompson Furniture Shops

MINNESOTA
Mankato, Landkamer Bros.
Winona, Home Furniture Store

MISSISSIPPI
Biloxi, Merchiston Hall Galleries, Inc.
Jackson, Rice Furniture Co.

MISSOURI
Joplin, Newman's

NEBRASKA
Kearney, Payne-Larson Furniture
Omaha, Orchard & Wilhelm Co.

NEW JERSEY
Avenel, Winter Bros. Wayside Furniture Shop
Jersey City, Goodman's Home Furnishings
New Brunswick, Middlesex Furniture Co.
Paterson, Bograd Bros. Inc.
Trenton, Park Lane Furniture Co.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, American Furniture Co.

NEW YORK
Amityville, Nassau Wayside Furniture
Binghamton, The Fair Store
Boonville, Clark Layng Furniture
Flushing, Gertz
Huntington, Ralph Edwards Fine Furniture
Jamaica, Gertz
New Rochelle, Neptune Furniture Co.
New York City, W. & J. Sloane
Poughkeepsie, Fleishman's Wayside Furniture
Rochester, Sibley's
Rockville Centre, Nassau Wayside Furniture
Syracuse, E. W. Edwards & Son

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville, Pearlman's
Burlington, Neese-Shoffner Furniture Co., Inc.
Charlotte, Mecklenburg Furniture Shops
Durham, Christian-Harward Furniture Co.
Fayetteville, Today's Home Furniture Co.
Greensboro, Morrison Neese
Havelock, McMillan & Wells Furniture Co.
Wilmington, Todd's Wayside
Winston-Salem, Colonial Furniture Shops, Inc.
Zebulon, Whitley Furniture Co., Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA
Grand Forks, Bill Larson Co.

OHIO
Columbus, The F. G. & A. Howald Co.
Columbus, Howalds' Town & Country Store
Dayton, Elder & Johnston Co.
Findlay, The Trout Furniture Co.

OKLAHOMA
Clinton, Chalfant Furniture Co.
Oklahoma City, Harbor-Longmire

OREGON
Eugene, Rubenstein Furniture Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona, The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Ardmore, Strawbridge & Clothier
Bethlehem, Furniture Hall
Genesee, Chapman-Burrous
Harrisburg, M. Lee Goldsmith
Jenkintown, Strawbridge & Clothier
Johnstown, Penn Traffic Co.
Mt. Carmel, Guinan's Dept. Store
Philadelphia, Strawbridge & Clothier
Phoenixville, McCarraher Bros., Inc.
Scranton, Cleland-Simpson Co.
Uniontown, Sidney's

SOUTH CAROLINA
Columbia, Rosewood Furniture Co.
Greenville, Kirby Quinn, Inc.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Rapid City, Dusek's Furniture

TENNESSEE
Kingsport, W. B. Greene Co., Inc.
Memphis, Lowenstein's

TEXAS
Amarillo, Southern Furniture Co.
Corpus Christi, Show Room of Finer Furniture
Dallas, Highland Furniture Co.
El Paso, Imperial Furniture Co.
Houston, Suniland Furniture Co.
Levelland, Stacy-Mason, Inc.
Longview, McWilliams Hardware & Furniture
Lubbock, Watson Studio
Port Arthur, Hampton's
San Angelo, Robert Massie Co.
San Antonio, Karotkin Furniture Co.
Tyler, Broadway Furniture Co.
Wichita Falls, Bailey Furniture

VIRGINIA
Newport News, J. H. Bell Furniture Co.

WASHINGTON
Bellingham, B. B. Furniture Co.
Everett, Erickson Bros. Furniture Co.
Mt. Vernon, Erickson Bros. Furniture Co.
Walla Walla, Garden City Furniture Inc.
Yakima, The Bon Marche

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley, Beckley Hardware & Supply
Clarksburg, Palace Furniture Co.
Huntington, Butler Furniture Co.

WISCONSIN
Appleton, Brettschneider's
LaCrosse, Wm. Doerflinger Co.
Madison, Frautschi's, Inc.
Milwaukee, Kunzelmann-Esser Co.
Oshkosh, Sitter's Furniture Co.

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(Continued from page 119)

He started to speak, but she interrupted: "And don't tell me it wasn't important. I know it wasn't important to you. Nothing is important to Denny except what's important to Denny."

He reddened with anger. "Make sense, will you?"

"You never think what anything means to anyone else," she charged. "You do whatever you please, and then if you find yourself in a spot, you kid and bluff and fib and charm your way out of it. It's a kind of cheating, it's cheap, but you get away with it."

She stopped suddenly and sat in rigid silence.

"You make me sound like a sap."

She looked back at him. "It's you, Denny, and I love you whatever you are, and maybe it's important for some people to be like you. But times like today you ought to know where to quit being cute and careless and start thinking of what things mean to other people."

He dropped his eyes. But immediately he raised them again, as if he made himself do it. "This was very important to you, this wedding today, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Perhaps I was childish, but it seemed terribly important to me."

"Yet you'd give it all up rather than let me make a fool of myself."

"Oh, Denny, I didn't mean it like that! You wouldn't be making a fool of yourself. But you're my husband and I want to be proud of you. I don't want people just to think you're boyish and amusing and adorable. I want them to respect and admire you."

He got up and walked out of the room with quick, nervous steps.

Gail went in to wash her face.

Denny came to the bathroom door. "Gail, what did you tell them?"

"I didn't explain. I just said we couldn't stay and it couldn't be helped."

"Would you like to go to the reception?"

"Denny! Do you mean it?"

"No need your being cheated out of the whole thing."

She started toward him, but stopped short. "You aren't mad at me?"

He reached out and drew her to him. "I'm mad as the devil," he said calmly. "Why didn't you tell me a long time ago?"

"Honey," she pleaded, "I tried."

"But I wouldn't see—because," he said, quoting, " 'it wasn't important to Denny because it wasn't important to Denny.' Is that it?"

She dropped her head.

"But when you gave up the wedding," he said thoughtfully, "and the new dress you were so crazy about . . . I guess this time I have to see it's important to you, Gail, sweetheart." He pushed her chin up slowly. "I'm sorry. I should have got there on time. I should have been there to rehearse. It's too late now. I can only say I'm sorry."

His face was solemn. They kissed, and it was different. Like being married again, to a different husband. She'd love him more, she'd be happier, she'd be more secure. But she felt a sadness too. Maybe something was lost with that other Denny, careless, bounding, irrepressible.

He let her go. "Get dressed now. And do something about that tattletale face of yours." He gave her a spank. "If anyone asks what happened, say your old man beat you." He winked and left the room.

She stood looking at the empty doorway. He was still the old Denny. A person doesn't change that quickly, except that now behind the laughter in his eyes was something steady. She stood perfectly still for a moment, and felt her love for him expanding within her, growing up. THE END

Alimony

Continued from page 17

sell on a commission basis, without salary; she is also eligible for temporary work as a practical nurse, for domestic work, the simplest kind of clerical work with a minimum salary and some factory work as a "learner" on an hourly basis.

I am one of the fortunate ones. Before my marriage I had been a fashion designer, and eventually I found a position as fashion adviser to a photographer at a good salary. My job was to select the clothes and the accessories used in advertisements. I did not mention the fact that I had a three-year-old daughter and a seven-year-old son, for fear I would not get the job.

My first year there was a horror. It was during the war, and maids were scarce and expensive—also unreliable. Annie came at 1 P.M., cleaned the apartment and then called for the children at school. If one of them was ill and had to stay home, I had to stay home and tell my office *I* was ill, because Annie had a morning job. Two or three times a month the school would call to tell me that she had not arrived to pick up the children. I would tell my boss that a new shipment of scarves or costume jewelry or something had arrived in "the market" and I must see it immediately. Then I would grab my coat and run.

Once when I was required to go out of town on a fashion assignment, I made the mistake of telephoning my ex-husband to see if he could keep the children for the weekend.

Calling him turned out to be a great mistake! He told me in so many words that he was not sending me his hard-earned money so I could go off gallivanting on weekends. As I hung up the receiver I remember wondering bitterly what he would do if he had custody of the children in a similar situation. I doubt that most divorced fathers ever ask themselves this question.

The answer, plain and simple, is that they would spend a good deal more money than they send their ex-wives each month. If a divorced father had to employ a nurse to look after his children, a maid to clean the house, a cook to get the meals and a seamstress to mend their clothes, the combined salaries would be several times more than he pays his divorced wife for performing these and many other duties, to say nothing of the love and comfort she gives that have no price.

The money that my husband might have sent us to make the children more comfortable during the winter, he spent instead on lavish treats and presents for them during their summer vacations with him.

"Why don't we have a car, too?" they would ask accusingly when they came home in the fall.

"Why don't we have a house in the country, like Daddy? Why don't we belong to a Beach Club? Daddy says . . . "

MOST divorced mothers face this problem in one way or another.

Debbie, the twelve-year-old daughter of my closest friend, visits her father in Connecticut every summer. He has remarried and has twin daughters by his second wife. Their home is filled with expensive toys, one or two of which are for Debbie too. But she may not take them home with her.

"One of my standing summer expenses is to buy Debbie a whopping present so she won't mind coming back to our little apartment," her mother says. "I can't afford it and I shouldn't try to seduce her with gifts as he does. But it's easier than trying to explain or make an issue of it."

I sometimes try to imagine being married to a man who pays alimony to his first wife and I am sure I wouldn't like it much, especially if he earned a modest salary. No doubt many a second wife complains to her husband that he is supporting two homes. And indeed he does. But he doesn't support them *equally*. Is there any reason that the children of the first marriage should fare less well than those of his second? Yet they are treated as second-class citizens. Moreover, no allowance is made for the fact that their needs change as they grow older. Looking back these past twelve years, I am amazed at how the expenses for my two children have increased as they grow older. Helena's toddler dresses used to cost $1.98. Her Junior Miss dresses cost from $10 to $25, and she needs quite a wardrobe. Hugh's suits and shoes now come from the men's department.

Support can be increased, but it involves going to court and probably squabbles with the husband — more anxiety and more hard feelings. So many women prefer to make do unless the hardship is really critical. I am no lawyer. All I can suggest is that it would be a good idea to provide support on a sliding scale, commensurate with the growing needs of children — providing, of course, that the husband's income is able to tolerate such increases.

I agree with last month's article that divorce laws should face more frankly the facts of modern life. One such fact is this:

Very few children are self-supporting at twenty-one. Legally they cease being "infants" at that age and no longer qualify for support. Many of them are still in college and will be for one to three years, depending on their chosen professions. Or they are just getting started in a business and need help.

In what is a "normal" family situation, they would receive support from their parents, if resources were available. Yet the divorcee who wants to keep her children in college must face the serious problem of providing for them on support money now reduced to a pittance. If she has no savings, or if she is without a salary, what can she do? I find it difficult even with a good job.

PERHAPS in sincere sorrow, perhaps in carping criticism, Divorced Husband writes:

"... The most unfortunate effect of the alimony dole on some women is that they are not so likely to remarry ... It's a big step to give up what is in effect a guaranteed lifetime income for another marriage that may turn out no better than the first."

Her alimony may give her the leisure to decide wisely and without haste when a likely male appears, rather than rush pell-mell into a second marital disaster. But as for his idea that a woman would prefer loneliness and a few thousand dollars a year to a good husband and a rewarding marriage relationship, I don't believe it! THE END

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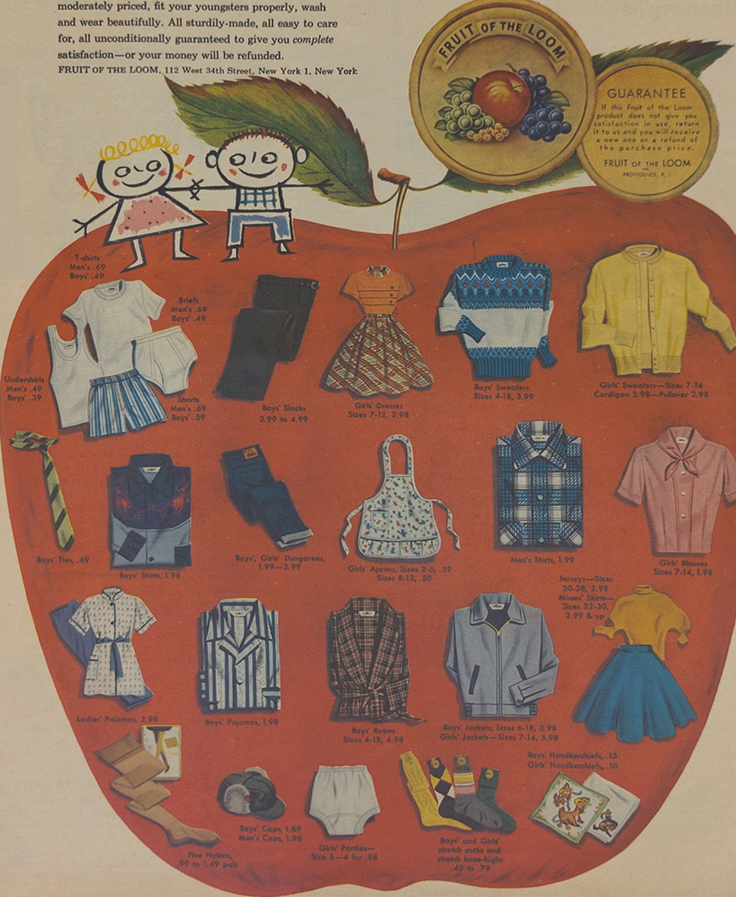

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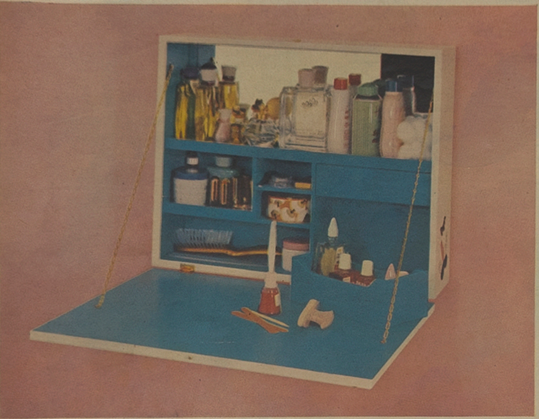
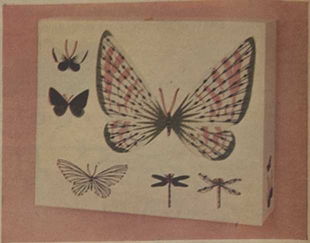
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL





Hanging beauty box, left and above, is 19 by 15½ by 5 inches. The front lets down to become a make-up shelf. **Dresser-top box,** below, 14½ by 11⅜ by 7 inches, has large drawer, full mirror. Both boxes close with latches and have removable trays for manicure equipment. Each was photographed holding the 47 items listed below. **144-W**

In each box:
cream sachet
toilet water
perfume
cologne
atomizer
polish remover
2 bottles polish
base coat
top coat
cuticle oil
nail brush
orange sticks
emery boards
toenail clippers
nail scissors
pumice
buffer
hand lotion
mascara
eyelash curler
eye shadow
eyelash brush
eyebrow pencil
tweezers
eye wash
3 lipsticks
lipstick brush
spot make-up
face powder
rouge
foundation
moisture cream
freshener
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cleanser
lubricant
hair lubricant
hairbrush
comb
hair-fixative spray
bobby pins
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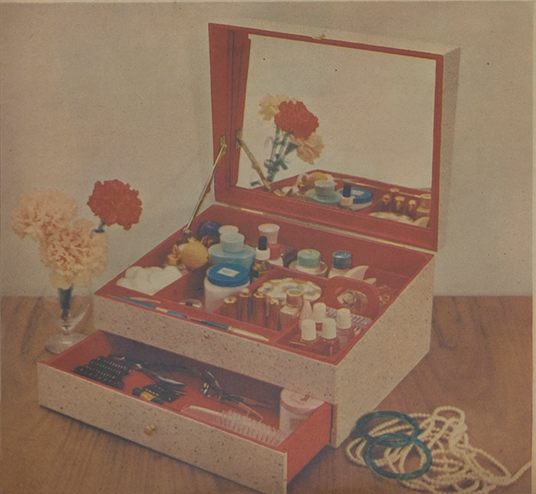
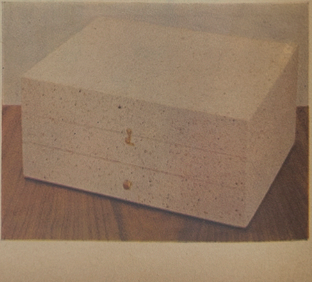
hair clips
rollers





BEAUTY BOX

For a husband to make and a wife to bless him for. At last she has a practical place to keep—and use—all her good-grooming aids

The majority of American women put on their make-up in the bathroom, the minority in the bedroom. Almost none, according to a recent McCall's survey, have what they say they need most: a convenient, compact place to keep and use their cosmetics, a replacement for the dressing room that modern space limitations have abolished.

They can have it now—a beauty box designed to fill all the needs our survey uncovered. One type sits on a bedroom dresser top or bathroom shelf; the other hangs on the wall—ideal when space is at a premium, and a good way to keep inquisitive little fingers out of the bottles and jars. Either box will hold every grooming aid a woman needs and give her a place to use them all as well. It's not only a space-saver but a time-saver: instead of laboriously rounding up scattered cosmetics, busy wives and mothers can spend that time achieving at home, every day, the well-groomed look they usually have to rely on a beauty-salon visit to produce. (Techniques for home facial and manicure on pages 126 and 128.)

Husbands of women who make up in the bathroom will applaud the beauty box and, more to the point, be glad to make it, we think. It puts an end to reaching for aspirin in the medicine chest and coming up with cologne, and makes the master of the house master of the bathroom mirror as well.

Building either beauty box from a McCall's Do-It-Yourself full-scale and transfer pattern is a simple home project that requires no more carpentry know-how than the ability to saw straight. The basic material is plywood, put together with brads and glue. Hinges, latches, lid supports and a drawer-pull comprise the necessary hardware. Because 40 per cent of the women interviewed by McCall's said they liked to do their manicures in the living room, both boxes have removable tote trays for manicure equipment; there's no trick to making them, or the simple set-in drawers.

When it comes to finishing the boxes, the lady of the house can take over. We did contrast paint jobs on ours, with a spatter finish for the dresser box and cutouts of butterflies on the hanging box. There are endless other decorative possibilities. For a bedroom beauty box, wallpaper or curtain fabric to match the room is smart. Or the box might be lacquered and ornamented with brass hardware, the inside painted or covered with fabric or paper. A really accomplished carpenter might decide on a natural wood finish.

Made in natural wood, the beauty box can become the utility box the man of the family has always hankered for. To order McCall's Do-It-Yourself pattern No. 144-W (for both the boxes), turn to page 131.

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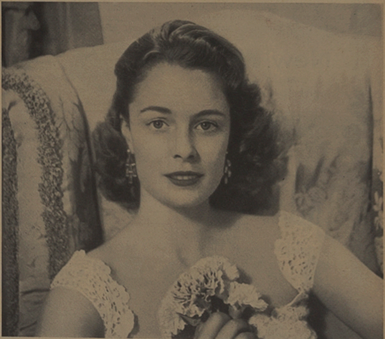

The Duchess of Rutland

. . . sparkling young English aristocrat, the Duchess has a dewy, luminous complexion. "It's wonderful the way Pond's Vanishing Cream really protects my skin so it stays smooth and soft," the Duchess says. "And it keeps my powder fresh and smooth longer than any other base I've ever used."

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Do it like a pro:

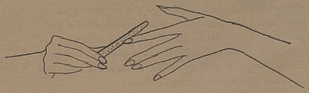
MANICURE

by MIRIAM GIBSON FRENCH

A beauty salon manicure takes half an hour. You can give yourself one that looks just as sleek if you allow that much time and take two cues from the experts: assemble your equipment before you start (we think the beauty box on page 124 is the neatest way to keep manicure aids together), and follow the steps outlined below. Done properly, a weekly manicure takes less time and accomplishes more than haphazard hand care.

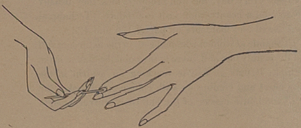
Your equipment: two clean hand towels, small bowl of warm soapy water, nail brush, pumice, emery board, orange sticks, cotton, polish remover, cuticle oil, nail scissors or clippers, cleansing tissues, buffer, undercoat and overcoat as well as polish, and hand lotion or cream. Lay these out on one of the towels.

Step 1: Remove old polish. An easy trick to get it all off neatly: place small piece of cotton saturated with remover on each nail. Leave cotton on for a moment, wipe nails clean.



Step 2: Shape nails with rough side of emery board, filing toward center. Use fine side to smooth edges. Never saw down into nails with emery. It can cause hangnails and broken nails.

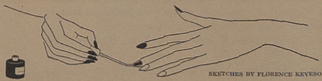
Step 3: Soak hands in warm, soapy water for about two minutes. Rub away calluses or rough spots with wet pumice. Clean under nails with cotton-wrapped orange stick dipped in water. Don't dig under the nails. Dry hands thoroughly, pushing cuticle back gently with the towel as you dry each finger.



Step 4: Push cuticle back *gently* with curved end of orange stick. Don't cut cuticle unless you have hangnails or rough edges that might tear.

Step 5: Scrub nails and fingers with brush and soapy water for a spick-and-span look. Dry, and use hand lotion or cream, massaging it in well and not forgetting wrists.

Step 6: Before you put on polish, smooth each nail with long strokes of buffer, then wipe nails with remover to prepare them for polish.



SKETCHES BY FLORENCE KEVESON

Step 7: Put on base coat, followed by two coats of polish and one of protective overcoat. Each coat must be thoroughly dry before the next one goes on. The professional technique: brush polish on lightly in three long sweeps from base to tip of nail—first in center of nail, then on either side. Keep handy an orange stick wrapped with a smitch of cotton and dipped in remover to quickly take off any polish that runs into cuticle. Allow at least five minutes for polish to dry—unless you use a spray polish drier which cuts the time. If possible, don't use your hands for half an hour so polish can harden completely.

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Do it like a pro:

FACIAL

THERE'S no magic to having well-cared-for skin. There *is* method — as the professionals know. So why not borrow their techniques to keep your complexion in top condition? Half an hour a week spent on a home facial will cleanse, stimulate and lubricate your skin — the basic steps to a glowing complexion. Here's how the pros do it:

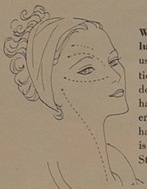
Before you start, assemble: Cleansing cream or lotion; freshener or astringent; lubricating cream, lotion or oil; eye cream; cleansing tissues; cotton pads; gauze to tie hair back.

Step 1: Clean neck and face with cleansing cream or lotion. Leave the cream on a minute to loosen dirt in pores, and use enough to "float it out." For oily skin, use special, nongreasy cleanser. Sketches below show motions the pros use when applying creams.

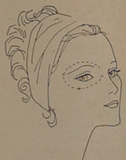
Step 2: Remove cleanser with tissues. Then wipe skin gently with cotton ball or pad saturated with freshener if skin is dry or normal, with astringent if it's oily.

Step 3: Put on the lubricant. Dry skins need a rich emollient — a hormone or moisture cream for the over-thirty skin. With dry or normal skin, lubricant should stay on at least 20 minutes. (You can combine this step with a nap or relaxing tub.) Oily skin needs nongreasy lubricant, left on for 10 minutes only.

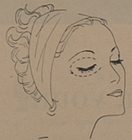
Step 4: Remove lubricant with tissues. Follow with skin freshener or astringent as you did in step 2.



When applying cleanser, freshener or lubricant, always stroke it on gently, using smooth upward and outward motion, starting at base of neck. Never drag down on facial muscles. Use palms of hands or flats of fingers to put on cleanser and lubricant, tissue wrapped around hand to remove. Freshener or astringent is used after both cleanser and lubricant. Stroke it on gently with a cotton pad



When working around eyes where skin and muscles are particularly delicate, especially light touch is important. When applying cleanser, freshener or lubricant, use tips of fingers in gentle, stroking motion, and follow line of bone, starting at inner eyebrow and continuing around with circular motion to bridge of nose



When working on the eyelids, whether with cream or lotion, *pat* on lightly with the fingertip, following the same circular pattern. To lubricate eyelids, pat on special eye cream. Blot off — never wipe. Remaining bit acts as long-lasting lubricant in an area where there are few oil glands to soften skin and deter wrinkles

SKETCHES BY FLORENCE KEVESON

Now you're ready to put on your make-up. Remember that whenever you apply anything to your face and neck, the motion should be upward and outward, with two exceptions — when working around the eyes or when putting on face powder. The latter should be done with a downward motion that smoothes the almost-invisible down on the skin.

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INTERNATIONAL

PARIS, NEW YORK, BEVERLY HILLS, AND PRINCIPAL CITIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

They called him Tiger

Continued from page 33

"*You* aren't afraid of them," Virginia said.

The principal replied slowly, "They fear me. They hate me, but they fear and respect me; they regard me as a man, and as being tougher than they are. They won't fear you, and you'd better not risk their hating you. You're very young and very pretty and very inexperienced. Unless you won them at once and never lost them afterward . . ."

He hesitated, and the blood crept up his thick neck. He looked away from Virginia, finishing almost inaudibly, "It's quite obvious that you aren't a man. And they're quite capable of treating you as they sometimes treat women."

There had been a scrawny, old-maid woman teacher they had not liked the year before. They had set upon her in a corridor and stripped off all her clothes and left her to make her hysterical, naked way to the infirmary.

NONE of the boys now in school had actually been convicted of the vicious muggings and rapes and merciless beatings of strangers that made the neighboring city park unsafe after dark. But toughs from other neighborhoods never dared venture into this private preserve except in open declaration of war, when the gangs fought each other in "rumbles" with fists and the heavy studded belts they wore, and with clubs and knives and occasionally zip guns. They fought each other for the sheer joy of maiming; they fell upon the inoffensive stranger, male or female, with equal savagery.

Virginia, walking down the long corridors as the other teachers did, with her head erect and her gaze directed ahead so as not to encounter the words and pictures scrawled upon the corridor walls, was aware of these facts. Her fair hair was skinned back tight against her head. She wore flat shoes and heavy stockings, an oversized woolen dress and glasses, and only enough lipstick to conceal the frightened pallor of her mouth. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she reached the door to her first classroom. She would not credit all she had been told, but there was sickening evidence of the ferocity she must face.

She paused with her hand on the classroom doorknob, and the smell of the corridor choked her—the smell of chalk and perspiration and harsh disinfectant. Desperately she drew for strength upon the single weapon she had reasoned out for herself—out of her youth and her faith and her courage—against all the warnings: *They are only boys.* Her mouth curved as she recalled the key she had found, the key with which she must try to open the door that had remained closed to all the others.

The names they gave their gangs. The principal would laugh at her; so would the other teachers. But this might be the unconscious key to what they all so vehemently denied could lie within themselves, these cold young toughs . . .

Chevaliers, they called themselves, and Knights. The Crimson Gentlemen. The Barons. Top Hatters. Crusaders. True, there were Buccaneers too, and Blue Devils; but so many were wistfully, pathetically grand. Could it be that in their hearts these boys dreamed of being chivalrous and admirable and *good*, and that their savagery was directed against a world that would not let them be?

Virginia opened the classroom door, and the uproar struck at her like a blow. She walked sedately to the raised dais on which the teacher's desk stood, looking neither to right nor to left, paying no attention to the rude cacophony that washed at her from all sides. A little knot of boys knelt in a corner, shooting craps. Two others, in the center of a waiting group, were trading hard, deliberate blows in turn; the first to wince would be "chicken," and the others would fall upon him like wolves upon a crippled member of the pack. They were all yelling raucously at one another, pretending not to notice the new teacher's arrival. Their voices were rough and their words harsh, but there was as yet little profanity and no obscenity. They had not decided whether the teacher was to master them or they her. In this first, taut moment her position here would be established; if she were wrong in her fearful guess . . .

Virginia stood very erect behind her desk, outwardly cool, her lips still curved in a faint smile. She surveyed the room silently, waiting, her head high; and gradually, expectantly, the animals turned their challenging stare upon the trainer. The boys in the gaudy satin jackets and skin-tight jeans and the wide, heavy, metal-studded belts with which they could beat a man's face to pulp gave their attention to her slowly and contemptuously. One by one they turned toward her, their hard eyes examining her. The yelling abated, the noise in the room diminished almost to silence, and still Virginia stood like a young queen with that gracious, unafraid smile on her pale mouth. In the exact moment when the noise would not subside further but must break out again, and this time forever beyond control, she spoke.

"Gentlemen," Virginia said politely. Although she did not emphasize the word, its impact was visible in the stunned eyes of the boys as she nodded her head. "You may be seated."

One jeering voice then would have brought them all down upon her. But after the dazed, fascinated silence had continued for a long moment she was safe. The boy who dared jeer now, after the others had refrained, would bring them down upon himself. Quietly they were taking their places; her audacious gamble had paid off.

"This is no longer the Age of Chivalry," Virginia said softly, and the boys watched her in fascination. "But the blood of the men we are supposed to learn about in this course hasn't just vanished. Diluted or strengthened, it survives today; many of us in this classroom are descended, more or less, from the toughest of the fighting noblemen of Europe—the lords who slaughtered enough of their neighbors to survive, to get their names into history books and to beget descendants. And their descendants aren't all in Europe today, nor do they all have titles. Some of them are here; some of us, a hundred years or so ago, would have lived in castles and ridden on Crusades . . ."

SHE didn't teach them much in the months following, of course; their interest didn't lie in learning. But they tolerated her, and more—silently and fiercely they defended her. There was one of them, caught flagrantly reading one of the pornographic "comic" books that appeared to be their sole literary indulgence, who leered at Virginia as he placed it open on her desk with a suggestive gesture. He never came to school again. The others beat him nearly to death and ostracized him from his gang which was his protection against other gangs; like a crow without feathers, he dared not show himself among his fellows for fear of being pecked to death.

And a little random learning seeped into them, by a process of adsorption. Big Midge Kelly and little scar-faced Vico DiGiorgio, president and war counselor respectively of the gang known as the Barons, upgraded their organization in spite of the considerable expense involved in re-lettering satin jackets to read "Dukes." And there were other signs, though not many.

But it was a precarious mastery she held over them, because as she learned to know them she learned to fear them too; and increasingly she doubted that she could indefinitely conceal her fear. It was so hard always to pretend not to hear the whispers and snickers, or not to realize what they meant, even though the cold and knowing eyes had not yet troubled to strip her of the severe clothes she carefully wore. It was almost impossible to conceal her fear that sometime, in one unguarded instant, she would slip, and they would see her all at once as a woman.

The boy they called Tiger almost did see it. Perhaps he did entirely; she could not be sure. Because he came late in the school year, he was tossed in with the tame ones to establish his toughness and his right to survive if he could. And to size up the trainer, now accepted out of habit and without question by the others.

Tiger's eyes were flat and shiny, a very pale blue. His teeth were white and sharp and they slanted inward; his canines were extremely long. It was impossible not to think of them as fangs. His features were good, clear-cut and Slavic; he would have been a very handsome boy if it had not been for the absolute emptiness behind his eyes. He was nineteen years old and he had served a prison term for bludgeoning a storekeeper in the course of a holdup. He had been after drugs at the time, and his occasional floating, dreamy behavior indicated that his prison cure might have been less than complete.

Tiger looked the school over with amused contempt; having decided to act, he then put a switchblade knife to Big Midge Kelly's throat and suggested that Big Midge resign in his favor as president of the Dukes, lately the Barons. And with the Dukes solidly at his back, Tiger cowed the rest of the school.

For Virginia he had a derisive smile as intimate as a wink; his cold, pale eyes saw through her pitiful attempts at disguise and his fanged smile claimed a share of the deception she had practiced upon the others. She knew that Tiger sensed her fear, that when he was ready he would challenge her authority. She knew that once he had exposed her all the others would fall upon her too, and tear her to bits.

Virginia concealed her mounting terror with something approaching desperation. She could not even confide in Harry, because Harry didn't think much of her teaching in a school with a reputation like that one anyway, and she had to keep on teaching for a few years or she and Harry would never be able to afford to get married. Harry was a wonderful guy, but a customs inspector at Idlewild doesn't make an awful lot, and they had agreed to wait until they could afford a house of their own. So Virginia would need a few years of teaching.

SHE got more and more jumpy as the year drew to a close. Before matters came to a head, however, the term ended. And a week after commencement Harry's grandfather died and Harry unexpectedly inherited four thousand dollars and a vast, decrepit old Victorian house standing alone in the dunes far out on the Island. They got married at once, and moved out to start fixing the old house up. Virginia sent in her resignation, relieved to have been rescued before her cageful revolted, as they must inevitably have done, and saddened that she had failed to domesticate them entirely, to bring out what she still felt lay buried in them somewhere.

She was touched almost to the point of tears, therefore, to discover that she had not entirely failed after all, that she had at least won from them a grudging affection they dared acknowledge to one another without loss of face. And even though they made it belligerently clear that they were not accepting society but only herself as an exception to their rule of bitter enmity, their admission was a great first step.

The discovery came on a Saturday morning in mid-October. Harry worked Saturdays and Sundays, and they had adjusted to scheduling ordinarily weekend activities on his Tuesday and Wednesday off-days, a pleasantly topsy-turvy arrangement.

(Continued on page 132)

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(Continued from page 131)

So Virginia was alone in the isolated old house on the dunes when the three boys came calling. They rolled into the driveway in a gleaming new car whose owner might or might not know it had been borrowed. They moved toward the veranda in a tight defensive formation, glancing about them with wary interest, ready for instant flight or battle. Vico DiGiorgio and Ronald Sura and Peanuts Flores, the mascot of the Dukes, moving stiff-legged in their tight jeans and satin jackets, unsure of themselves and bellicose about it.

Virginia was washing the storm windows Harry intended to hang the following Tuesday; she greeted her guests with grave courtesy, careful to appear neither surprised nor unduly effusive. They came in and took seats, casing the strange place warily, exchanging glances of comment on the spaciousness and dignity of the old house, and then unable either to speak or to meet one another's eyes. Virginia apologized cheerfully for her window-washing costume of faded dungarees and shirt; it failed to put them at ease. They mumbled sullen responses, resentful of their own inarticulateness, until little Peanuts suddenly said, grinning: "End o' the world out here, huh, Teach'? Jeez, we had a h— we had a tough time findin' the joint, I kid you not! How far you from any place, huh?"

"Four miles from our nearest neighbor," Virginia answered pleasantly, and the bleak stares the other two had bent upon Peanuts warmed slightly, their stiffness eased a little. "And nine miles from the village, and eighty-one miles from New York. But Harry can drive to Idlewild in a little over an hour, so it isn't as bad as it would be if he worked in the city. We like it, even if it is kind of isolated."

"Yeah," Vico said, and cleared his throat nervously. "Yeah, it's nice out here. Quiet, an' kinda clean. I wouldn't get lonely, place like this. But you can't get nobody t' do nothin' for you, huh? Washin' them storm windows, that ain't no job for no lady, Teach' . . ."

When Harry came home, in the growing darkness of late afternoon, the storm windows had been washed until they glittered and were hung, even the two little ones in the attic Harry had ruefully said only an acrobat could get to. The three of them were drinking tea with Virginia in front of the fire, so much at their ease that they barely bristled when Harry came in. And Harry happily had the inspired good sense to join the circle in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, holding out his cup for tea as though he had it every day and wasn't dying for beer, sitting back quietly to listen and join in the conversation when his turn came.

The three Dukes left at last, reluctantly, affecting an attempt at a dignified manner that caught at Virginia's heart because it left them so vulnerable, returning to their jungle stripped of their tough veneer.

"You've found the way," Harry said cordially in parting. "Come again. Any time."

"You got a lot to do, fixin' up this old house," Ronald Sura said, looking carefully at a point in the air equidistant between Harry and Virginia. "Maybe we c'n come do you something sometimes. An' thanks, Teach'."

They did not discuss the boys' visit, because Harry had something else on his mind. October is hurricane month over the North Atlantic; a new storm had that day caused cancellation of all flights due to leave Bermuda for New York.

"It's swerving in this way," Harry said, rubbing tired eyes, "and unless it blows out to sea again it'll pass fairly close offshore sometime late tomorrow afternoon. We won't get it here, not the actual hurricane, but we may have high winds and a little rain. And one thing about this old place, the power lines go down in any kind of storm, always have. So tonight I think we better dig all the old oil lamps out of the cellar and get 'em ready in case we need 'em. I brought new wicks and five gallons of kerosene. I'll trim lamps if you'll wash chimneys."

"No, you won't," Virginia said firmly. "You're bushed, and tonight we'll take it easy. I'll do the lamps tomorrow sometime."

At three o'clock on a gray afternoon heavy with the sullen promise of the storm, she had a sinkful of lamp chimneys, the sleeves of a cashmere sweater pushed up clear of the hot, soapy water. She was thinking about the three boys and her smile was contented, even a little smug; they had shown their wary willingness to respond, to be at least in part domesticated. Surely she could fairly claim credit, couldn't she?

She was reliving details of their visit, permitting herself now the laughter she had stifled yesterday at their clumsy attempts at manners, when the doorbell rang.

"Now who—?" Virginia said aloud, impatiently drying her hands, checking swiftly the shining wave of loose fair hair, hurrying to the front door.

And there he stood. Alone.

"Oh!" she gasped, and instantly knew that everything was wrong—the sheer nylons, the pumps, the cashmere sweater, her gleaming hair. Behind him the sky was nearly black with the threat of the storm. The real threat, however, was nearer, in the flat, pale eyes that traveled down her body and up again, touching her like an icy finger.

"Heard you had a nice place here, real quiet and nice," Tiger said softly, dreamily, and gave her his fanged smile, "so I come calling, too, see maybe can I do some chores for you. Anything them kids can do, I can do better. Anything *anybody* can do. You gonna invite me in outa the storm?"

Unreasoning panic came from nowhere. Virginia held onto the doorknob, staring at him. She could scream. Absurd. Four miles to . . . She could step back quickly, bang the door in his face, bolt it. He'd be quicker. Even if she succeeded in closing it, he'd get in. A window. She could telephone. The police. How long . . .?

Ridiculous. He came to visit, to help, like the others did, Virginia told herself sternly, knowing it wasn't true. He doesn't know I'm scared to death of him—and she knew that wasn't true either. But even if she could escape, even if she could drive him back to his jungle, he'd take the others with him now. And after yesterday, could she let the others down; could she let this one go back and mock them for their softness, for her cowardice?

"Of course," she said, smiling, and held the door wide. She managed to hold her smile even as she realized that she could not remember his name, that it was gone forever, and she could not call him Tiger. "Forgive me. I'm delighted to see you—I was just so surprised at first. Come in."

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He lounged in. A smart tweed topcoat hung open over a sharply creased flannel suit. *He didn't come to help with chores, not in those clothes,* the frantic voice of panic yammered at Virginia. She shut her mind to it, leading him briskly through the house to the kitchen.

"I was just getting the lamps ready," she explained as matter-of-factly as she could, and her voice sounded shaky and strained in her own ears. She dared not meet his eyes yet. "When the storm breaks, our lights are likely to go out; they usually do . . ."

The phone will go out too, she thought. If I can just . . . maybe I ought to call now. Call Harry. Just tell him . . . What could I tell him? What could he do?

"This wick here ain't the right size," Tiger said, his voice a dreaming whisper, and the blade of the switchknife jumped from his fist with a click. "I can fix that up for you, doll."

Perhaps she hadn't heard him call her that; perhaps he hadn't actually said it; perhaps she had only imagined it. It had been almost inaudible, the whole whispered speech. If he had, if she had heard correctly, then she must rebuke him at once; she must face the cold eyes and the derisive smile and the gleaming knife and somehow dominate him. If she let him get out of hand even a little it would be too much . . .

But his smile was blandly innocent, the long canines barely showing. His gaze was intent upon the lamp wick he was carefully shaping with the knife. If she spoke sternly to him now, he would simply pretend not to understand what she was talking about. He was out of hand already, and entirely so; she could not control him and he knew it. He was playing with her, and she must not let him see how helpless she was. She would have to telephone, and quickly; she dared not stay here with—

AT THAT moment the storm struck. A sheet of rain lashed against the kitchen windows; the wind screamed overhead; the old house creaked and groaned in all its invisible bones. Virginia could see the power pole tip slowly sideways and float downward, trailing a hopeless tangle of wires. The kitchen lights went out at once; suddenly the day was almost full night. And that meant the telephone was gone too, of course.

"Hey, some storm!" Tiger whispered, and suddenly he laughed, a high-pitched, metallic laugh that held no trace of mirth or mercy. In the murky dusk of the kitchen he moved with the languid grace of a cat toward Virginia while she stood paralyzed with a half-dried lamp chimney in her hand. The knife had disappeared as suddenly as it had leaped into being. Still she could not force herself to move, to flee.

The sound of the wind grew louder. In the midst of the howling fury outside there came a shattering crash from somewhere inside the house. It checked Tiger; he spun, half-crouching, and the switchblade flickered in his hand again and disappeared as he straightened, murmuring lazily:

"Couldn't be nobody here but us, doll. But something bust. You stay here, doll, I take a look . . ."

He was gone, and Virginia's paralysis went with him. In fumbling haste she filled the nearest lamp, lighting it with shaking fingers, turning the wick too high and blackening the chimney. But with the warm light in the kitchen a part of her terror fled; she could try to think rationally. He would tire of his game very soon now; already a spark of impatience showed through the lazy derision. He had come for one purpose only; he was nearly ready, now, to consummate it. And she was entirely at his mercy. The phone was out; there was nowhere to run.

Harry's pistol. It was loaded and was in the drawer of their bedside table. Living so far out, Harry said, she had better have a gun and know how to use it.

Snatching up the lamp, Virginia went swiftly out of the kitchen, through the pantry, into the big living room. He was upstairs somewhere. If she could get to the bedroom before he came back from investigating that crash . . .

He was just coming into the other end of the living room from the hall. His smile was wide now; all the inward-slanting teeth showed and the eyes were blank. The switchblade glittered in one hand; in the other, negligently, he carried Harry's gun.

"Found this," Tiger said softly, and dropped the gun into his pocket. "Didn't need it, though. We ain't gonna need it, are we, doll? There ain't nobody here but you an' me. That noise, that was a hunk of branch blowin' through a window upstairs. An' there ain't no trees right near, doll; I dunno where it come from, that branch. But that is a high wind, doll; nobody ain't goin' out in that wind. I might have to stay an' take care of you quite awhile . . ."

He gave her his fanged smile again. It was not derisive now; at the bold

(Continued on page 134)

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(Continued from page 133)

claim in Tiger's smile Virginia's knees weakened. She would have given anything to see the old derision again. He moved across the room, passing close to her without a glance. He flipped the switch of the radio; when the dial did not light up his eyes blazed with fury. There was a statuette on top of the radio cabinet. His hand moved too fast for her eyes to follow, and the statuette crashed to the floor. Tiger faced her, his eyes blank and cold again.

"No music," he whispered, and took one step toward her. "But we don't need no music, do we, doll? We're gonna have a little dance anyway. C'mere—"

He reached for her. He was so close she could see the tiny fleck of soapy foam at the corner of his mouth. She could see the blind hunger in his eyes too, and all at once she could move, and did.

She had the big couch between them, and for a moment Tiger was quite still, facing her. Then the switchblade jumped into his hand again, and this time he did not even seem to be aware of the knife; he was aware only of her. So the knife was for her too.

He moved. Quick as any predator, he rounded the couch and came at her.

Virginia turned and ran. Clutching the still-burning lamp, sobbing in sheer terror, she scurried through the swinging doors into the pantry, into the kitchen, feeling the presence like a panting carnivore hard on her heels. Frantic with fear, she tried to dodge too quickly, felt the linoleum slippery under her feet; and then she was falling, helpless, clutching at nothing with outflung arms. She felt a stunning blow on the back of her head and at the same instant saw the blazing sheet of fire and felt the heat lick at her sprawled body. Dimly she knew that she had dropped the lamp and it had exploded; the knowledge of fire seemed not catastrophe but simply one thing more to accept passively, lying where she had fallen.

She heard Tiger curse. The expletive seemed to come from a great distance away. The weight of his body dropped smotheringly upon her own, and she seemed to be quite detached from that too. He was tearing at her clothes. She could feel the tugging, hear the ripping sounds, feel the exposure of her body, and she could not move to protest. It was not possible any more to care about anything. Her mind was numb with shock.

And then the howling of the storm outside and the crackle of flames in the kitchen became an intolerable roar in her ears. The sound swept her up at last and carried her into blackness.

She became aware first of the smell. It was, to begin with, only fairly unpleasant, a smell of kerosene and oil smoke like the exhaust of a bus in traffic. And then the rest of the smell emerged—the stench of scorched fabric and wood and linoleum. It was so unbearable that she could not ignore it any longer. She had to open her eyes.

Then she became aware of other things, little by little, as though her stunned mind could now comprehend things one at a time but still refused to add them up and reach a sum of horror.

One, she was lying on the couch in the living room. There was no one else in the room, only the wisps of oily black smoke.

Two, she was wearing stockings and girdle and bra and a half-slip. One of her shoulder straps was broken. She could see her sweater and skirt draped over a chair as though someone had carefully hung them there. The cashmere sweater was charred and blackened over one entire side. The bottom of the skirt was burned black and seemed shorter than it had been. She could not see her shoes anywhere.

Three, she felt sticky and soiled. She wanted a bath, and at once. But she was not hurt anywhere and she was no longer afraid. Inexplicably she was deeply confident that danger had somehow been averted.

Four . . .

The swinging door to the pantry opened silently and a cloud of black smoke eddied sullenly into the room. In the midst of the smoke, as though he were materializing from another world, stood Tiger. He stood quite still in the doorway, his face black with soot and red behind the black. His eyebrows and lashes were burned away, so that the pale eyes seemed lidless now, almost reptilian. His smart flannel suit was a stained and crumpled mess.

He stood holding the swinging door open with the back of one hand, and he held the other hand stiffly a few inches away from his body. It was then she realized that his hands were burned, and that that last puff of smoke in which he had appeared was all.

There was no crackling from the kitchen and no more sign of fire. So his attention was freed; he had fought for her and won.

Then Virginia saw the blaze in his eyes and suddenly understood the struggle that was going on behind them. Gradually her mind encompassed and accepted the reason why danger no longer existed. A glint of his original purpose still lingered in Tiger's eyes, but it was smothering before something else—a bitter pride, but not a savage one.

He's only a boy, Virginia thought, and knew she had been right in the first place. He's a human being, she thought, and wondered that she could ever have been afraid of him, even when he was posing as a beast. For she could read the look in Tiger's bewildered eyes now as they surveyed her with swift concern and then relief.

Tiger had bravely and gallantly risked his life to protect a lady from danger; he had succeeded, and she was under his protection forevermore. She was forever safe from any danger he could fight, safest of all from himself.

The rain no longer lashed at the windows; the rim of the storm had passed. Virginia was all at once conscious and normal; she half sat up, glancing swiftly about for something with which to cover her half-dressed body, pulled something over her and only then realized it was Tiger's smart tweed topcoat, tossed carelessly over the back of the couch. She met his eyes and read their proud message: Keep the topcoat, please. Keep it to cover yourself like that . . .

"Thank you," Virgina said softly. "Thank you for—everything, Tiger. Don't you want to wash up a little and change into one of my husband's suits? You'd better stay awhile; the storm may not be really over yet . . ."

He struggled for a moment for the words to express a new emotion, a state of mind and spirit that was unfamiliar to him. Then he gave up; he simply couldn't do it.

"Agh-h, the hell with it!" Tiger growled, and wheeled and strode proudly out into the dying storm.

THE END

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by FREDRICK J. STARE, M.D., and OLIVE BARBARA HAYES, B.S.
Department of Nutrition, Harvard School of Public Health

"Excess pounds," says Dr. Stare, "can be taken off essentially by only two methods: modification of the diet, and physical activity"

WILLOUGHBY/GLOBE

What this country needs... a 5-hole golf course

In many an American attic or garage today there rests—and rusts—a rowing machine, a set of wall-pulleys and stretch-cords, or some other costly contraption once hopefully purchased in the interest of slim figures. The decline and ultimate retirement of these gadgets to their present moldy resting places came about because the experts began to insist that exercise was no way to reduce. It merely built up your appetite, they said, and so then you ate more and got fatter. The classic statement in every article on reducing came to be that the only worthwhile reducing exercise was pushing back firmly from the table and shaking one's head from side to side when offered a second helping.

But with the years of added study on the problem of weight control, it now seems to be clearly proved that neither extreme—all-exercise *or* all-diet—is the answer. The truth, it would appear, as with so many human problems, lies somewhere in between.

Weight control in essence has to do with the balance between energy intake (food) and energy output (physical activity). An excess of one at the expense of the other is not good. But some knowledge of how much food can be offset by how much activity, and a program based on this knowledge, can bring real results.

It is true that *excessive* physical activity increases food intake, but there is an exercise "threshold" below which one can exercise without increasing appetite. While 18 holes of weekend golf or a couple of fast sets of tennis may produce wolfish appetites, a long walk or a few holes of golf will not—hence our recommendation for a five-hole golf course!

Excessive dieting is just as bad and just as ineffectual a means of producing permanent weight loss as excessive exercise. Over and over again, rechecks on people who once successfully lost weight on controlled diets show that after a year or two or three, they're back to their pre-diet weight. They lost the surplus pounds they wanted to lose, admired their hard-won slimness for a few months, and then ate themselves right back to overweight again.

For most people, then, *the best method of continuing weight control appears to be a combination of consistent, moderate diet restriction and daily moderate physical activity.*

Say you'd like to lose a pound a week. It works like this: reduce daily diet by 250 calories (an average dessert) and increase daily energy output by 250 calories (a half-hour swim or brisk 45-minute walk). That adds up to a daily deficit of 500 calories and a weekly loss of 3500—the approximate equal of one pound of body fat.

The importance of inactivity as a cause of overweight is by now well documented. Numerous studies have demonstrated that obese children do not participate in sports and other activities to as great an extent as the nonobese; and many adults can trace the onset of overweight to a period when their physical activity was curtailed. In this age of automobile and elevator, dishwasher and power lawn mower, with sports events, plays and movies provided by switching on a television set, there isn't much challenge to physical activity.

Excess weight in many instances is the result of undesirable habits involved closely with the way people live today. Food habits are usually formed fairly early in life and in the home environment, so parents will do well to examine their own food and exercise habits with an eye to what effect they might have on their children. If children are accustomed from early life to overeating, it's going to be twice as hard to modify their habits later on. Certainly once excess pounds have become a habit, a teenager will find it difficult to shed them, especially if the family's habitual food intake ranges from overindulgence to sheer gluttony.

An interesting sidelight on the "inherited" habit of overeating appeared in a recent study made at the Harvard School of Public Health among adolescent girls. It was shown that 42 per cent of the mothers of overweight girls were overweight themselves, while only 7 per cent of the mothers of the nonobese were—a pretty good proof that parents who can't control their own appetites are likely to see their own children putting on more weight than they need.

And it's just as important for parents to give their children an appreciation of exercise. At the last annual meeting of the American Medical Association, a number of reports stressed the importance of moderate daily exercise—not alone for the treatment of obesity, but for other benefits as well: less constipation, fewer muscular aches and pains, improved circulation and respiration.

And the best way to get moderate daily exercise is a way almost all of us have available—the brisk walk. To and from commuter station, job, school or market. A swim, a few holes of golf, a set of tennis are all good—and while we're at it, we might as well dust off that old exercise machine after all these years, or even buy a new one!

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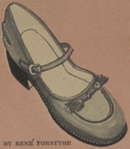
play to party

by NANCY WIELER

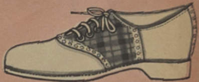
Children's shoes make big fashion strides this fall—with a lighter, airier look, a softer feel and grown-up styling

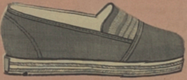


Perfect for school: a one-strap shoe of soft glove leather with a bow trim on the moccasin vamp. By Poll Parrot, about $6.50

SKETCHES BY RENÉ FORSYTHE

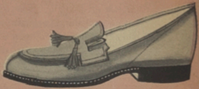
An old favorite for school or play gets a new look. Saddle oxford has a gay plaid overlay saddle. By Red Goose, about $7

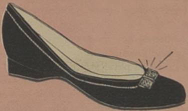




Sturdy, washable play shoe in duck or denim has a crepe-type outsole. Instep is striped elastic. By U.S. Keds, about $3.25

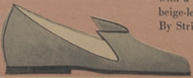
Nicely styled tassel loafer comes in red or tan calf. Vamp has elasticized gores for fit and comfort. By Buster Brown, about $7



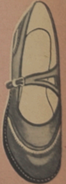


A bit of glitter plus grown-up styling in a black suede pump with silver stitching and rhinestone trim. By Edwards, about $7

Just for fun—Italian-inspired play shoe is soft, flexible and lightweight, in Kafalope suede. Scarpinos, by Vara-Vogue, about $8



To wear with fall suits and coats: a red shoe with a swing strap and beige-leather trim. By Stride Rite, about $8



The shadow of a memory

Continued from page 47

gradually the soft, early morning relaxed her. She thought of Bart . . .

Gerry often had thought that if their meeting had been different, things might not have turned out like this. People are vulnerable at Christmas; their hearts rock unsteadily with the submerged need to believe in miracles. And the yearly Candlelight Service at Miss Maynard's School for Girls only increased this sentiment. Parents and friends drove miles over the icy Berkshire roads for the event and a cup of cocoa. That night six months ago Henry Garrett was late. Tess Lloyd's family came on time, bringing a young ensign.

Greens banked the chapel; candles lighted the altar and each window. At eight o'clock, all other lights went out and the organ started "O Come, All Ye Faithful." Wearing a scarlet robe, Gerry filed in with the choir.

She was a senior. This was the fourth time the scene had broken on her. For the fourth time her hymnal blurred. The candle she carried cast wobbly radiance on her face and the tears sparkled. She didn't see her father, who had had to sit in the balcony. Instead, the face of a young ensign with dark, brooding eyes swam toward her.

Tess poked her, whispering under the singing, "Bart Taswell—hot ticket."

Tess was the one the boys went for. Not that Gerry was a moose; she just wasn't crazy and gay and full of talk like Tess. And sometimes at dances her grave, inquiring eyes made boys who thought how pretty she was dance with someone else. Tess coached her, "Less spirit, more body, Toots." But it hadn't helped much.

AFTER chapel, under the bare lights in the gym, Bart Taswell apparently noted what, after all, had been under Gerry's choir robe.

He asked, "Could I get you some cocoa?"

And Gerry said, "Yes, thank you."

He brought cocoa for her and Tess while Mr. Lloyd laughed and said, "Why, this boy's dad and I were at Amherst together! Tied up in New York now. We picked him right off the ship."

"Could I get you a sandwich?" Bart Taswell asked. Gerry noticed that in spite of his crew cut he was not a boy.

"Yes, thank—" Gerry began. The crowd around the table brushed them together so that their hands touched and sprang apart in a frenzy of shyness.

"Live near New York?"

"Yes," Gerry said, hating her hot face. "Connecticut."

"Hogging the sandwiches!" Tess said behind them. "Come in for lunch someday next week, why don't you, Gerry? This poor guy's stuck in New York for Christmas!"

"I've still got to do all my Christmas shopping." The way Bart smiled made Gerry know that whoever he shopped for was awfully lucky.

"Swell!" Tess cried. "We'll help you. We'll spend all the money the Navy's paid you for years. Okay, Gerry?"

Driving home that night her father said, "Handsome fellow, young Taswell. I'd say he rather fell for you."

"Don't be silly, Daddy." But Gerry noticed suddenly that the Christmas sky was brilliant with stars.

They lunched at the Schrafft's on Fifty-first Street and ate chicken pies and chocolate sundaes while their knees bumped embarrassingly under the small table.

Around two, Tess said, "I know I'm a moose and I'm sorry, but y'know what I've got to do?"

Gerry and Bart looked at her.

"Leave you two to that shopping."

"What's so important?" asked Bart, standing as Tess did.

She collected her bag, her gloves and bared her teeth at him.

"Getting my braces off before Jim gets in from Princeton. Important, wouldn't you say?" And off she went, calling back, "So be good, you two!"

It was a cold bright day, and along Fifth Avenue the store fronts seemed to sparkle.

"It beats Tulsa," Bart said. But at Rockefeller Plaza there was no need to say anything. He stopped and quietly put his hand through her arm.

As they stood looking along the trumpeting angels to the big tree, Gerry's heart soared. Some happiness, some faith was almost given back to her.

Then Bart said, "Gee, but I wish my wife and kid could see this!"

It was as though the angels had blasted their trumpets. Too late, Gerry thought. I'm too late!

"I . . . didn't know."

"You mean Tess didn't tell you? Crazy girl!" He slid his hand from her arm and went on talking quickly. "We married when we were nineteen. Why wait? The Navy had me and

(Continued on page 138)

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Ted Rand

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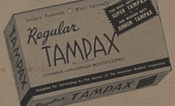

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Name____________________

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(Continued from page 137)

war was breathing down our necks. The Lloyds sent us a meat platter tied with the Amherst colors and now Missy's three. She's going to be a circus this Christmas and here I am." He stopped for breath.

"Do you want to shop now?" Gerry asked. "We might try Saks."

All afternoon they trailed in and out of the big, twinkling stores. Gerry tried on gloves and a negligee (over her dress), and at F.A.O. Schwarz the saleswoman said to her, "About how old is your child?"

Stone-deaf, Gerry examined a doll with curiosity.

"Three years, two months and eleven days," Bart said.

"Oh, I *see*," she said, not seeing at all and glancing from one to the other with a puzzled look.

At five-thirty they stood at the train gate in Grand Central. As Gerry reached up to pile more packages onto his tottering load, something happened between their eyes.

"You know something?" he said. "You've been swell."

"I—it was fun."

"For you? No, it wasn't."

He would break her heart, standing there holding all that loot for the family he wouldn't see.

"Bart, can't you go home to them *possibly?*"

"Tulsa? I get one day."

"Could they come to you?"

"We haven't got that kind of cash!"

The last commuting husbands were running for the train and Gerry put out her hand, but his own were full and he couldn't take it. They laughed. It sprang from something simple and gay they hadn't expected and didn't understand.

Gerry said, "Bart—come to us for Christmas!"

"GEE, this is great!" he said as they trailed out of the dining room, leaving the wrecked plum pudding and empty coffee cups for Minnie.

It was starting to get dark. In the living room the lighted tree stood in its own magic. Mr. Garrett leaned down to prod the fire. It leaped splendidly.

"Anybody that wants to can take a nap," he said.

They all laughed. Mr. Garrett sank down into a huge leather armchair and Gerry and Bart walked over to the tree.

"You don't know what it's meant," he said, "being here."

"I'm glad."

Bart put out his hand and touched one of the little twirling lights. Gerry looked at the hand, large with clean, blunt nails, and her heart swelled like a bubble. This was such happiness it didn't seem to matter where it came from and she said, feeling kind to the whole world, "Bart, wouldn't you like to call your wife?"

He looked around as if she had smashed an ornament.

"Thanks, but I did, first thing this morning."

"Oh." The bubble burst, leaving her worse than vulnerable. "Were—were they all right?"

"Sure—swell." She saw his jaw tighten on what should have been a smile. "I don't think they'd noticed yet I wasn't around."

Gerry didn't know about this kind of thing or that loneliness can wear some of the strangest faces known to man. She wondered what on earth to say. After a few minutes of avoiding each other's eyes, Bart took out a timetable.

"What's that for?" Gerry asked.

"Have to be back aboard ship by eleven o'clock."

"But it's only five!"

"I'd better be going."

Mr. Garrett, who had been pretending to snore, opened his eyes. "Leaving, fellow? Been nice, you know."

"It's been swell, sir."

"Any time."

"Thanks, but we're shipping out tomorrow—for Norfolk."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Gerry said, "I'll drive him to the station, Daddy."

"Sure you want to?" Her father started to heave himself out of his chair.

"I'll be right back."

They went out. Beyond the white lawn, street lamps gave out a blurry yellow. As they drove past the lighted houses, it seemed as though all the other people in the world were already where they wanted to be. At the station the long shoveled platform was empty. Gerry cut off the motor and dimmed the lights.

"Oh, I never can bear to have it over!"

It broke out of her. Bart turned and looked at her as he had that night in Miss Maynard's chapel. "Why?"

"I don't know. I used always to go off and cry Christmas night."

"Tonight will you?"

"Maybe."

She began to smile, and suddenly she was in his arms. Their mouths met in astonishment and wonder. . .

GERRY could see ahead the long spider-web outline of Washington Bridge and her stomach went hollow, but she drove on. So much about love was accidental—all the early part when you stumbled from joy to misery to joy again, until suddenly there was no retreat and you took a stand. Like last night when Bart called from Norfolk.

A siren came howling down on her and her heart lurched, but it was an ambulance that fled past. She crawled up the ramp with all the other cars and set the Blue Angel's nose on the great gray bridge. If I'm arrested, she thought, will they take the Blue Angel? *But I don't want to live if they keep me away from Bart!*

Had it gone that far? She hadn't known it herself until this moment, staring down at the Hudson, which looked like crumpled foil. No—oh, no! People did, though; it was the sort of thing she skipped in the newspapers.

Cars crept, converged and filtered slowly through the toll station. Gerry nosed her way to the center lane for a quick getaway. Two cars, one car. Her heart beat in great, separate bumps. The man at the booth was about her father's age. She held out her fifty cents and the car slid on.

In those first wild moments of freedom, Gerry sent the top of the convertible flying back and began to sing. Between here and Virginia the way was wide and clear and there was not a thing to stop her!

A man on an oil truck leaned out and yelled, "Hey, cutie!"

She waved and flew on. *Bart, here I come!* This was heaven!

That heaven had seemed remote last Easter. When she begged him, her father drove her south, a leisurely back-road business. Through the Maryland Eastern Shore and by ferry to Old Point Comfort. At the Chamberlin before dinner, Mr. Garrett was having a bourbon and Gerry a Coke when Bart Taswell walked into the bar.

"Well, imagine! This *is* nice," Mr. Garrett said. "Have dinner with us."

But deceit clouded the whole pleasant evening for Gerry. It was early when she and her father said good night to Bart.

She undressed slowly and stood at the open window in her light robe, smelling the warm, damp southern night. Then she went to her father's door and knocked. "It's Gerry."

"Yes? Come in."

He had not undressed. He too had been at the window, and now they stood face to face in the strange room.

"Daddy, Bart knew we were coming here. We planned it."

Shock left his face unmoved for a minute. "Why?" he asked.

"We like each other. We like to be together."

"You say—like?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"I'm supposing you both have thought about his wife?"

"That's something else," Gerry said.

"Is it? It wasn't in my day." His face, now grayish and aged, stirred something in her mind that she couldn't grasp. His eyes, too, were asking if she remembered what he would not tell her. She didn't, any more than she remembered her mother, except as a charming perfume and impulsive movements around the house.

"Are you going to make me go home tomorrow?"

"No." He came slowly across the room to her. "I don't want to see you hurt. You are everything I have."

"I'm all right, Daddy."

"I'm going to believe that, until you give me a mighty good reason not to."

Her eyes filled. "Thanks."

"You have plenty of courage, Gerry. Someday you may need it." He kissed her. "Good night, my dear."

Bart had three days. They were spring days. New, surprised flowers looked at them from crannies in the old fort near the Chamberlin and Mr. Garrett drove them to Williamsburg and Jamestown. But their last night he settled to television in the hotel bar and told them to run along. They went through the big empty sun porch to the garden.

Between clipped hedges the paths were narrow and they walked slowly, not quite touching. Bart's face was brooding, as it had been that night at the Candlelight Service.

He said suddenly, "This is it, Gerry. It's got to be. What else can I do? I can't love two women, and she's my wife."

"Do you hate me? I guess you should."

"Hate you!" They had wandered somehow onto the hotel beach. As he turned to her, Bart stumbled over a child's shovel and fell, catching himself on one knee.

When he didn't move she said, "Bart, are you hurt?"

"No!" But he stayed there, holding the small rusty shovel, his head bowed. Then he cried, "How on earth did it ever happen to us?"

"Darling . . ." She knelt by him. "Darling . . ." Still he didn't move and she saw lights on the far shore, trembling and distant and beautiful, like some land she and Bart never would reach as long as they lived. She said steadily, "You're right—this is it. Goodbye, Bart."

He jerked up and threw the shovel. She heard it land in deep water as his arms went around her, crushing her to him.

INCREDIBLE, the miles that rolled under the Blue Angel on the Turnpike. Gerry had lunch in a luncheonette in Baltimore, and under the chitchat and the canned music Bart's voice kept drumming, beating out the words that had come with such urgency on the phone last night: "Gerry, you've got to understand this. I need you."

"I'll come, Bart; I will if I can."

"Call me at one o'clock if you can make it." And he gave her a Norfolk

(Continued at bottom of page 142)

Help for cancer of the thyroid

To prevent cerebral palsy

News in Child health

Mother's diet related to baby's I.Q.

New transfusions for Rh-negative babies

by Marguerite Clark

Radioactive iodine, an atom bomb by-product, has been a boon to children with cancer of the thyroid gland, reports Dr. Titus C. Evans, Professor of Radiation Research at the State University of Iowa. Seven of eight youngsters treated for thyroid malignancy at the University State Hospital are now apparently free from the disease. In one young patient, doctors are still fighting a persistent malignancy.

• • •

Brain damage, resulting in cerebral palsy, may occur if a child is deprived of oxygen even for a few seconds at birth. To prevent this damage it is important to find when the oxygen lack occurs, says Dr. George W. Corner, obstetrician, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. A new method is now being tested that will record the heartbeats of a child before it is born. In this way the obstetrician will be able to detect at birth whether or not the baby's oxygen supply is depleted.

• • •

A child's I.Q. has for the first time been linked directly to his mother's diet during pregnancy and the nursing period. In a seven-year-long study conducted by Dr. Arthur I. Gates, psychologist, of Teachers College, Columbia University, two groups of expectant mothers — one living in city slums, the other in a healthy mountain area—were given an increase of multiple vitamins, including ascorbic acid (vitamin C), in their diets. A group of control women did not get the vitamin supplements. At the ages of three and four the children of both sets of mothers were given I.Q. tests. The I.Q.s of the children of mothers who had had the vitamin supplements were 103.4, as compared to 98.4 for the control children. Dr. Gates emphasized that the study should not be taken to mean that any well-fed pregnant woman can step up her child's I.Q. by taking vitamins. But in cases of *underfed* pregnant women, supplementary vitamins could increase the I.Q. scores of their children.

• • •

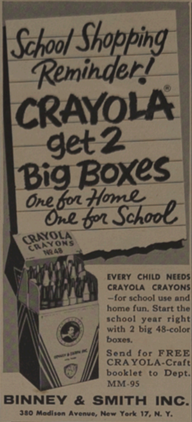
A new blood-warming device lessens the shock to newborn Rh-negative babies when refrigerated blood transfusions make an almost complete exchange of the child's blood volume. It was invented by Dr. Volney C. Wilson, a General Electric Company physicist. The "heat exchanger," a small stainless-steel cylinder through which the new blood passes before it enters the baby's body, has been used by Drs. Stewart C. Wagoner and Frank L. Marting, pediatricians of Schenectady, New York, for transfusions to more than two dozen Rh-negative babies. There were no signs of shock and no fatalities, the doctors report in the *Journal of Diseases of Children.*

• • •

A heart murmur at birth used to be considered evidence of a congenital heart defect by most doctors. Now results of a check of more than 5,000 infants at Babies Hospital, New York City, and the Department of Pediatrics at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons show that a murmur detected at birth carries only a one per cent probability of a congenital heart condition. But if the murmur is still detected at six months and again at 12 months, there is a better than 50-50 chance that the baby has a heart malformation.

• • •

Few children eat a proper breakfast unless an adult supervises or prepares it. A group of boys and girls who made their own breakfasts were interviewed at the New York State (Cornell University) Experiment Station and found to have serious calcium and vitamin C deficiencies, mainly because milk and citrus fruit were omitted. Breakfast, the Cornell researchers remind parents, should supply one-quarter or more of the child's daily nutrients.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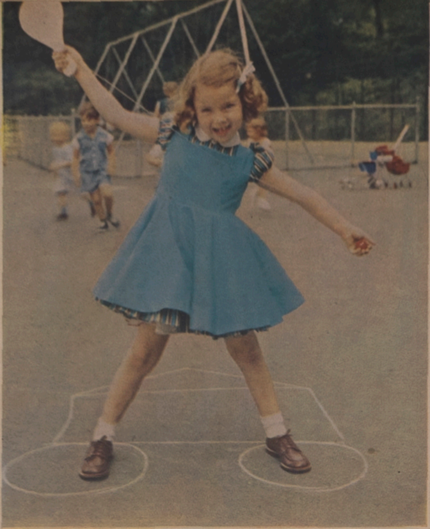
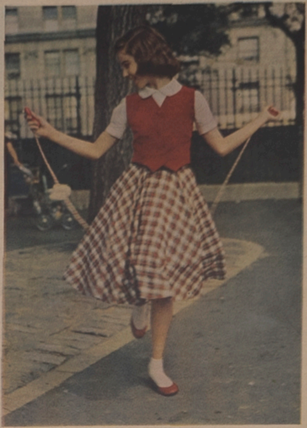


3301

Pretty and whirly: For little girls who love full skirts, a dress and jumper in coordinated, crease-resistant cotton. The jumper buttons down the back. The dress has a ruffled skirt, full puffed sleeves

Pretty special: A three-piece outfit of skirt, blouse and velveteen weskit. Skirt is wool-and-cotton in a miniature tartan. The blouse buttons down the front



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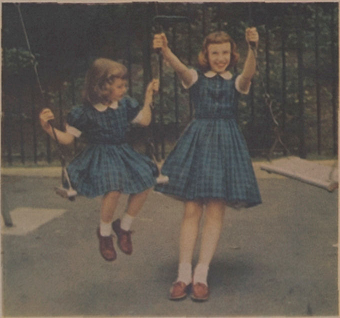
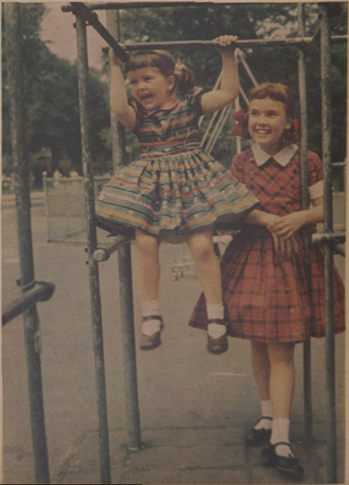


3384 and 3385

Pretty pair: Sister-dresses in cotton plaid with full, gathered skirts. Bodices button down the front, have contrasting collars and cuffs. The waistlines have elastic at the back

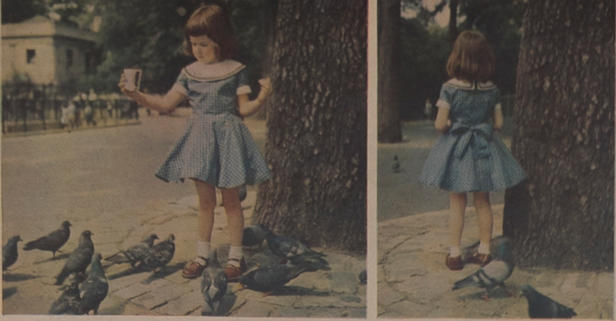
Pretty playmates: Little girl wears a cotton print with a gathered skirt and tucking on either side of the bodice front. The bigger girl's dress has a front bodice panel and a long torso



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

Back views last page. More patterns page 144

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns are listed on the last page



3380

by Marjorie Gortner

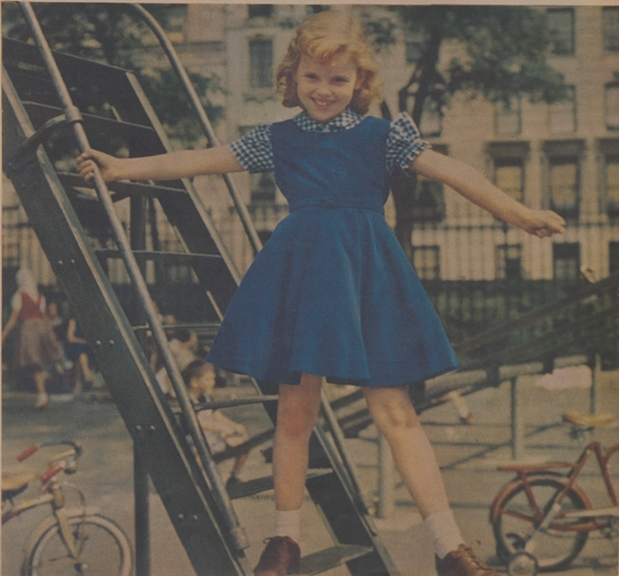
Pretty cute: A little girl's long-waisted dress with a circular skirt and a wide piqué collar edged in rickrack. It's buttoned and sashed in the back

McCall's Patterns

FASHION NEWS...POCKET SIZE

Prettily matched: Blue-and-white checked gingham blouse with elasticized puffed sleeves is worn under a blue cotton corduroy jumper. Jumper has a circular skirt, encased elastic at waist back

3346



3381 3383

FINISHING SCHOOL COATS

BEST IN VIEW... Peggy 'n Sue

As per Emily Post: Peggy 'n Sue arrive promptly for the party of the year... making a grand entrance in their fashion polished-to-perfection coats. *Left:* High point in elegance: *Chatham's* Plushtone molded into a fitted coat—set off by dashing cross-tie back—touched with velveteen at collar and pocket. Ribbon red, Dior blue, rosewood, true turquoise, and blue violet. *Right:* Tabbed for Fall: Tweed textured Pebbletone with trim inset tabs back and front that look truly feminine traced in velvet. Beige, grey and pink. Milium® insulated linings or quilted taffeta interlinings in both. 3-6x, coat and slacks... about $30.00; 7-14, coat only about $30.00. Matching hats... about $4.00. Note the growable hems! At fine stores everywhere... for the store in your city, write: *Little Empress Coats Inc.*, 534 Eighth Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

(Continued from page 138)

number. "That'll give me time to drive over to Brewster. I'll meet you there."

Gerry finished her lunch and paid the girl at the cash desk. It was now three minutes past one.

It was very hot in the phone booth. Then his voice came through.

"Bart?"

"Gerry! Darling, where are you? You sound a thousand miles—"

"Here. I mean, Baltimore."

"Balt—no kidding? Oh, my dearest . . . Then . . .?"

"Yes."

In the pause something frightened her; they seemed riveted by the crackling of space between them.

"Five after one."

"I know," she said.

"I'd better start driving right away. You've got the place?"

"Brewster."

"There's an inn there, Harkwith Hall Inn. It's white."

"An inn? White?" Her mouth felt dry and strange and she started to tremble.

"Darling, what time?" Bart asked.

"Six, I'd think."

"Make it seven. Don't drive so fast."

They were strained and tense. They never had been like this before.

"I've got off till tomorrow noon," he said.

"Then—it's all right?"

"Is it, Gerry?"

"Y-yes," she said.

"Darling, you're sure?"

"Bart . . . Bart, goodbye."

She hung up, heard the coins rattling through the telephone and felt limp. She opened the door for air but the smells of the luncheonette didn't improve the gaiety of her stomach. Out in the blazing day again, there was the Blue Angel smiling at her with all its chromework, just as it had the day of graduation when her father drove it into Miss Maynard's yard. She got in and looked curiously at her own face in the mirror, then headed south.

It was hard to believe the picture-card symbols of Washington pasted against a cloudless sky. History-book names like Arlington and Manassas sped past. Ahead, the incredible mountains started to gather blue on the horizon. When I'm with him, she thought, maybe it all will seem real. But it doesn't now.

The sun was in her eyes and the dashboard clock said half-past five when the Blue Angel almost didn't turn when the road did. Gerry checked her speed to the one requested, forty, but the near miss had left her shaken. In this still-robust heat, the palms of her hands and the area around her mouth turned moist. Presently she entered a town, but her mind didn't record the name of it.

The first traffic light was green; the next, at the center of town, was red, and her foot, like something that didn't belong to her, moved for the brake. Rather to her surprise, the Blue Angel stopped, but the sidewalks and buildings seemed to keep right on going. *I'm tired. Crazy, blind tired, and no wonder!* On the corner was a neat yellow brick inn. Ye Olde Colonial Something-or-other. Gerry thought, I could stop there and rest and get a cup of coffee. No place to park, though.

For this was the social hour. With the heat tapered off, women and children in clean wash clothes had come to town and men stood out in front of stores in their shirtsleeves chatting and greeting one another.

A wave of loneliness swept over Gerry, chiming in her head like bells, like music. It *was* music! Where? Big music, as if it came out of the sky. Gerry looked, but all she saw were some pigeons. And these people seemed not to notice anything. Am I crazy? she thought. Is it in my head, those enormous tones? They hung over the whole town now like a canopy. But they were a song! She knew it: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"! Utter weariness brimmed her eyes with tears.

"Reckon you better move on, Miss," a cop suggested. The light had changed.

The music went with her. And beyond the last light she saw the highway stretch like an ironed-out ribbon, saw it weave and wave. Even the Blue Angel seemed to be getting notions of its own. I'm tired, she thought. Too tired! Sweet Afton didn't help any. The tears spilled and Gerry turned right, off the main street, away from the people.

Straight ahead of her stood the carillon.

Gerry never had seen a carillon. She drove slowly toward it. When the song ended, the square stone tower stood quiet, rising out of its grass plot at the edge of town. As her eyes traveled up and up to the openings around the top, a Mozart minuet chimed delicately through them. Gerry blinked away her tears, drew a long, exhausted breath and stopped the car.

In the sloping field some Angus calves were grazing, and beyond them the mountains lay in long dollops of shadow and light. It was quarter past six. She got out. The ground lurched under her; when it had steadied, she crossed the plot to the tower.

On the far side, some women had just poured out of an orange bus, their plastic badges glinting in the late sun. Oh, Lord, a tour! Gerry wanted to be alone with the tower, as if it were her own discovery. Ducking out of sight around the neat planting, she came face to face with a door. Slightly ajar, it startled her. But there was no one around. She put her face to the crack. Inside there was a cool dampish smell, half-daylight on a stone floor, some folding chairs. Too late, she heard the sudden chatter of the ladies.

Escape now was impossible, and her eyes were red. Gerry stood stiffly with her back to the other visitors and stared at a bronze plaque by the door. She detested plaques, headstones, all that.

The women threw open the door and herded in. Unwillingly, Gerry's eyes followed the few words on the plaque: "Erected for the pleasure of my townspeople, in memory of my beloved wife." Something jolted inside her. "Beloved Wife" was what the headstone said that one unfortunate time her father took her to the cemetery. She was five or six and she broke away from his hand and ran, screaming, "No, no, no!" jumping over the flowerpots and the graves. As for her mother's portrait with the flyaway eyes, she simply never looked at it.

Someone touched her arm. "Aren't you going up, dear?"

She turned.

A woman smiled at her, looking extravagantly like a horse in a round straw hat. Gerry wanted to laugh—or cry.

"I—really, I haven't time."

"Now, come on; you're young. If old ganders like us can make it—!"

Something happened to Gerry's will. She was too tired to argue.

As they climbed, the music spread out over them like strong wings. Gerry saw, through occasional slit windows, the ground dropping away from her. The curious feeling grew that she wasn't climbing away from but toward something—something she had evaded all her life. Then, far down, she saw the Blue Angel and reality caught up with her. *Wasting precious time! Would Bart wait?* Panic fluttered in her tired mind.

Bart, I'm too tired. I ought to've stayed on the ground. Under the canopy of the bells his voice spoke, minute and intimate: *"Gerry, you've got to understand this—I need you."*

Only she hadn't understood, not at first. Now she had said yes and Bart had said yes, and there it was. She began to tremble. Harkwith Hall Inn was a white house. And who were these women to try to save her? Go on—run!

But the tower started to rotate slowly around her and Horsey smiled back over a nylon shoulder. "You'll make it. It's not much more."

She made it. In the high square room Gerry leaned against the wall, trying to look all right while the ladies hovered around a man in spectacles and a red vest. He sat on a long bench in front of something that looked like an organ but wasn't, having wooden levers instead of keys and stops. He wore leather guards on his hands and Gerry watched their spaced, accurate moves while overhead, from another level, the sound answered.

This was Mendelssohn, someone told her. It didn't matter, because Bart was being carried off on those bells and she couldn't stop him. But she could go. She *must* go! The Mendelssohn ended.

“Want to have a look at the bells, dear? Just one more floor.”

I *can't* go any higher! Gerry looked at the woman without a word.

The carillonneur said, “Four at a time, please, ladies.”

“Here we are—four.” Horsey, so full of cheer and kindliness. “First you go, dear, right up the little spiral stairs.”

Winding up and up, Gerry's cold hand slid on the pole. With her chin at floor level she paused, sick and spinning, then clambered into air and light.

On all sides Virginia lay at ease after the hot day. A burnished light spilled over the mountains, where Bart was.

In that first moment of open height, it seemed that if she would look hard enough she could see him, way off, the single human speck that had brought her so far. Then she saw the bells, hung in a great rigid cluster of all sizes, dark and beautiful, with their clappers still.

The women inspected the bells from all sides while Gerry waited. In this high, delicate air, something hovered so near her. *If only they'd go and leave me, just a minute!*

“Coming down now, dear?”

“Yes,” Gerry said. “You go ahead.”

She heard their mild whoops as their skirts blew on the spiral stairs.

ALONE with the bells, Gerry moved closer to them and put out her hand. *In memory of my beloved wife.* Tentatively she touched the nearest clapper.

The dead are like this—for a while passive, then the life they lived stirs again, strikes on the big bell of the present and the sound comes. Below, she heard the next group gathering to come up and the clapper moved, obedient to her hand. As she struck it lightly against the rim, her heart waited in a vacuum. The tone was delicate, fully rounded, just for herself.

. . . I was four years old and Daddy came and woke me on a cold night before Christmas. “Gerry, your mother—” His face was strange and gray. In the dim room he looked like her grandfather. “She has gone away—with a friend.”

Still half-asleep: “Will she come back?”

“I don't know,” he said.

Amazed, she woke up like a shot, sat straight up in bed. “We'll make her! Daddy, we'll *make* her, won't we?”

“No.” His arms closed around her in her pink sleepers. “Someday you will understand this—she must come back because she wants to, or not at all.”

Next day she was out rolling snowballs when a man came in a taxi. He seemed to Gerry a handsome man, but his head and arm were bandaged and he told the taxi to wait. She had rolled only three more snowballs when he came out of the house, got in the car and rode away.

Presently Minnie came out. “Best come in now, Miss Gerry. You must be cold.” Her nose was red.

In the hall, just as Minnie got down to unzip her snowy boots, Gerry's father called, “Gerry?” And off she ran to the living room.

He stood with his back to the fire. She stopped and looked at him and at her mother's portrait over his head.

“I have something to tell you,” he said in his new, queer voice.

Snow started to melt and run inside her boots.

“Today your mother was in a car that skidded badly. She will not—come back.”

A cold, unpleasant trickle inside her sock made Gerry glance down. Snow in blobs was sliding off the red boots onto the floor, which was not allowed.

Her father said, “But she was on her way back to us, Gerry. We must remember that as long as we live. She was coming home.”

By now there was a sizable puddle around her feet. Gerry stepped gingerly out of it and said, “*I* didn't do it, Daddy.”

UP THE spiral stairs, full of giggles and good will, came the next group of ladies.

Gerry walked away from the bells and looked off.

Over there by the long, scalloped mountains night had begun to gather. Soon Bart would be driving up to Harkwith Hall Inn, which, he had told her with such care, was white. On this single, simple fact of all their planning, her heart broke and emptied. She looked down.

Wading in the last slanted daylight, the Angus calves still grazed, and the Blue Angel waited for her.

“Anybody up here?” a voice called from the hatchway.

“I am,” Gerry said.

THE END

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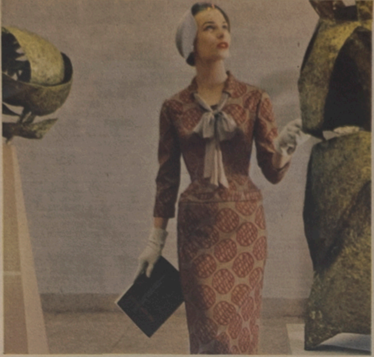


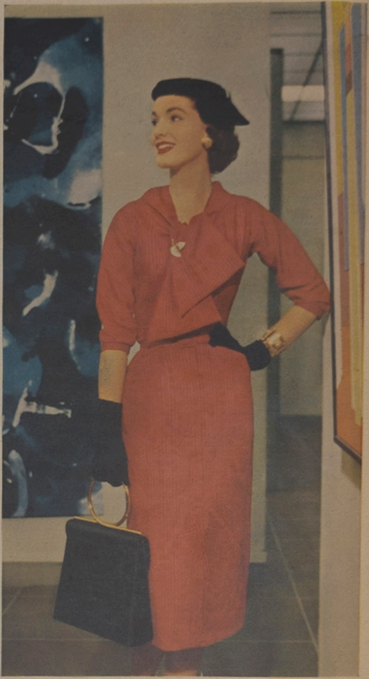
3353

Beige-and-red printed wool makes a long-waisted dress that has pleated fullness at skirt back. Soft chiffon scarf slips through tunnel collar

McCall's Patterns

NEWS... WOOL PRINTS

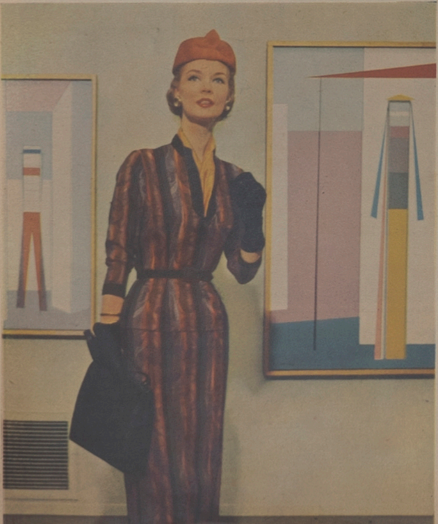
Washable fabrics designed by Leslie Tillett



3348

Scarf-neck dress with a slim skirt is made in hand-screened wool print. Scarf ties softly at the neckline, forms a V in back; fly front has zipper

3349



Two-piece dress in a sheer wool print has a slim skirt with a walking pleat in back. Grosgrain ribbon bands the cardigan neck, sleeves, hip pockets

FABRICS BY HANORA, SANFORLAN TREATED
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE GILL AT THE WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

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Harriet Hubbard Ayer

Continued from page 30

Ayer's secretary and the manager of her factory, who had fought for her interests in court—had to admit that she had been gravely ill of recent months with a disease loosely diagnosed as melancholia. They also knew that her symptoms had been caused, or at least greatly aggravated, by the way her two daughters had neglected her; she would lock herself in her room to cry, or she would imagine that she heard little Margaret's voice in the next room. Lena, who had been with Mrs. Ayer first as a cook, later as a personal maid and trusted friend, testified in court that her mistress had talked of killing herself. And just three days before Mrs. Ayer was committed to the asylum, she had been disturbed by a story in the newspaper about a young Brooklyn society belle who, after suffering from melancholia for some weeks, had taken chloroform and then shot herself. No one, not even Mrs. Ayer's lawyers, really expected Harriet to recover.

They had reckoned, however, without the indomitable Mrs. Ayer herself.

To most people Harriet Hubbard Ayer is a name that has appeared on a jar of face cream or bottle of lotion since their grandmother's day. But in the seventies and early eighties, Mrs. Herbert Ayer was the most talked-about hostess on Chicago's Gold Coast. Although Herbert Ayer was not the richest tycoon in Chicago at the turn of the century, his booming Youngstown, Ohio, iron mines had made him a multimillionaire, and his wife was as adept at spending money as he was at making it. All the Gold Coast tycoons of that period lived well, and their parties were many-course banquets. But young Mrs. Ayer added the spice of imagination and taste to hers.

Once she pinned heads of real black-eyed Susans—field flowers that she had gathered the day before on a country picnic with her children—thick and bright over a huge banquet cloth for a stag dinner of Herbert's. Her flower and fruit table centerpieces were always talking pieces, for she had studied the Japanese art of flower arrangement. She introduced French cooking to Chicago—dishes like *boeuf provençal* and *homard Français*—and served *café noir* after dinner. Her guests included not only famous American entertainers like Clara Louise Kellogg and Shakespearean actor John McCullough, but international celebrities like Oscar Wilde, Sara Bernhardt, Adelina Patti, Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving.

The hostess herself was not the least of the attractions. She was five feet four, with a dazzling complexion, red-gold hair (which she wore in a simple Grecian style with curls at the back of her head and a "bang" designed for her by a French hairdresser) and huge "navy blue" eyes topped by high, expressive eyebrows which John McCullough used to refer to admiringly as "clown's eyebrows." She was, in fact, such an accomplished actress that she had professional offers to go on the stage, and she was frequently the star of amateur dramas put on by a little society group called "The Anonymous Club." Her gowns were made for her by the French couturier Worth in specially woven satins and brocades, made in the tight-waisted, full-skirted fashion of the day, and always cut to emphasize Mrs. Ayer's magnificent shoulders and arms. Her fine intelligence was much admired. She spoke French and German fluently, and just for practice used to translate French medical books into English.

But Mrs. Ayer was no bluestocking. When she was a very young bride—she married Herbert Ayer before she was sixteen—she grew so bored with the somber business dinner conversation of the fashionables that she and a lively visiting house guest went out and bought a joke book, memorized all the two-line jokes that were suitable for mixed company and had her dinner party that night in startled stitches. In Paris she learned perfect French by going night after night to the same play, copying the hero's accent. The leading man was soon not unaware of the beautiful stranger who sat in the same box each performance, watching his lips through opera glasses. As she always carried a bunch of yellow Maréchal Neil roses, her hero began wearing one in his buttonhole. One night, at the end of the play, she threw her bouquet of roses over the footlights at his feet. Paris gossips—and the actor—waited in vain for the next development. Mrs. Ayer never appeared at the play again. She was on the high seas, on a French trans-Atlantic steamship, dining at the captain's table and speaking with such a perfect accent that she was taken for a Frenchwoman.

In 1883, when Herbert Ayer lost his fortune, his iron mines—even his house that Harriet had decorated so beautifully—in one colossal disaster and was reduced to living on the charity of friends, Harriet refused all offers of help, even her mother's. She rented a small apartment in New York, brought her two little girls from Chicago and hired one servant, a young Negro girl named Lena Raymond. The hiring of Lena was an emancipation proclamation, for Herbert Ayer, raised in the South, had never allowed her to have "free" Negroes among the seventeen servants she employed. Lena did her best to help the improvident Mrs. Ayer learn to economize. She bought cheap cuts of meat Harriet had never heard of and cut ruffles off petticoats to keep down laundering costs. Even fifteen-year-old Harriet—Hattie—entered into the spirit and seriously suggested to her mother that they could economize by using fewer matches. But soon economy was no longer necessary. Harriet Hubbard Ayer turned out to have a definite talent for making large sums of money in business. First she employed her exquisite taste and imagination to decorate other people's houses as she had her own; later she used her lovely complexion to advertise the cosmetics she made and sold under her own name. Soon she was making enough money to afford to send her daughters abroad to be educated as beautifully as any society girls of the period.

What had happened to this woman that her daughters deserted her, that her ex-husband should declare she had been insane for many years, that she should be confined in an asylum? It was years before her own daughters realized the whole story. It was a full year before Mrs. Ayer's own legal counsel was aware of the extent of the plot against her. And many people, especially the less attractive Gold Coast matrons whose looks and charm had suffered by comparison with Harriet Hubbard Ayer, said primly that, whatever Mrs. Ayer's claims about having been kidnaped or abducted, "where there was smoke, there must be a fire."

(Continued on page 147)

Are you in the know?
IRVING NURICK

When invited to a formal tea, should you —

☐ *Be punctual* ☐ *Go formal* ☐ *Talk about people*

Sooner or later comes the bid to your first formal tea. Must you dress formally? Stay the full two hours? What should you say to the V.I.P.s you meet? Answers: Wear your best *daytime* outfit. Arrive and leave when you like. As for the Very Important People: a word from you about their interests and your what-to-say worries are *phf-f-ft!* No problems! That goes for calendar worries, as well—with Kotex* to keep you comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape.* Doesn't chafe! Made to *stay* soft!

Do you think the lady in the limelight is —

☐ *Devastating* ☐ *Obnoxious*
☐ *Dramatics coach*

Her captive audience—*they've had it!* But Cora the Cube "must" act out the merest trivia she tells. Overworked gestures mar your word power, your poise. Practice describing a spiral, a dance step, a circle without demonstration. Poise on "those" days, too, is a matter of being self-confident. So, you choose Kotex—assured no revealing outlines show, thanks to this napkin's special *flat pressed ends* that *prevent* outlines!

Whose advice can help safeguard your complexion?

☐ *Shakespeare's* ☐ *Annie Laurie's*
☐ *Mother Machree's*

Powder puffs, lipsticks, washcloths, towels—keep them *very personally yours.* "Neither a lender nor a borrower be," wrote Will. And you'd best heed him if you'd dodge complexion woes. Likewise, why risk "accident" woes on certain days, when Kotex can give you the *complete absorbency* you *need!* What's more, Regular, Junior or Super Kotex can be worn on either side, safely! Try all 3; there's one size best for *you.*

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Have you tried new Delsey? It's the 2-ply toilet tissue with Kleenex* softness. Only Delsey is clean-cut to tear evenly. It ends waste—saves money—because it can't shred like ordinary tissues. And Delsey* comes in your favorite towel colors: pink, yellow, blue and green, as well as white. Be thrifty—buy quality—buy Delsey.

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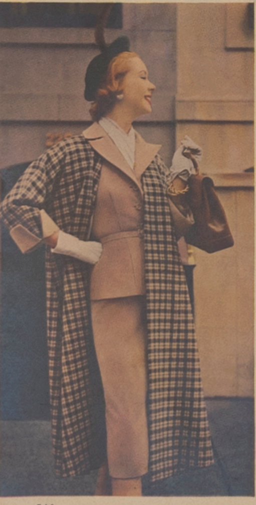
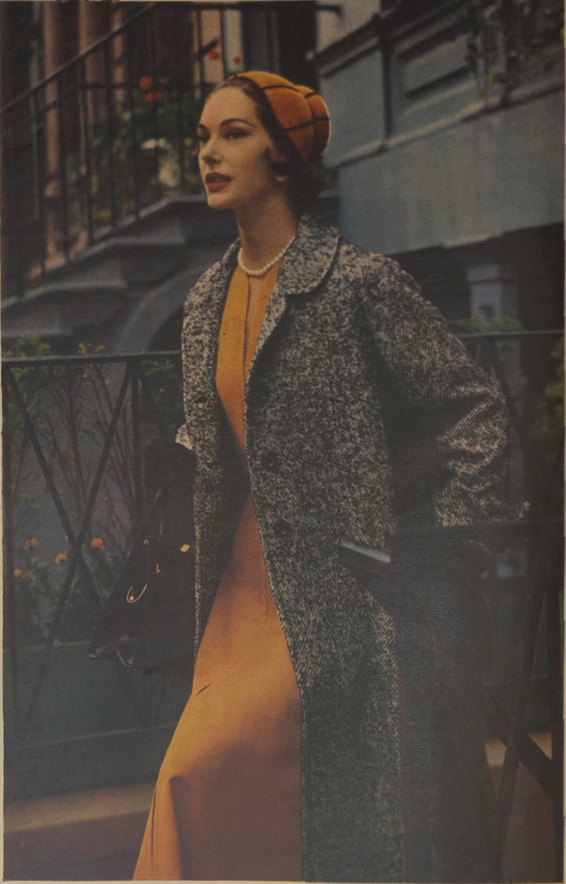
The coat with a dress: Loose, full-length coat of black-and-white tweed has stitched detail on pockets. Flannel dress with a four-gore skirt has three-quarter-length sleeves and neat cardigan neckline

The coat with a suit: Plaid flannel coat wraps in front, is flared in back. Collarless, it has cuffs to match the suit. The slim-skirted suit has a kick pleat and is worn with its wide collar over the coat

3367





3366

NEWS…THE COSTUME

FABRICS BY BOTANY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL

Back views last page.

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Indeed, the Mrs. Ayer who was released from the asylum, wearing a tattered moire housedress that had once been fashionable and worn-out shoes that were almost falling off her tiny feet, was a far cry from the chic beauty of the seventies or the dynamic businesswoman of the eighties. Her hair had turned gray during her incarceration. It fell dry and lifeless from a tiny little "monkey cap" with a black veil that had been her only head covering in rain, snow and summer heat for fourteen months. Her eyes were dim and misty behind a double set of colored glasses. The months behind locked shutters, the constant weeping and the poor food had weakened her vision until she was almost blind. And her figure, the rosy-plump figure that artists and sculptors had enjoyed copying, was wasted until she looked like an old woman instead of one in her middle forties.

But she was declared legally sane, and the Supreme Court of New York restored her property. On a quiet Sunday in mid-August, sandwiched between stories of the "finest August in the chronology of South Hampton" and the thousands at Asbury Park, and the "Catskills gay with life," appeared the headlines:

> MRS. AYER LEGALLY SANE
> Upon Her Petition, the Court Has Declared the well-known Woman To Be Responsible.

And the article went on to say: "Mrs. Ayer remained in the institution until April 8, 1894. Even before that time she was allowed more privileges than the other inmates of the place, because it was noticed that she was recovering . . . She was supported in her application by affidavits made by Dr. William P. Granger, owner of the asylum at Bronxville; Dr. William A. Hulse of Bay Shore; Dr. A. A. Smith of No. 40 West Forty-seventh Street; John L. Lockwood of Elberon, New Jersey . . . and Captain A. M. Wetherell of Company A, Sixth Regiment, United States Army . . ."

John Lockwood was the husband of Harriet Hubbard Ayer's older sister and Captain Wetherell was the husband of her baby sister, May. But there were no affidavits from her daughter Hattie's husband or from Herbert Ayer. Only her sisters had come to her help when she was let out of the asylum. And Harriet, for once, was in a position where she had to accept aid. Her real estate, her clothes, even her smallest personal belongings had been sold to make up a cash estate, out of which came the $50 a week paid to Dr. Granger for her board and room and "care" in the asylum. Her business, which had thrived when she was actively in charge, had gradually gone downhill under less dynamic, impersonal management. She was forced to go into receivership, with $126,334 of liabilities and only $7,858 of assets.

Gratefully Harriet accepted her younger sister May's invitation to come out and live at her husband's army post in Oklahoma, which was still Indian Territory.

She would stay just long enough to get her bearings, she decided. Despite the warmth of May's invitation, Harriet knew that a "crazy" sister was not a welcome addition to any household. But she used the months in the West to regain her health. And she set about that task with the same purpose and thoroughness that characterized everything she did. She aimed at gaining exactly forty pounds, in order to attain the "perfect" weight of 136 pounds that she recommended for women five feet four inches tall in one of the booklets she had written to advertise her products. She exercised in the open air, walking, even working out with dumbbells. She drank cream, cocoa and a tonic of her own concoction made of gentian root, bitter oranges and Virginia snakeroot. She ate potatoes, cereals, starchy vegetables. And she heeded her own advice, with which she had closed the "how to get plump and rosy" chapter in her beauty book: "Cultivate calmness and try and disprove the old axiom 'A sweet temper and a bony woman never dwell under the same roof.' "

During this period Harriet thought and prayed about her future. Finally she conceived a daring and dramatic plan.

On April 15, 1896, from the lecture platform of Central Music Hall in Chicago, before a paying audience of society women, Mrs. Ayer delivered the first of a series of lectures. It was called "Fourteen Months in a Mad-House."

She wore a long white evening dress out of which her beautiful shoulders shone, pink and firm. Her tiny waist was emphasized by a wide sash of multicolored brocade. The only visible effect of her ordeal was her gray hair, which she had cut off in order to get rid of the dry, broken, straw-like texture and which was now growing in a soft halo of ringlets all over her head. The good food, the

(Continued on page 149)

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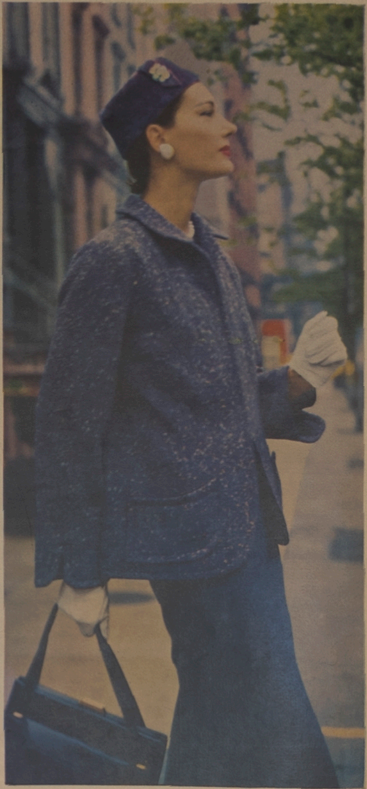

3363

NEWS . . .
THE JACKET ENSEMBLE

McCall's Patterns

Good coordination: Matching skirt and blouse of heather flannel are topped by a flecked-tweed box jacket. The slim skirt has a back pleat; collarless blouse is cap-sleeved

FABRIC BY MILLIKEN, HAT BY ADOLFO OF EMME, BAG BY CORONET
PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE GILL

Back view last page. More patterns page 150

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(Continued from page 147)

rest, the happiness of being welcomed and loved again by her sisters had helped her eyes. She had discarded her glasses, and with her gray hair and her dark eyebrows and lashes framing the again-brilliant eyes, Harriet Hubbard Ayer was almost as beautiful as anyone remembered her.

"I am not here to ask your sympathy for that woman known as Harriet Hubbard Ayer," she told her audience. "I would, if I could, divorce her from my identity when I present her story. I have not one unkind or vindictive thought toward those ill-advised persons who are responsible for my commitment to an insane asylum. If they honestly thought me insane, and the Bronxville institution a fit place for a disordered mind, it was a sad blunder. If they had other motives, God forgive them, for I certainly do. I have no malice toward the physicians or attendants of the Bronxville institution, though I shall without fear depict them as officers and servants of that house of despair. And when I shall have spoken, I hope most earnestly that the tiny stone I pray I shall have the strength to throw into the sea of your thoughts will make its increasing circles until you are all brought within the radius of my heart's desire, the legislation and enactment of proper laws for the protection of the insane and alleged insane."

DURING an intermission she went backstage and changed into the worn black moire dress and veiled "monkey cap" she had worn for fourteen months in the asylum. She brushed out her curls so that they stood up in a fair imitation of her stiff gray hair during asylum days. Her bedraggled old shoes were tied with tattered bits of varicolored string as they had been in the asylum after her knotted laces would no longer hold together. And with her old acting skill she seemed to shrink, to grow tiny and pitiful under the black veil and the worn dress.

One morning, she told her astounded audience, as she lay sick and miserable in her apartment above her white and gold cosmetic shop on Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, she was visited by a strange man who introduced himself as a new doctor, sent by the family.

"Which members of my family?" asked Mrs. Ayer, bewildered.

"Your daughter Harriet and your husband," she was told. "They feel that Dr. Shrady is not helping you. I am now in charge, and I have brought my nurse with me."

"But Lena waits on me," Mrs. Ayer protested. "She loves me and knows what I need."

"She is not a nurse," the man said. "I want to make sure you get the best care. I will see you again. My name is Dr. Morton."

The nurse came in after he left, and Lena was sent down to the lower floor.

"There is no question in my own mind," Mrs. Ayer confessed to her listeners, "that I was in anything but a normal state. I was so weak I was quite helpless. I could not raise my hand. Everything terrified me, and the inexplicable desertion of my physician, my servant and my friends and the authoritative manner of these strangers no doubt greatly aggravated my condition, for I grew rapidly worse. I concede I must have presented symptoms of melancholia; but I protest that the treatment I was then receiving was eminently calculated to make them worse, and that inasmuch as I can today relate every incident connected with that part of my illness, I must protest that I was not a fit subject for cruel deception and imprisonment in a madhouse."

A few days afterward (the date was Tuesday, February 7, 1893, according to the doctors' bills and legal documents found among her papers when Mrs. Ayer died), Dr. Morton appeared with another man, whom he introduced as Dr. Hammond. The two men asked Mrs. Ayer a few brief, perfunctory questions. But they did not indicate in any way that this was an examination of her sanity.

On February 9, Lena came into her mistress' room with good news—a servant was downstairs with a message from Mrs. Seymour, Harriet's married daughter.

The servant, whom Mrs. Ayer tagged immediately as a "sensible-looking" woman, announced that she was Mrs. Seymour's personal maid; she had been sent to conduct Mrs. Ayer and Lena to Mrs. Seymour's country place for a fortnight, where Mrs. Ayer could get "good country air and the joy of seeing her grandchildren." Mrs. Ayer, overcome with happiness, turned to Lena and found tears in the girl's dark eyes.

"Am I well enough to make the journey?"

Lena pressed her hand. "Please go, ma'am. You want to get well. I'll dress you."

With the help of the other woman, who seemed strong and capable (and probably very useful to Hattie in the country, Harriet thought), Lena dressed her and put a veiled hat on

(Continued on page 151)

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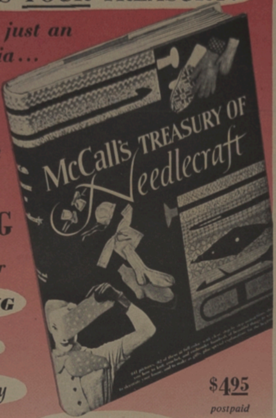

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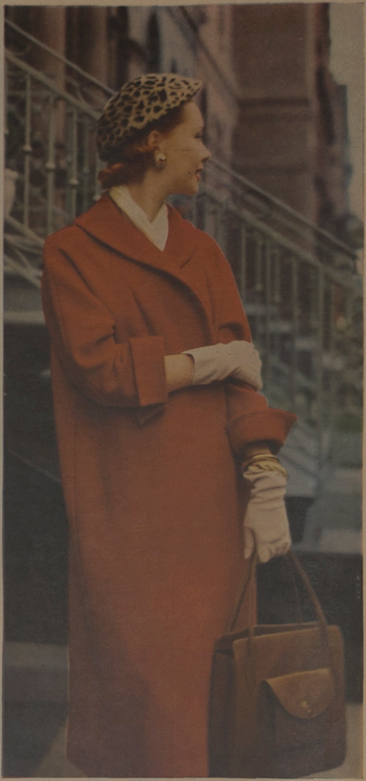

3364

NEWS . . .
KNIT-LIKE COATING

McCall's Patterns

Fabric with a knitted texture is used for a vibrant red coat that wraps or can button. Smart details: the roll collar, turned-back raglan sleeves and patch pockets

FABRIC BY ANGLO, HAT BY ADOLFO OF EMME, BAG BY CORONET
PHOTOGRAPH BY LESLIE GILL

Back view last page. More patterns page 153

Buy McCall's patterns at your local store, or order them by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton 1, Ohio. Prices and sizes of patterns are listed on the last page

(Continued from page 149)

her lovely bright hair, a chic little "monkey cap" that Mrs. Ayer had bought before she became ill. But the excitement was too much for the invalid; she fainted in the vestibule and had to be carried out to the waiting brougham. Recovering quickly in the open air, she was startled to see Dr. Morton sitting opposite her in the carriage. He told her politely that he was accompanying her at the request of her daughter.

The day was cold, even for February, but the sun was bright. As they galloped along Harriet leaned forward for a glimpse of the vital, fast-growing New York of which she had been an eager part such a short time ago.

That was when she saw the skaters. Her first reaction was delight—what a charming picture their bright costumes made against the background of ice and barren trees in Central Park! Then she drew back, stunned. This wasn't the way to New Jersey! They should have turned at Forty-second Street toward the Hudson River ferry.

She gasped: "This isn't the way to Hattie's!"

Nobody answered her. For the first time the nagging suspicion that she was being trapped became a certainty. Terror choked her and she sank back in Lena's arms. But she was too weak to escape. Even Lena, the only one in the carriage she trusted, could not hold her own against a stronger man. Besides, Lena had another great disadvantage. She was a Negro. Less than fifty years ago her people had been slaves. Bright and loyal as Lena was, she still had good reason to fear the power of white people.

The rest of the trip was a nightmare. Sometimes Harriet lost consciousness and fell into a fitful doze, after which, in her feverish state, it seemed impossible that this trip was really happening. She prayed that when her eyes opened she would be safe in her bed, with Lena taking care of her. Once she wakened, seemed to come out of a dark, enveloping tunnel, and found even Lena gone. She cried out in terror. But Lena was there, after all, cradling her in her arms, murmuring that she had only stepped out to ask directions.

"Where are we?" Harriet begged.

"Nearly there," Lena answered. But that didn't answer the question that was hammering inside Harriet's tired head. Dozing in Lena's arms she knew it was all right; she was really going to Hattie's. But shocked into terrible flashes of wakefulness she saw only the menace of the country outside. As it grew darker the houses disappeared. They were traveling on bumpy roads through bare fields, and once in the nightmare they stopped in front of a dark house and she heard a voice shouting: "Bring her in . . ."

Then she felt herself being lifted, and she went down, down the blackest tunnel of all.

WHEN she opened her eyes she was in a barely furnished room with closed shutters, a smoking kerosene lamp on a table by a bed. She felt herself dropped on the bed, not too gently. An unfriendly voice said:

"Undress. I suppose I'll have to find some dinner for you."

Harriet could not move. She lay limp on the rough blanket which covered the bed, her eyes closed. Then she felt tender hands unfasten her dress, take off her shoes and underwear, slip a nightdress over her head. Hot tears fell on her hands. She opened her eyes to see Lena bending over her. Before they could speak to each other the door opened and a coarse, heavy woman in a soiled uniform came in, carrying a worn japanned tray. On it was a dish of cold stew and a pitcher with a broken spout.

"That's all," the woman told Lena. "The doctor said you could say goodbye. Get out."

Lena kissed Harriet on the cheek and left, weeping. The woman locked the door behind her, sat down on the chair and motioned toward the tray.

When Harriet hesitated the woman snatched up a soiled towel and pinned it around her throat. "Then," Mrs. Ayer told her audience, "she seized me by the neck with one hand, and, holding the broken pitcher to my mouth with the other, she poured the disgusting liquid down my throat faster than I could have swallowed it had I been famishing with thirst. And, as I was choking with tears, and frightened beyond expression, the dreadful stuff was emptied all over me, and I was told that I would learn to eat and drink or be 'learned' in a way not to my liking."

THAT was the start of fourteen months of horror and incarceration, a large part of it spent inside a sunless room with padlocked shutters, lighted only by a malodorous kerosene stove. A woman attendant stayed with Harriet night and day. To add to this indignity Dr. Granger, the superintendent of the asylum, broke in on her at his convenience, no matter what intimate personal ritual she was performing. She was given coarse cotton underwear and, only after several days of pleading, her own comb and brush—which some of the attendants also used when it pleased them.

During those first paralyzing weeks Harriet made up her mind to die. This was her state of mind when she was taken to New York for the Supreme Court hearing to determine whether she was capable of managing her own interests. She was too depressed and discouraged to care where she was or what was happening to her. She wanted only to be released from a world and a society that had done these things to her. But even that was not permitted. When she did not sleep, she was drugged. When she could not force herself to eat, food was poured down her throat and over her garments—"which I found was the usual method of feeding the insane. I have seen it done time and time again, with the doctor looking on or actively aiding in the operation."

One day was much like another. Only the attendants changed, for the pay was poor ($14 to $16 a month). They were usually recruited from the vast army of immigrants pouring into New York, looking for any kind of job. As work in an insane asylum was not considered even as pleasant as in the "sweatshops," and as Bronxville was miles away from the city and their own people, only the lowest type of worker stayed long on the job. The Irish immigrant who was Harriet's keeper for the longest time could neither read nor write, and had no desire to learn.

Harriet said: "I never had a cook in my employ so ignorant, yet I was compelled to live every hour of my life with this woman and to obey her smallest bidding."

One of her attendants had been a thief and in order to avoid the police for a while was, she told Harriet, "doing the asylum-attendant game." Another male attendant who took a fancy to Harriet told her confidentially: "Ye's got to have dissiplin. I've had great success sence I ever tuk up this business, and all account of me dis*si*plin. The first thing I does when I takes a new case is to lairn that case that I'm master and he must obey me or he'll get punished. That way, I have no further fuss. It's dis*si*plin they need and it's dis*si*plin I gives them."

Throughout her fourteen months in the asylum, Harriet wore the same dress and shoes she had put on for the journey. When her shoe laces wore out, she had to beg bits of string which she knotted together. Once every two weeks she was allowed a bath in a tub. As spring approached, she was taken out to walk occasionally, as the attendants pleased, wearing the same dress under a ragged sweater if it was raining or snowing. There was no other recreation. Finally, in despair when her pleas for books were rejected, she begged the attendant to let her help in some of the work in the household. After consultation with the doctor, she was given old sheets and pillow cases to mend.

(Continued on page 152)

Left: Ski p.j.'s—ivory tops embroidered to match aqua, maize, peach, helio or tangerine pants. 3-16, 3.25 to 4.25.
Center: 2-pc. Snowflake print g-r-o-w sleeper. Plastic soles. 0-4, 2.95.
Right: Coral, blue or peach p.j.'s. Snowflake print top. 3-16, 3.25 to 4.25.

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Left: Blue, tan or grey heather-toned p.j.'s with white and gold crest. 4-12, 3.50, 14-20 (without crest), 4.00.
Center: V neck p.j.'s—charcoal with pink; garnet with maize; brown with aqua. 4-20, 2.98 to 4.50.
Right: 2-pc. Paddy Panda g-r-o-w sleeper. Plastic feet. Mint and maize; pink and blue. 0-4, 2.95.

Exciting features in September

Redbook

The Magazine for YOUNG ADULTS

HOW MUCH SHOULD GOD DO FOR YOU?

Norman Vincent Peale's preaching arouses a storm of controversy. Some leading ministers attack the new "easy" religion—others defend it. Don't miss these earnest opinions from *both* sides, reported in September Redbook!

"FACES OF GUILT"

A Complete Novel

One rainy night four people were breaking laws—laws on the statute books, laws in the Bible. One, a faithless wife, paid with her life. What happened to the rest—among them a guilt-racked career girl—unfolds with mounting suspense in this great new novel by Elizabeth Stowe.

WHY YOUR CHILDREN DON'T HAVE BETTER TEACHERS

Money alone won't solve the problem. Something else is putting poor teachers in your children's classrooms—*and keeping good ones out.* Don't miss this frank article in September Redbook!

Redbook
HOW MUCH SHOULD GOD DO FOR YOU?
Faces of Guilt
5 SURE WAYS TO FASHION SMARTNESS

ON SALE AUGUST 25th

Plus: 5 SURE WAYS TO FASHION SMARTNESS

(Continued from page 151)

It was a situation which could have driven an ordinary sane person mad. But Harriet Hubbard Ayer was no ordinary woman. After the period of apathy, when all she longed for was oblivion, she began gradually to take interest in the other poor inmates, even in the attendants. Horrible as her own situation was, she discovered that the really insane in the institution were in a far more desperate situation. The attendants kept them in such a state of terror that they had no chance to improve. A young girl who was sometimes noisy and troublesome was handcuffed night and day for three weeks, until her wrists were so raw and bleeding that one of the house servants, out of sheer pity, wrapped the steel cuffs in cotton. Another old man, who was so weak he could not walk, was literally dragged around the grounds by two indifferent attendants so that his relatives could be told he was getting his "exercise."

Harriet was an Episcopalian and had been educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in Chicago. She had thought of herself as properly religious. But she realized in the asylum how frivolous she had been, how minor her deeds of charity compared to the vast sums she spent on entertaining, on clothes for herself and her daughters, even on the monogrammed hand-embroidered sheets and towels that she used to buy fifty dozen at a time. Only once before had she ever really been close to people through suffering. That was after the Great Fire in Chicago, when her house was destroyed. For a short time after the fire she had buried herself in sewing for the victims.

Looking back, remembering how seldom she had thought of anyone but herself and her family, Harriet was stricken with remorse. She vowed that if she should ever get out of the asylum she would spend the rest of her life helping people.

Later she confessed to her good friend Dr. Morgan Dix, pastor of old Trinity Church, that she had been ashamed to ask God to help her; she felt so unworthy. But her prayers were answered. One day as she and her Irish attendant were returning from their routine exercise along the stony country roads—a walk which Harriet dreaded even as she looked forward to it, for the stones hurt dreadfully now that her shoes were so worn—a young man spoke to her. He was too well-dressed to be an attendant, far too cultivated in manner and accent to be the kind of doctor she had seen in the institution.

Frightened, Harriet looked away.

The young man then spoke to Harriet's attendant, asking her if she would get him a bottle of mineral water from his supply in the cellar—and take one for herself. The Irish girl looked gloomily at Harriet and said she wasn't supposed to leave her, especially outside the asylum.

"I'll watch her until you get back," the young man promised. "The doctor won't mind. I'll explain if he sees us."

After she left, the man told Harriet that he too was a patient, but since he had committed himself, he had special privileges. He added swiftly, in a low voice: "Mrs. Ayer, I am disturbed mentally. But I am not so disturbed that I don't know there has been a grave injustice done you. You don't belong in this dreadful place. Please let me serve you."

His voice was cultured and his words were kind. But Harriet had been so long under observation, so long accustomed to brutality and deception, that she was still afraid to talk to him.

He went on: "I know about your case. So long as you can tell no one what is being done to you, there is no hope. Letters from outside are intercepted before they reach you; the letters you write are opened and destroyed. The doctor in charge has the right to do this by law, if he sees fit. Please try to believe me, will you?"

Keeping her head down, Harriet said: "No, I cannot believe you. I believe no one. It must be another trick."

But he persisted: "I know you have been deceived abominably. But if I promised you on my word as a Freemason to post a letter to your friends for you, would you write it?"

"I have no friends," Harriet said.

"You are wrong. I know your lawyers will help. I would write them myself, except that the information comes better from you."

When she still looked doubtful, he bent and whispered: "The attendant is coming back. Tomorrow I will meet you here again. I know you speak French. I'll pretend to recite a French poem to test you, and I will tell you what to do."

THE next morning he met them as they returned from their walk and told the Irish girl that he did not believe Mrs. Ayer spoke French, that he would like to test her with a risqué poem he knew. Amused, the girl agreed. Then he said quickly, in French:

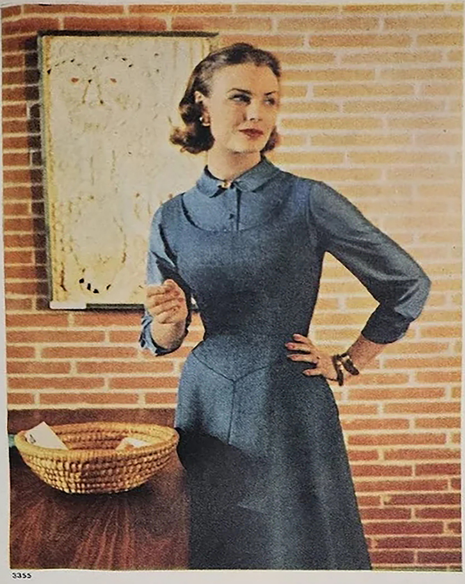
"Pretend you don't understand. I drive the assistant doctor to the post office in my carriage every day and mail my own letters. Write one tonight to your lawyer and smuggle it to me."

That afternoon, for the first time in months, Harriet asked for paper and pencil to write letters. Her attendant got the supplies readily; when a "loony" was busy writing letters, it was often possible to steal away for a few minutes' gossip or a cup of tea in the kitchen. Harriet wrote a quick scrawl to her daughter Margaret. Then she wrote a careful letter to Stephen Olin, describing what she had been through in the past months. When the attendant returned she handed her the letter for Margaret. The other letter was tucked in her bosom.

She slept that night with the envelope under her pillow. The next day, when the Freemason appeared during her walk, Harriet stooped down, pretending to repair her tattered shoestrings, and dropped the letter on the ground. The Mason picked it up before anyone else could notice and slipped it in his pocket. Harriet went off on her walk, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing, yet somehow impressed with the Mason and his promise. She knew little about the brotherhood, though she had heard that George Washington and Benjamin Franklin had been members, but for the first time in many months she had met a human being who was going far out of his way without any thought of self, simply to help another human being. The thought gave her comfort.

The following day was stormy. In the afternoon the weather cleared and my attendant told me to get ready for a walk. It was quite late as we returned, and we met the man-of-all-work with the mail. He had been to the train for Dr. Granger, who had failed to arrive from New York, and he had picked up the evening mail, which the doctor usually took care of. My attendant asked if there were any letters for her (she had a beau in Ireland who could write, and I always

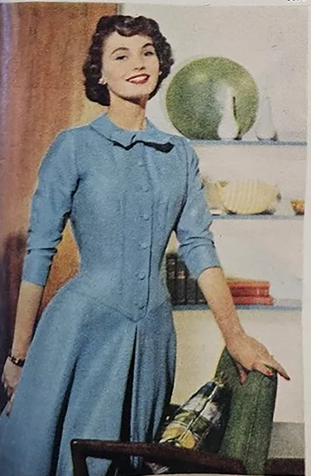
(Continued on page 155)



3355

NEWS...BLUE FOR FALL

3350



Complementary blues: a scoop-necked jumper of hand-washable rayon-acrilan-acetate tweed over a cotton-and-nylon blouse that has three-quarter sleeves

Becoming blue: a full-skirted dress in Chromspun acetate. Long V bodice has Peter Pan collar, button front, banding around hipline, bow in back

FABRICS BY BURLINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LESLIE GILL
AT JENS RISOM DESIGN, INC.

Back views last page.
More patterns page 140

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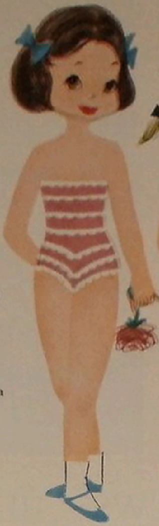
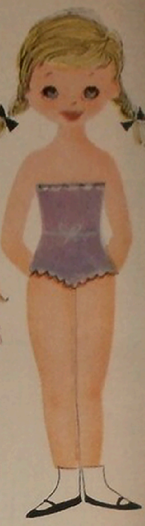
A story for Betsy McCall

In the town of Bird-in-Hand in the state of Pennsylvania live two children, Rebecca and her brother Jacob . They live with their mother and father in a bright red brick house with blue shutters and lots of roses and tiger lilies around it. There are no pictures on the walls or locks on the doors. Rebecca and Jacob and all the people who live in Bird-in-Hand follow the quaint customs of 200 years ago. The men are farmers , and the women are known for their good cooking and fancy needlework . They go to barn-raisings and husking bees , and they love to sing . Jacob has bobbed hair with bangs, and he wears a broad-brimmed hat just like his father. Rebecca wears a cap and aprons and bibs just like her mother. Every day Rebecca and Jacob help to feed the animals and milk the cows in the barn which is red and has a hex sign above the door. Shoofly pie is Jacob's favorite dessert, but Rebecca likes ginger cookies better. They both love dumplings and ginger tomatoes and *fasnachts* (doughnuts)

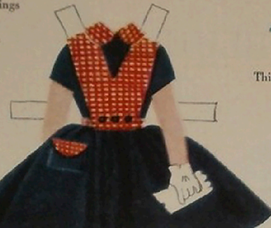


This is Betsy McCall

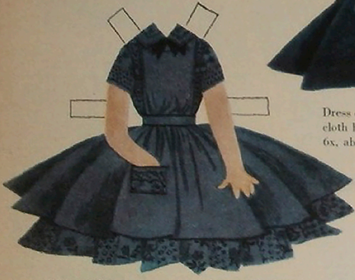


This is Barbara McCall

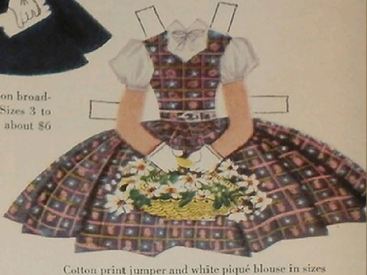
These clothes for Betsy McCall and Barbara were inspired by the clothes and symbols of the Amish people. They're blue because blue is the Amish favorite color.



Dress of crease-resistant cotton broadcloth has a detachable bib. Sizes 3 to 6x, about $5. Sizes 7 to 14, about $6



Crease-resistant cotton print with its own apron in sizes 3 to 6x, about $8; in sizes 7 to 14, about $9



Cotton print jumper and white piqué blouse in sizes 3 to 6x, about $5; in sizes 7 to 14, it's about $6

BETSY'S AND BARBARA'S DRESSES BY MARGERY DAW MAY BE SEEN AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 155

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For designs for a paper-doll family printed on sturdy cardboard, send 10¢ to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, 230 Park Ave., N. Y. 17. In Canada: 133 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

(Continued from page 152)

read his letters to her), and he carelessly handed her the parcel. I took it from her and glanced through the letters. Suddenly I saw one addressed to 'Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer,' with the imprint of my attorney's firm in the corner. I picked it out, as though it were hers. Then I saw another letter, with my attorney's imprint, addressed to Dr. Granger.

"I took my letter, saying, 'There are none for you today—this is for me,' and before she could recover from her absolute stupefaction I tore it open and read it. I think I must nearly have swooned, but I got to my room by will power, with the letter still clutched in my hand. It told me that my friends were ready to serve me to their utmost capacity and that I would soon have visitors."

The next day, as soon as Dr. Granger arrived and had time to read the mail, unprecedented things started to happen. Mrs. Ayer was moved suddenly to a front room flooded with sunlight. "As she was now so much improved," Dr. Granger announced, she would take her meals at his table, with his family. And this afternoon, instead of going for her usual walk with the attendant, Dr. Granger himself would take her for a drive in his carriage. Harriet was still so unnerved and bewildered that she tried to refuse the drive, but he insisted. She was afraid that somehow her enemies had heard that she was getting help and had instructed Dr. Granger to transfer her to another asylum. But the doctor warned her that riding in a carriage was part of her rehabilitation, and that if she was afraid, he would have to report that she was not yet well enough to leave the asylum. Meekly she agreed.

When they returned from the drive, Dr. Granger made another unprecedented suggestion. If there was anything Harriet needed, he said, he would put a request to the committee which had been placed in charge of her property, "although her illness had been a great expense and her committee had been obliged to keep her very plainly attired."

Trembling, Harriet looked down at her clothes. "If my committee can bear the expense of a pair of dress shields and one pair of shoestrings to replace the fragments of string I am now using," she said, "I should be duly grateful. But the only thing I really need immediately is a Bible."

A few minutes afterward there was a knock at the door and the man-of-all-work handed Harriet's attendant a worn black book. It was an old-fashioned book of Psalms, written in verse, with the first Psalms missing. The handy man was apologetic. The book had belonged to his mother.

Harriet thanked him with tears in her eyes and sat down in the chair by the window, holding the book in her hands. It was the first book she had seen or held in over a year. She turned it over and over, then opened to the Twenty-third Psalm:

> "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
> He makes me down to lie
> In pastures green; he leadeth me the quiet waters by.
> My soul He doth restore again;
> and me to walk doth make
> Within the paths of righteousness ev'n for His own name's sake.
> Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale . . ."

Her eyes burned and filled with tears. She tried to read on, but she could not see the print. Suddenly even the brightness of the sunshine was unbearably painful. The sudden transition from shadow to hope and sunshine had been too much. She dropped to her knees and prayed: "Dear God, if it is Thy will that I be blind, give me strength to bear it."

It was at this point in her lecture that Mrs. Ayer excused herself, left the stage and put on her white evening dress again. When she returned, she was holding three certificates.

(Continued on page 156)

Where to see Betsy McCall's and Barbara McCall's dresses

The Margery Daw dresses shown on page 154 may be seen at the following stores. All stores carry sizes 3 to 6x; most carry sizes 7 to 14. The navy dress and blue print jumper come in gray also; the print dress is also available in red.

CALIFORNIA
- **Los Angeles,** The May Company

CONNECTICUT
- **Hartford,** G. Fox & Co.

GEORGIA
- **Atlanta,** Davison-Paxon

ILLINOIS
- **Bloomington,** C. W. Klemm, Inc.
- **La Grange,** Lowry's for Children

INDIANA
- **Elkhart,** Artley's Children's Shop
- **Indianapolis,** Wm. H. Block Co.
- **South Bend,** Robertson Bros.
- **Terre Haute,** Brinkman's

IOWA
- **Cedar Rapids,** Craemer's

KANSAS
- **Topeka,** Palace Clothing Co.

LOUISIANA
- **Alexandria,** Wellan's

MARYLAND
- **Baltimore,** Hutzler Bros. Co.

MICHIGAN
- **Flint,** Robby's
- **Mt. Clemens,** Children's Shop

MINNESOTA
- **Minneapolis,** Powers

NEBRASKA
- **Lincoln,** Gold & Co.

NEW JERSEY
- **Clinton,** Marjorie's
- **Red Bank,** J. Yanko

NEW YORK
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(Continued from page 155)

The first was a certified copy of her medical certificate of lunacy, by the New York State Commission of Lunacy, dated August 12, 1894.

The second was a certified copy of her certificate of insanity, dated February 7, 1893, committing Harriet Hubbard Ayer as a lunatic to Vernon House, Bronxville, New York, and signed by Dr. W. J. Morton.

She said: "No physician can legally sign a certificate of insanity in New York State unless he is qualified by the law to do so. He must, according to the law, have received his certificate as a qualified Examiner in Lunacy, but it is unlawful—I quote the Statute, Chapter 273, Laws of 1890: 'It is unlawful for any medical examiner in Lunacy to make a certificate of insanity for the purpose of committing any person to custody unless a certified copy of his certificate has been so filed and its receipt in the office of the commission [State Commission in Lunacy] as above provided has been acknowledged.'

"I have here a certificate copy of Dr. Morton's application to be qualified as an Examiner in Lunacy, dated New York, February 8, 1893, one day after he had, in violation of the law, signed my insanity certificate; and a certified copy of the receipt of his papers at Albany, which were filed and endorsed March 22, 1893, six weeks after he took me bodily to Bronxville and incarcerated me on his illegal certificate.

If Dr. Morton honestly believed me a lunatic, there were at least a score of world-famous alienists in New York, duly qualified by law to examine cases such as mine was alleged to be, and to sign commitments.

"Why did he not secure the services of qualified men?

"Why was my own doctor not told?

"Why were my friends and attorneys not notified of the intention to remove me bodily from my home?

"What was the need of trickery and deceit if I was really insane and the asylum the place for me?

"And why did Dr. Morton testify at my insanity hearing that I agreed cheerfully to go to the asylum and was in a coma during the entire trip, when I was able to convince five reputable alienists when they visited me at the asylum that I was never told I was being examined for insanity; that both my maid and I were tricked into thinking I was being taken to the country home of my daughter Hattie; and that, far from being in a coma throughout the trip, I was sane and alert enough—although weak—to cry when I saw the skaters in Central Park: 'This isn't the way to Hattie's!'"

The audience at Central Music Hall was so electrified that it could not move for a moment after Mrs. Ayer stopped talking. Then it broke into wild applause—as much a tribute to the woman as to her story.

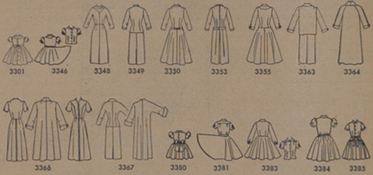
So Harriet Hubbard Ayer, after dropping out of the papers for two years, again made news. Subsequently she lectured before groups in New Jersey and in New York. Her testimony, and the fantastic story she told, stirred up newspaper stories all over the United States, and gave other ex-inmates of asylums courage to come forward with their own frightening tales. Eventually Dr. Granger's private asylum was only one of several institutions that closed its doors directly as a result of Harriet's efforts.

But she never, in print or in a court of law, tried to get revenge or even financial compensation from the people she referred to vaguely as her "enemies." Even when she was a famous feature writer on the New York *World* (a young editor named Arthur Brisbane hired her), she never told the whole story of the plot behind her abduction.

Why not? Because the real villain in Harriet Hubbard Ayer's strange story was a man she feared until the day she died—a man who had his own reasons for wishing her harm and his own power to hurt her. This man was her daughter Hattie's handsome, millionaire father-in-law, James M. Seymour.

(To be continued)

Editor's Note: *The present ownership and management of Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Inc. have no connection with any of the persons mentioned in this story.*



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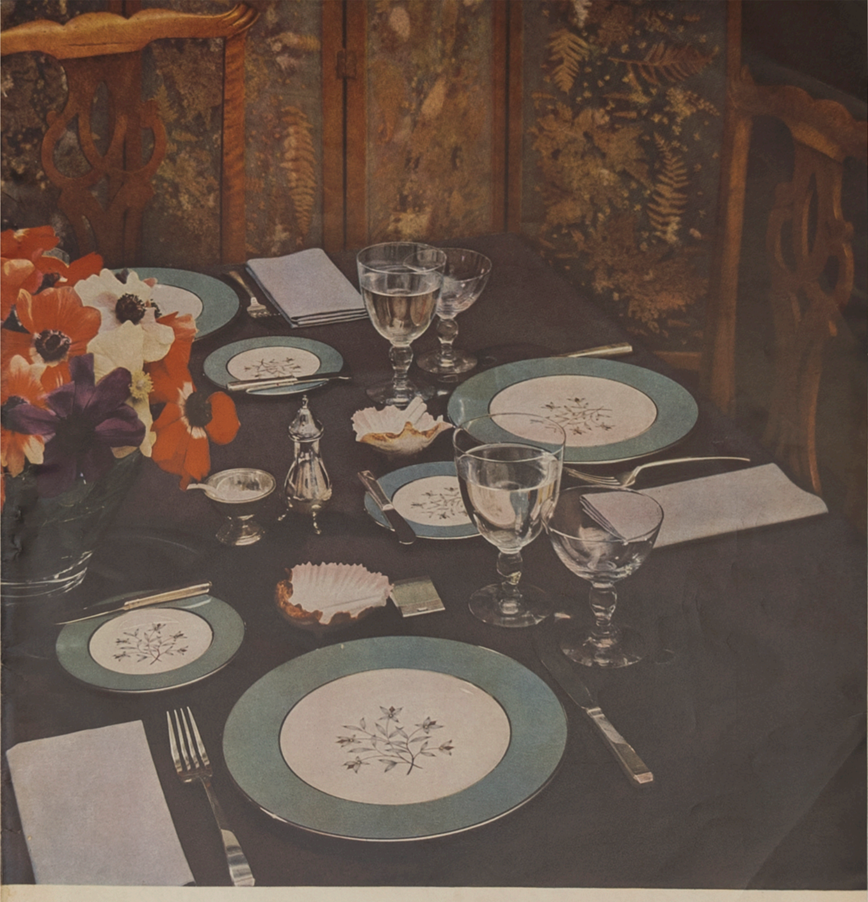
3350	12-20	.75	.85	3367	12-20	.65	.75
3351	12-20	.50	.60	3371	12-20, 40, 42, 44	.50	.60
3353	12-18	.50	.60	3380	1, 2, 3, 4, 6	.35	.40
3355	11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 20	.50	.60	3381	1, 2, 3, 4, 6	.35	.40
				3382	6, 8, 10, 12	.45	.50
3357	11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18	.50	.60	3383	6, 8, 10, 12	.45	.50
				3384	1, 2, 3, 4, 6	.35	.40
				3385	7, 8, 10, 12, 14	.45	.50



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